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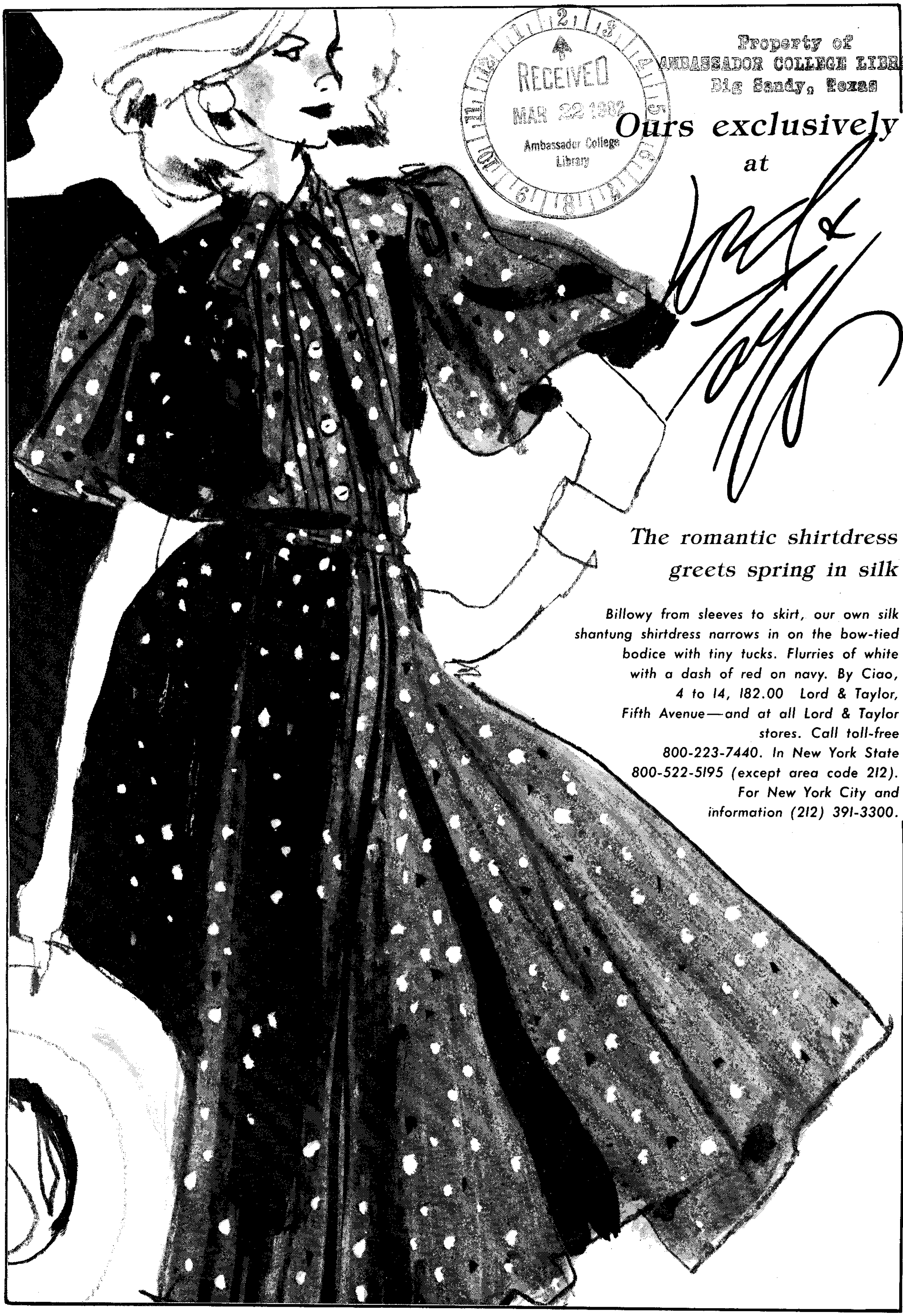

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. No ten-o'clock performance on Saturday, March 27.)

The Caretaker—Daniel Gerroll, Anthony Heald, and F. Murray Abraham are the three good actors in this disappointing production of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. (3/8/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three productions in two theatres. At the Circle Repertory Company Theatre: **SNOW ORCHID**, a foolish melodrama by Joe Pintauro, about a seething Italian family in Brooklyn. It is well performed under the able direction of Tony Giordano; with Olympia Dukakis and Peter Boyle, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . ¶ At the Entermedia Theatre: Shakespeare's **RICHARD II**, with William Hurt, Lindsay Crouse, Richard Cox, and Jacqueline Brookes. Preview Wednesday, March 17, at 8. Opens officially on Thursday, March 18, at 7. Other performances Tuesday, March 23, and Friday, March 26, at 8, and Saturday, March 27, at 2 and 8. . . . **THE GREAT GRANDSON OF JEDEDIAH KOHLER**, by John Bishop, with Trish Hawkins, Michael Ayr, and Jimmie Ray Weeks. Previews Friday, March 19, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 21, at 3. Opens officially on Sunday, March 21, at 8. Other performances Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 8. (189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—A play of numbing incompetence by Ed Graczyk, starring Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black, and directed by Robert Altman. The light of day ought never to have dawned upon it. (3/1/82) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's 1933 London musical **NYMPH ERRANT** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Harold Clurman Theatre—Final performances of three plays in repertory, all with Kevin O'Connor: **CHUCKY'S HUNCH**, by Rochelle Owens, is a monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Miss Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Mr. O'Connor, is never entirely credible as a solo turn. Thursday and Friday, March 18-19, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, March 21, at 3. . . . ¶ A double bill—**BIRDBATH**, by Leonard Melfi, and **CROSSING THE CRAB NEBULA**, by Lewis Black. (Reviewed in this issue.) Wednesday, March 17, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 7. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew

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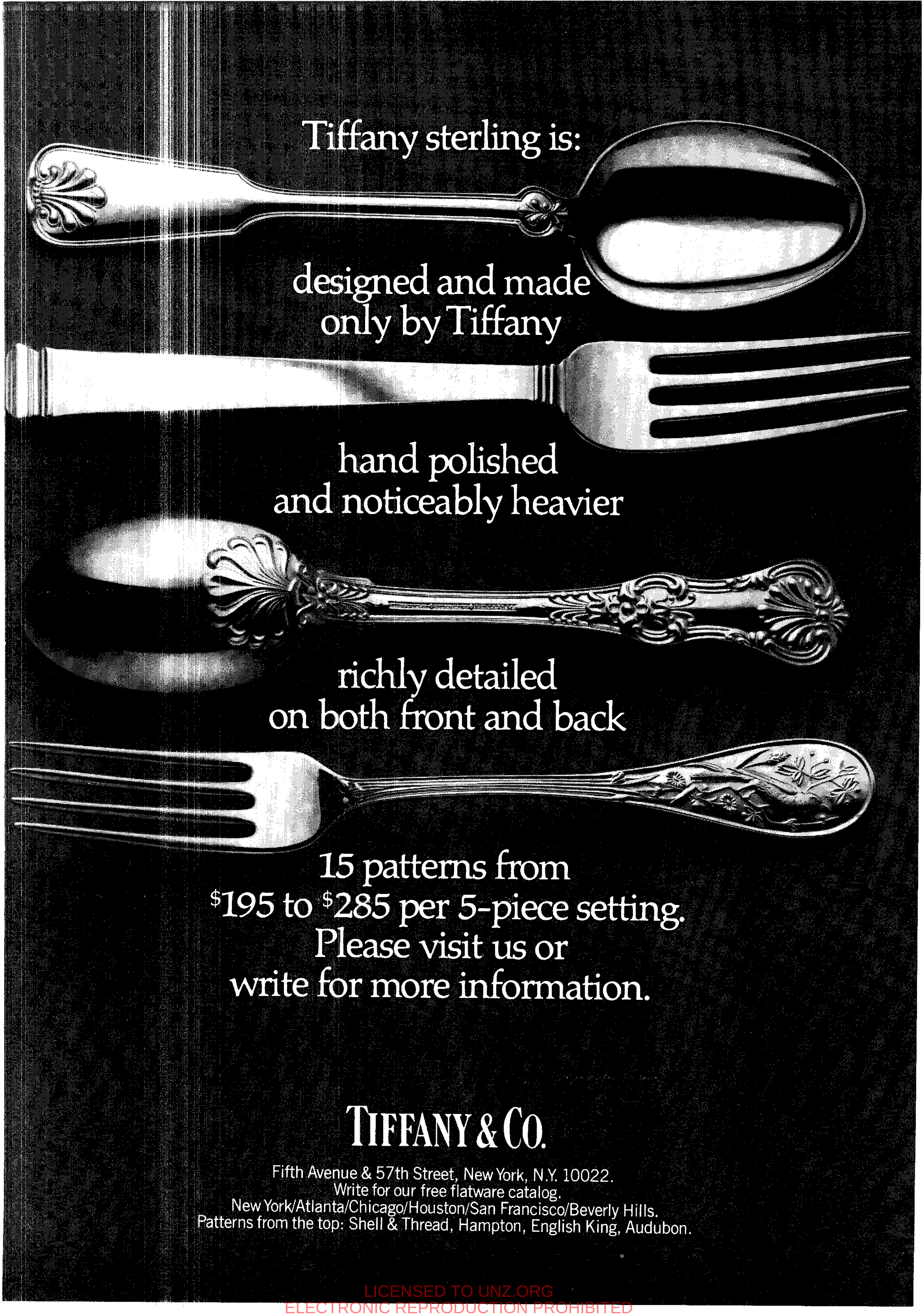

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Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 21: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 24: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Johnny Jones—Donny Osmond has the title role in a revival of the 1904 George M. Cohan musical. Previews through Saturday, March 20. Opens officially on Sunday, March 21. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Lydie Breeze—This comedy by John Guare may be somewhat chaotic, but it is full of theatrical surprises and never dull. With Josef Sommer and Roberta Maxwell, among others. Louis Malle directed. (3/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-9350. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

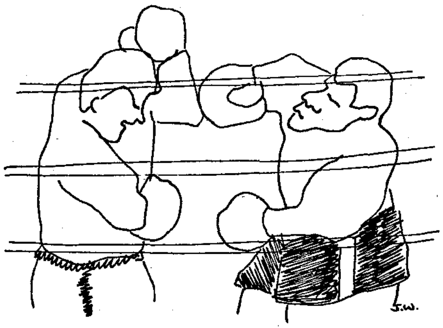
Maybe I'm Doing It Wrong—The songs of Randy Newman may or may not be worth an evening by themselves, but they are certainly sung with wit and charm by Deborah Rush, Mark Linn-Baker, Larry Riley, and Patti Perkins. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Middle Ages—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Jack Gilpin, Carolyn Mignini, Steven Gilborn, and Pat Lavelle. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 431-6285. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant. Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Othello—James Earl Jones makes an awesome figure of the Moor and Christopher Plummer is perhaps the finest Iago that we will ever see. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paper Angels—A play by Genny Lim. Opens Thursday, March 18, and will run through Sunday, April 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Phoenix Theatre—A play by David Blomquist, **WEEKENDS LIKE OTHER PEOPLE,** stars Kenneth McMillan and Rose Gregorio, two fine actors, as an employee in a warehouse and his patient wife, who must come to terms with the stagnation of their lives and with each other. Ulu Grosbard is the good director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Poor Little Lambs—A play by Paul Rudnick, with Kevin Bacon, Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, Page Moseley, and David Naughton. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 17, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, March 21, at 7.)

Sally and Marsha—Sybille Pearson's gentle, subtle comedy about the growing friendship of two housewives on the upper West Side has been directed with far too broad a hand, but Bernadette Peters gives a legitimate and charming performance as one of the two ladies concerned. (3/8/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

Trespassing—A theatre work created and presented by members of The Winter Project. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What People Do When They're All Alone and ***Scenes Dedicated to My Brother***—A double bill by Joel Homer. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and John Pankow plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambas-

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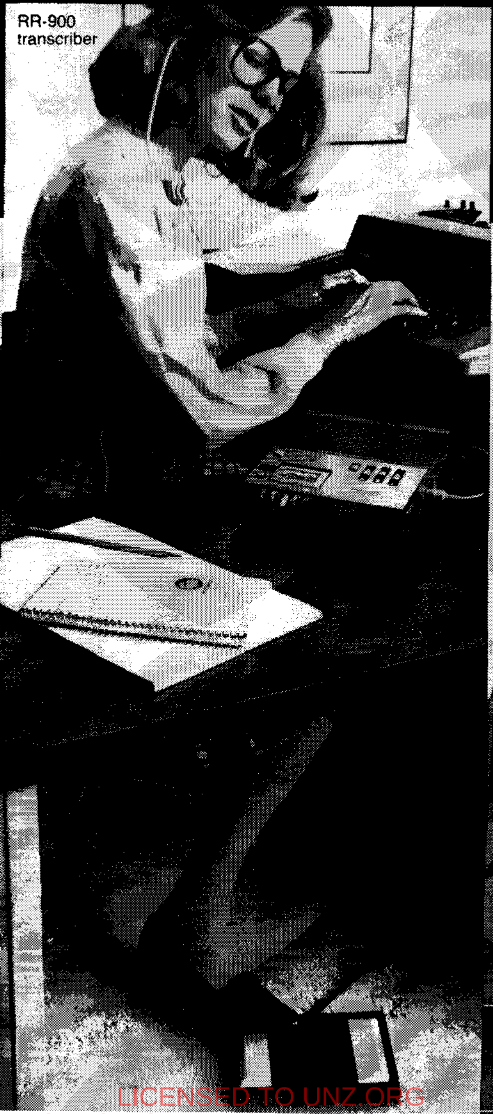
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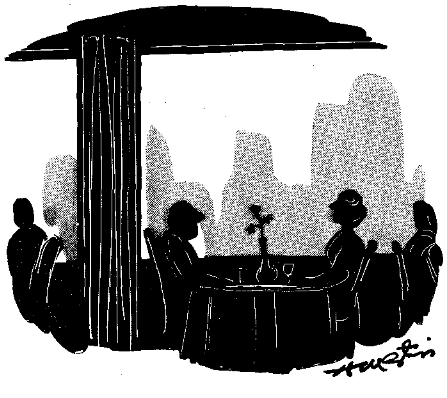
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,104 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings “Stormy Weather” you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting “Ruddigore.” (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, March 19, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 3 and 8; Sunday, March 21, at 2; Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8; Saturday, March 27, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 28, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)



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Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, “Sealed with a Quiche,” is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-617 495-5205.)

Comic Book Theatre Company—Two musical plays—Saturdays and Sundays at 11 A.M.: “The Pied Piper,” by Ralph Falco and George Linsenmann. . . . ¶ Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 P.M.: “Chicken Little,” by Valerie Owen and Michael Earl. Both with Danny Jacobs. (Smith's Chapel Theatre, 656 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. 869-4645.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Wednesday, March 17, at 8: “Trails,” “Inlets,” and “Roadrunners.” . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: “Event #1.” . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8, and Saturday, March 20, at 2: “Fielding Sixes,” “10's with Shoes,” “Tango,” and “Locale.” . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 2: “Fractions,” “Channels/Inserts,” and “Gallopade” (New York première). . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, at 8: “Trails,” “Duets,” “Locale,” and “Gallopade.” . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: “Event #2.” . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8, and Saturday, March 27, at 2: “Fielding Sixes,” “10's with Shoes,” “Tango,” and “Channels/Inserts.” . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: “Trails,” “Channels/Inserts,” and “Gallopade.” (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 28.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Final performances of the engagement (three programs). Program II: Wednesday, March 17; Friday, March 19; and Sunday, March 21, all at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Thursday, March 18, at 8, and Saturday, March 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Program I: Saturday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 2. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, March 21, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday.)

Kathryn Posin Dance Company—Two premières—“The Glass Engine” and “The Nickel and Dime Lounge”—and “Galena Summit.” (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday, March 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3 and 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **TOMOV YUGOSLAV FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday, March 17, and Friday, March 19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 2. . . . **GUS SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Thursday, March 25, and Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Margaret Jenkins Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8.)

Dance Interviews—Gwen Verdon being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, **DAKOTA STATON,** whose up-tempo, blues-tinged vocals are wonderful (her ballads tend to be a bit vibrato-laden), will be singing here; and on Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated piano-bass duos in town, will be on the stand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Singer **ERNESTINE ANDERSON,** a veteran of the big bands of Russell Jacquet, Johnny Otis, and Lionel Hampton, winds up her visit on Sunday, March 21; on Tuesday, March 23, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will arrive with his hard-bopping quartet. On Mondays, guitarist Daniel Licht leads a quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday, March 18, Laura Branigan; Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, a doo-wop evening, with the Moonglows, Arlene Smith & the Chantels, Shep's Limelites, and Fourteen Karat Soul; Tuesday, March 23, **TERUO NAKAMURA & THE RISING SUN** and Roland Vazquez; Thursday through Saturday, March 25-27, **BETTY CARTER'S** trio accompanied by a sixteen-piece orchestra conducted by **DAVID AMRAM.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** works with a bassist through Saturday, March 20; on Monday, March 22, **FRED HERSCH,** another fine pianist, will come in with his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval.* Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-songs patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be for-given, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. She's performing in the Café Carlyle with pianist **MIKE ABENE** and his trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

ARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, March 17, Chris Moffa & the Competition, Kool-Rays, the Trebles, and the Words; Thursday, March 18, Grand Union, the G.I.'s, Double O, and The Letter E; Friday, March 19, Ivan Julian & the Outsets and Cool It Reba; and Saturday, March 20, the Del-Byzanteens, Khmer Rouge, and Prisoners of the Beat. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

ITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

OOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ARTHUR TRACY,** the "Street Singer" from thirties radio programs, is here through Saturday, March 20. On Wednesday, March 24, blues and ballad singer and songwriter **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return with her trio. Sundays through Tuesdays singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His performances are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

GLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, March 17, the New Hibernian Wildcats; Thursday, March 18, a jam session; Saturday, March 20, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN;** Sunday, March 21, guitarist Ian Buchanan and the Beat of Heartstrings, a trio; Wednesday, March 24, John Roberts; Thursday, March 25, the Wooden Nickel String Band; and Saturday, March 27, the Double Decker String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

IDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, March 21, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** & the Bechet Legacy will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

T TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The last time **ESTHER PHILLIPS** was here (last summer), she was at the top of her vital, stylized raspy-voiced form—sometimes her voice sounded a little like a car engine trying to turn over, but her energy level made you forgive her excesses—and she had with her a dynamite backup band and a pianist, George Spencer, who was responsible for some of the most tasteful and compelling arrangements a jazz and R. & B. singer could ever hope for. She's back through Sunday, March 21. On Tuesday, March 23, the **HEATH BROTHERS** will take over. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

LK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, March 17, Touchstone and Cobweb (at eight and ten-thirty); Thursday, March 18, **TAJ MAHAL;** Friday, March 19, David Blue; Saturday, March 20, the **DANNY KALB** band; and Saturday, March 27, **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, pianist and singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, Lorna Warden & Survival; Monday, March 22, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD;** and Tuesday through Saturday, March 23-27, **ABBEY LINCOLN.** On Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** heads a quartet. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining.

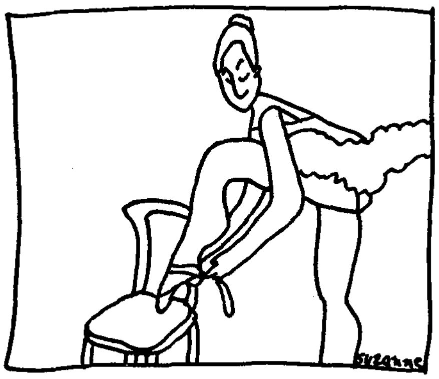
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist Mike Le Donne leads a trio through Saturday, March 20; on Tuesday, March 23, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will come in with a bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **SAMMY PRICE,** the boogie-woogie piano-playing pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Price started out in the twenties as a Charleston dancer. In the forties, he was making solo appearances at Café Society, and led the Texas Blusicians, a recording aggregation that included Lester Young; and in the fifties he recorded jumping rock and roll and rhythm and blues with Panama Francis. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Vinson Hill mans the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORN OF PLENTY, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—**DARDANELLE,** a swinging pianist and a diction-perfect singer, is on hand from six-thirty to eight, through Monday, March 22.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, dancer Brenda Bufalino and the Ed Summerlin quartet; and Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, composer and bassist Saheb Sarbib's sextet and dance troupe. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during *carnaval.* Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.



JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to a couple of worthy piano-bass duos: **HANK JONES** and **GEORGE MRAZ,** Tuesdays through Saturdays, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, March 17, **RAY WYLIE HUBBARD;** Thursday, March 18, Peaches & Herb; Sunday, March 21, Kinky Friedman; Monday, March 22, Bobby Goldsboro; and Thursday, March 25, the Aztec Two-Step and **RICK DANKO.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively, and even though it's only a few months old, it has an established, exciting feel to it. Trumpeter **CHET BAKER** works with a real fine quintet—bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** saxophonist **HOWARD JOHNSON,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—through Saturday, March 20; Monday and Tuesday, March 22-23, will belong to pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** and on Wednesday, March 24, singer **MORGANA KING** will arrive. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Sundays, the **CECIL TAYLOR** big band goes off at ten and midnight. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **MEL TORMÉ,** who performs in this intimate setting Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **BILL HENDERSON** is doing a program of Ellington and Gershwin material Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, March 17, J. R. Mitchell; Thursday, March 18, Lorna Warden; and Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '82 **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. The current roster: Wednesday, March 17, Lil Red and Little Liars; Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, **JONATHAN RICHMAN;** and Tuesday, March 23, Shade. Thursdays are reserved for the R. & B. of the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL.** Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems

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magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. Friday, March 19, Wayne Kramer's Air-Raid; Saturday, March 20, the Raybeats. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **Carrie Smith** is singing with drummer **Bobby Rosengarden's** orchestra through Sunday, March 21; on Tuesday, March 23, trumpeter **Sy Oliver** and his bouncy dance septet will return. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, U-2; Friday, March 19, Liquid, Liquid; Saturday, March 20, the Necessaries; Monday, March 22, Tycoon; Wednesday, March 24, **Ornette Coleman** and his band, **Prime Time;** Thursday, March 25, the reggae sextet **Third World** (at eight and eleven); and Friday, March 26, Nitecaps and Moonbeam; and Saturday, March 27, the Lenny Kaye Connection. Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern jus' keeps rollin', it keeps on rollin' along. The cast of four: Ira Hawkins, Terry Burrell, Judy Kaye, and Cris Groenendaal. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, **Steps,** with **Mike Brecker, Mike Mainieri, Eddie Gomez, Don Grolnick,** and **Peter Erskine;** Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, Noel Pointer; Sunday, March 21, Ben Sidran; Monday, March 22, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, Starfleet, with **Dave Liebman, Jimmy Cobb,** and **Walter Booker;** and starting Thursday, March 25, trumpeter **Wynton Marsalis.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, trumpeter **Ted Curson** will head up a trio; Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley's** trio will be here. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter **Hannibal Marvin Peterson** guides a sextet through Saturday, March 20; on Sunday, March 21, saxophonist **David Schnitter,** trumpeter **Terumasa Hino,** pianist **Harold Mabern,** bassist **Calvin Hill,** and drummer **Billy Hart** will all get together; on Monday, March 22, Annette Sanders will be on hand; and on Tuesday, March 23, pianist **Kenny Barron,** bassist **Buster Williams,** and drummer **Billy Hart** will come in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Right now **Otis Rush,** one of the most exciting Chicago-blues singers and guitarists around, has taken over the premises with his band. He's here Wednesdays through Saturdays, except on Thursday, March 25, when bluesman **Albert Collins** will be onstage. On Tuesdays, the **Uptown Horns,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, March 17, Martee Lebous and Willa Bassen; Thursday, March 18, the Privates and Daddy Licks; Friday, March 19, Tot Rocket; Saturday, March 20, the Revelons and the **Uptown Horns;** and Monday, March 22, Gary Shann. Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on March 22, two bands, La Sensual and the Willie Colon-Ruben Blades band, and one guest soloist, alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune, will be present. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. **Zoot Sims** plays dancing tenor solos and leads his quartet through Sunday, March 21; on Tuesday, March 23, drummer **Dannie Richmond** will bring in a quintet. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **Sadik Hakim** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **George Kelly** leads his Jazz Sultans through Sunday, March 21; saxophonist Percy France will perform on Monday and Tuesday, March 22-23; and saxophonist **Willis (Gator Tail) Jackson** will move in for five nights with his quintet on Wednesday, March 24. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band—With the Janet Lawson quintet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Helen O'Connell—With the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, conducted by Buddy Morrow. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Bill Harrell and the Virginians—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra—With Frank Wess, Charles Sullivan, and Donald Smith. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. Friday, March 19, at 11. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.)

Bill Ochs and (Banjo) Joe & Bridget Burke—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 20, at 8.

Claude Bolling and Hubert Laws—Town Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8.

Jorge Dalto—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 26, at 8.

Nick Lowe & His Noise to Go—With Screamin' Jay Hawkins. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Dave Katz and Mean Streets. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Reggie Workman and Top Shelf. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 10 and midnight: Peter Warren quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jimmy Madison quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ron Carter quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Thursday, March 18, at 8:30 and 11:30: Jerry Jeff Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 9: Cliff Richard and Tom Chapin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: The Waitresses. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 9: The Kingston Trio, with Bob Gibson and Josh White, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 9: Kasim Sulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 9, and Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chuck Mangione quartet. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 19: Electronic Art Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20: Burton Greene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27: Irene Schweizer and Rudiger Carl. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)

Benefit Concert—The Saturday Night Live Band, the Chris Parker Band, the Marvin Stamm Group, STP, and George Young & Us'n in a concert to benefit the Tibetan orphans living in India. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, March 22, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

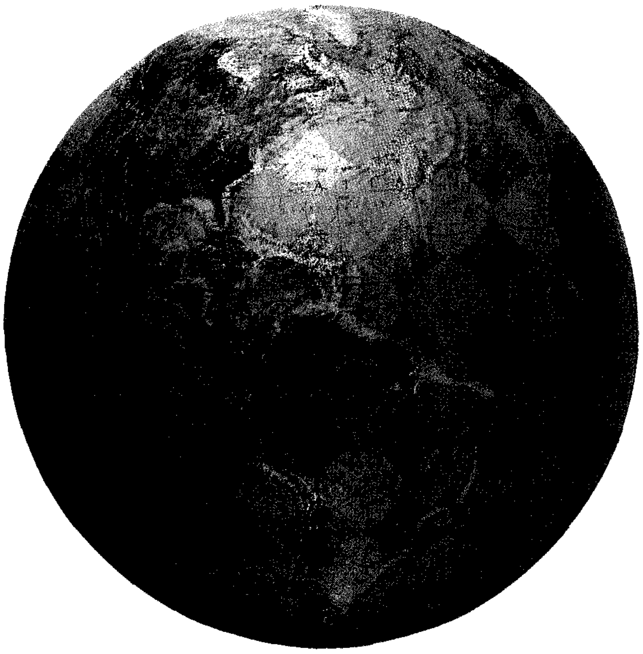
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Phyllis Bramson—Figurative paintings accompanied by related figurative sculptures. Through March 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Helene Brandt—Sculptures: welded-steel frameworks, the largest eight feet tall, housing

I. Van Rynbach

Individual and International



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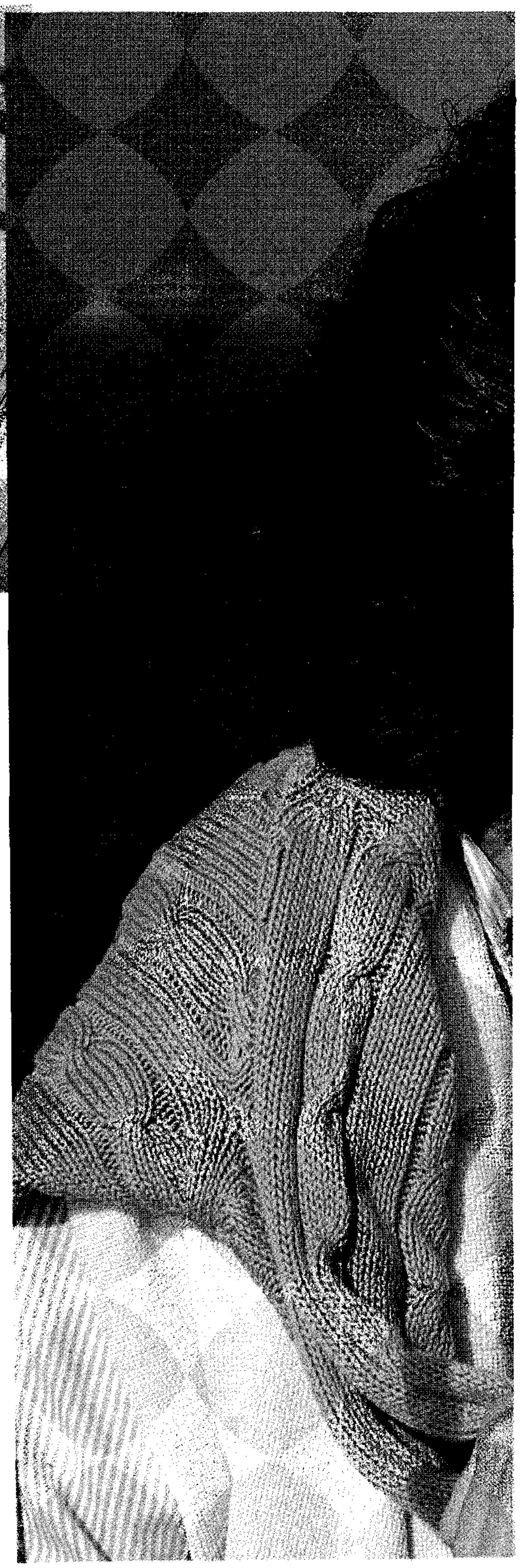
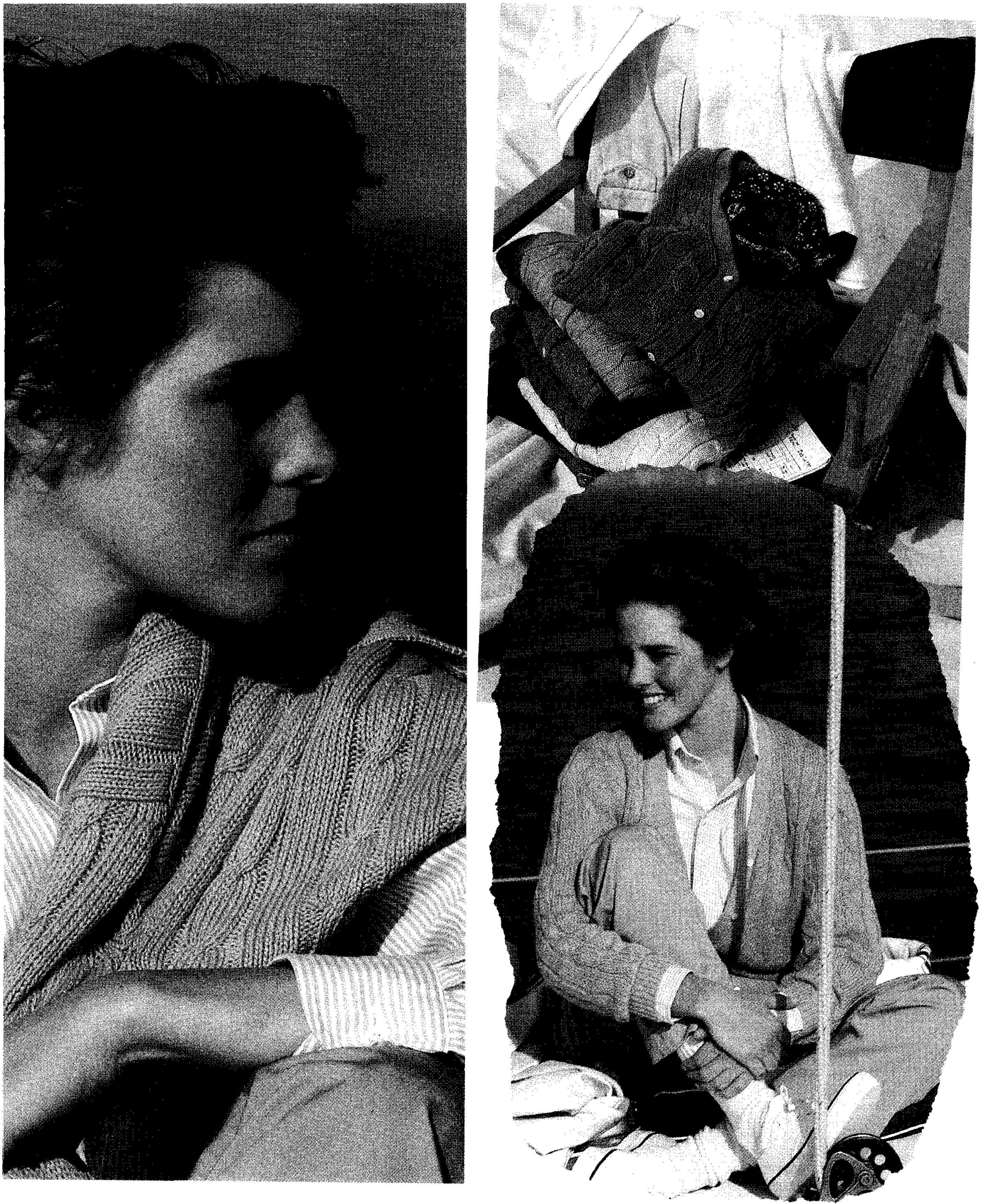
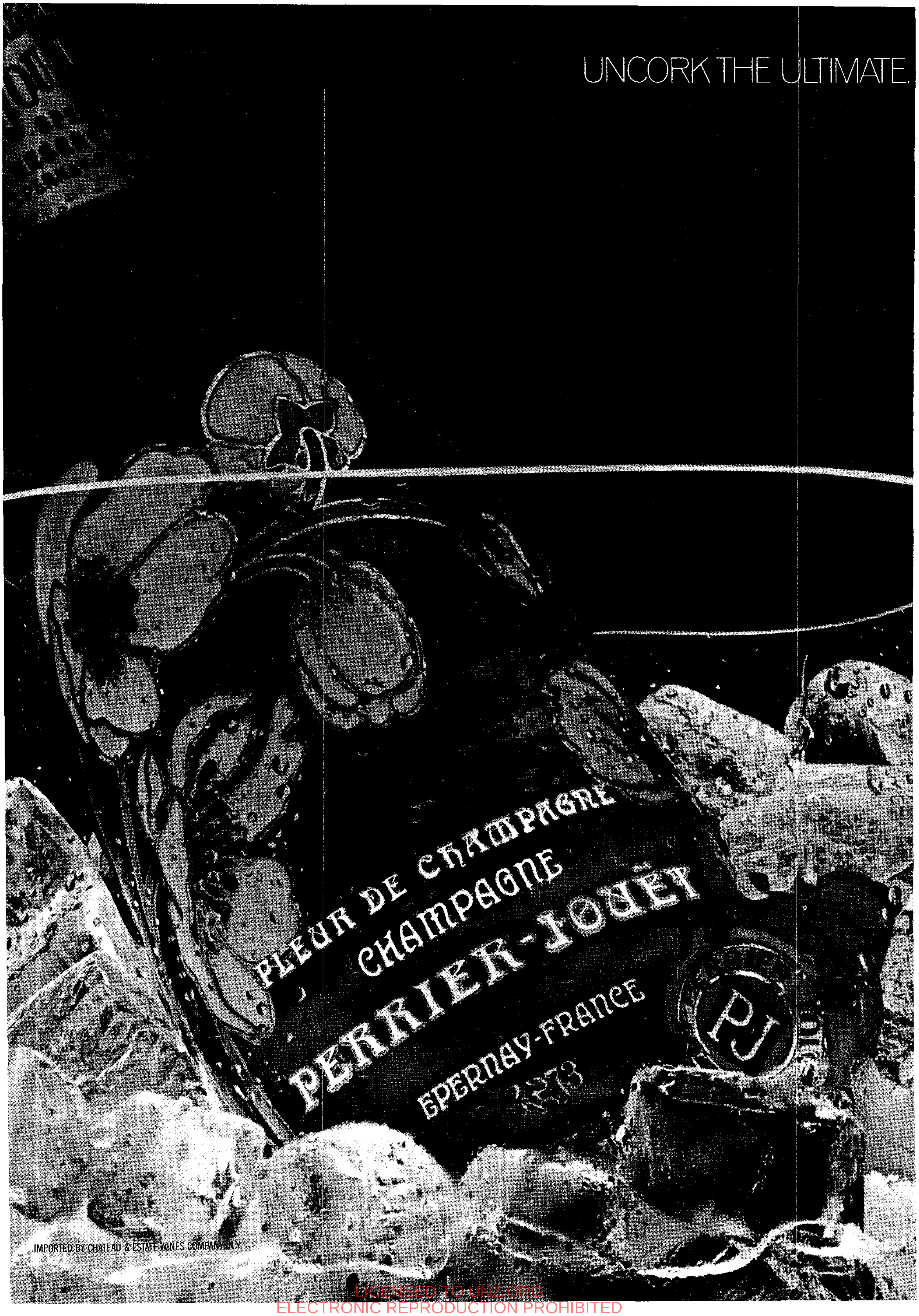



Some things endure.

Ralph Lauren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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chairs or ladders. Through April 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Dan Christensen—Recent color-field paintings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ In the ground-floor rooms, drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Thomas Hart Benton, including some abstract notations by the latter which are very rare.

Willem de Kooning—Large oils from the past year. Through May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Marius de Zayas (1880-1961)—Paintings and works on paper by a Mexican artist who was associated with Alfred Stieglitz. Caricatures of Stieglitz and other members of his avant-garde circle, among them Max Weber and John Marin, are included. Through April 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Herbert Ferber—Abstract paintings (acrylic and canvas) and sculptures (metal); the paintings are also three-dimensional. Through April 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Harmony Hammond—A set of nine ladders, from five to seven feet tall, leaning against the wall and upholstered with various colorful materials is the centerpiece of this exhibit of new works, which also includes drawings and lithographs. Through Saturday, March 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Barkley Hendricks—Ten life-size portraits of contemporary men and women, plus works on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Dieter Jung—Colored-pencil drawings and prints. Through Saturday, March 27. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Colored and black-and-white woodcuts, dated 1911, done while the artist was living in Munich. Through Saturday, March 27. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. A larger exhibition of Kandinsky's work—ending Sunday, March 21—is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Characteristic works by this sculptor—bronzes, reliefs, and drawings, mostly female nudes with massive hips and breasts. Through Wednesday, March 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Barry Ledoux—Painted-lead sculptures, some with up to a half-dozen materials added. Through March 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Levine—Watercolors, including street scenes of Cairo, and caricatures. Through April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Paintings, drawings, collages, and graphics. Through March 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Juan Martinez—Mixed mediums on canvas and paper overlaid with gauze. Through April 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Rory McEwen—Paintings and collages on the themes of leaves and flowers. Through April 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Philip Mullen—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Hermann Dudley Murphy (1867-1945)—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Boston painter who was a quite successful and influential academician, before the styles changed. Through April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Perehudoff—Irregular, narrow strips of color, some poured onto the canvas and some brushed on, by this Saskatchewan artist. Through Saturday, March 20. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Nearly two dozen works from the past four decades, the earliest a collage dated 1941. Through April 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

William Tucker—A two-gallery show of sculptural pieces: Two big works and related drawings at Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through April 8); and three big works, including the macabre "House of the Hanged Man," which is eleven feet high, at 112 Greene Street (through April 3).

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Group Shows—At the **gibson**, 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, Janet Rifkin among them) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among the high spots in the current show are the Queen of Sheba as imagined by Rouault, the scene at Ascot by Dufy, and a flying eagle by Derain, who very seldom chose such subject matter. Through Saturday, March 20. . . . **paul rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French art (1600-1900) not well known here, consisting of forty-nine paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight artists, organized by the gallery in concert with four Paris galleries. Through May 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964) / **Katherine Schmidt** (1898-1978)—Fifteen or so metal and stone sculptures, primarily female figures in the round, and paintings and drawings. / Figure and landscape drawings by an artist whose bequest to the Whitney Museum is currently on view there. Through April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

March Avery—New paintings, including landscapes and seascapes of the coast of Turkey. Through April 3. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Marilyn Baum / **Claire Moore**—Collages of printed matter—money and medicine-bottle labels (one for a ringworm ointment)—the artist picked up on a recent trip to China, arranged together on a rich, glittery background. / Scraps of tinsel and bits of paint-soaked paper are glued into a random pattern in these collages, on which the artist also letters enigmatic remarks. Through April 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Gallery 120, at 120 Lafayette St., at Canal St., is showing new paintings by Moore. Through March 28. (Open Thursdays through Sundays.)

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through April 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Al Blaustein—Figurative monoprints. Through Saturday, March 20. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

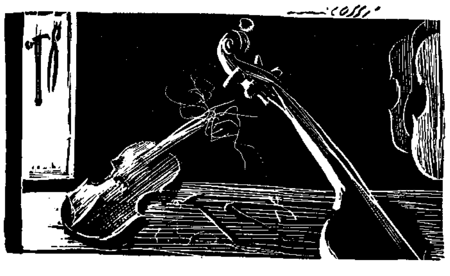
Colleen Browning—Oil paintings in which New York fruit markets and Caribbean vegetation are on equal footing. Through Friday, March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Harrison Burns—Acrylic renderings based on movies viewed on television ("The Towering Inferno," for one) by an artist whose set seems perpetually on the blink. Through April 3. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures. Through April 10. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Nearly a hundred woodcuts done from 1918 to 1940. Through Saturday, March 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Fishman—Recent abstract oils on linen, and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)



Edward Giobbi—Bronze sculptures and oils on canvas. Through April 10. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Sword-swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through Friday, March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Grossman / **Don Hazlitt**—This artist, known for her leather-covered sculptures of heads, is showing this time a series of collages made from shaped papers, which have been soaked in assorted inks and allowed to harden to a leatherlike texture. / Abstract oil-stick drawings on paper. Through Saturday, March 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Haas—An installation of four connecting rooms created in an Art Deco style. Through April 7. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Wall pieces consisting of tiny houses, toy trees, painted strips of wood, pebbles, and assorted miniature architectural details, the whole suggestive of landscapes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—A show devoted solely to the artist's thickly painted Abstract Expressionist works of the fifties. Through April 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Drawings dating from his student days at Cooper Union in the forties to last year. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings. Through April 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings in which landscapes are seen through a curtain of plants and flowers. Through April 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Mangold—Paintings and works on paper whose X pattern is repeated in pencil. Through Saturday, March 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dan Marshall / **Frank Bowling**—Figurative paintings and drawings. / Abstract paintings. Through March 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Small abstractions of the human figure (in bronze) and self-portraits (in pastels). Through Saturday, March 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Miniature wall sculptures of typical Middle American scenes—the crossroads gas station, an isolated farm, a spooky house in a mountain valley—cut out of sheet aluminum. Until now, this artist had created his tiny landscapes with hardware cloth. Through Thursday, March 25. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Oi Sawa—Architectural motifs in oils on tin and in metallic inks on paper. Through April 3. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes and still-lifes in oil and gouache. Through April 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Steiner / **Robert Goodnough**—Abstract bronzes. / Canvas collages on wood. Through Saturday, March 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Randy Stevens—Ebullient paintings and drawings of teen-age prom queens, cheerleaders, beauty-contest winners, and various other charmers. Through Saturday, March 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas—Geometric shapes painted and incised on Masonite. Through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Margit Varga—Paintings from the past five decades by a representational artist whose subjects have included New York City at night, Florida seascapes, and Greek fishing villages. Through Saturday, March 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Pop Art by Warhol, Oldenburg, and Lichtenstein. Through April 10. . . . **del re**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Rothko, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Guston, and other twentieth-century Americans. Through April 3. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists' new works ("Portrait of the Artist as a Clever Old Dog," a ceramic piece by Robert Arneson) and old works ("Angelica Fen-

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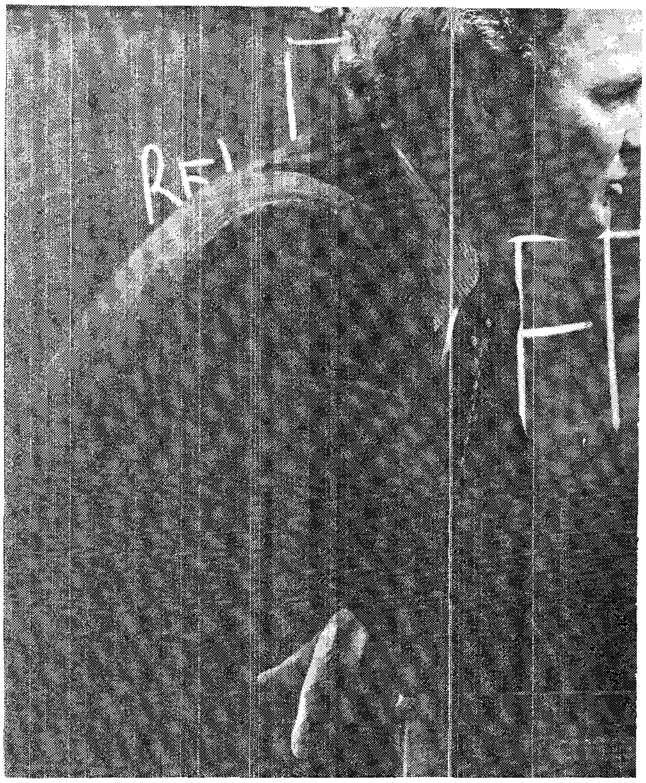

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ner," a painting by Alfred Leslie). Through Thursday, March 25. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by such Europeans as Klimt, Kollwitz, Schiele, Mihaesco, and others. Through May 15. . . . **GETLER-PALL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by gallery artists (David Shapiro, James Torlakson) and others (Marianne Stikas, Brenda Goodman). Through April 3. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Seven painters, among them Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, and Joan Snyder, are represented by works, each of which centers on a single large abstraction. Through Saturday, March 27. . . . **KATZEN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Ninety paintings and sculptures (nearly all figurative and nearly all realist) by twenty-five artists representing the British art movement "Superhumanism." Through May 1. . . . **STEFANOTTI,** 30 W. 57th St.: Works by a dozen artists in which photographs were taken as the starting point, either for visual inspiration (Mariann Miller's realist paintings) or as the basis for transformation (Lucas Samaras's manipulated Polaroids). Jolie Stahl, Lynton Wells, and Donald Newman are among the others. Through March 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE / DOUG OHLSON—This artist's latest sculptural effort is twenty-four feet long, an inch and three quarters high, and a couple of inches wide, and consists of about ten thousand tiny white bricks laid like a baseboard along the bottom of one wall. / Large canvases on which panels of solid color are painted in a sort of gridlock pattern. Through Saturday, March 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—To keep his subject matter from being unduly dominant, this German artist paints the main images upside down, trusting that in this way the viewer will be led to pay proper attention to texture, density, color, and the other aspects of his pictures. Through Saturday, March 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

JEAN MICHEL BASQUIAT—The graffiti artist whose nom de plume was "Samo" and whose works were concentrated on various walls on the lower East Side has now, at age twenty-one, graduated to large canvases and a proper gallery. The paintings maintain the same wild abandon and irrepressible energy. Through March 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

BILL BECKLEY / GORDON MOORE—Fragments of Latin poetry (Catullus) painted on what appear to be fragments of ancient walls set off by fragments of gold-leafed frames, plus other new works. / Shaped canvases that form tall, narrow triangles on the wall. Through April 10. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

MATTIE BERHANG / LARRY K. BROWN—Several thousand improbable trifles—twists of wire, sprockets, strips of punched-out metal—most of them found objects salvaged from industrial dustbins and strung together in glittering, showerlike mobiles. / Rectangular wall pieces made up of twenty-five or so layers of gaudily painted kraft paper into which sculptural designs have been carved, as much as a foot deep. Through Saturday, March 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In one of the rear galleries, canvases by H. N. Han, who does Photo-Realist paintings in muted colors, usually a shimmering gray.

ROBERT BERLIND / RICHARD SABA—Realist Catskill landscapes seen in the dark of night thanks to the light coming from an approaching car or through the window of an isolated house. / Pyrotechnical-looking abstract paintings derived from landscapes. Through March 31. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Recent paintings of coastal Maine. Through March 31. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

CHARLES DUBACK—Oil paintings depicting the surface of the artist's pond, fringed with jewel weed and goldenrod, or showing sunlight filtering through the surrounding beeches and birches. Through March 31. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Portraits of friends, people seen in magazines and newspapers, and night-club performers and patrons, all painted in circus-poster style by this self-taught Expressionist from Puerto Rico, whose previous works have been environments and sculptures. This is his first show of paintings. Through Wednesday, March 24. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

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ERIC FISCHL—"A Private Beach," the title given to a series of paintings and drawings. Through April 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

ON KAWARA—The significance of these paintings of calendar dates is that each records the day on which it was executed. Through Saturday, March 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

MICHAEL LUCERO / WALLACE BERMAN (1926-76)—Ceramic-and-metal abstractions of figures that make up in height (eight feet) what they lack in girth (about three inches). / Collages and assemblages by an artist who worked on the West Coast. Through Saturday, March 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

KIM MACCONNEL—Panels of fabric emblazoned with recognizable images (the Kremlin and a light bulb are painted on one) and then stitched together into mural-size works. Through March 31. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—Paintings of figures, most of them traversed by series of horizontal lines. Through April 10. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Large new abstracts (the largest is about nine feet by twenty-six) in which this veteran painter's brushstrokes delving into a thick mélange of variously colored oil pigments add an almost sculptural quality to the works. Through Saturday, March 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

MIA WESTERLUND ROOSEN—A prehistoric aura informs these sculptural works, among them what looks like a mastodon tusk eight feet seven inches long. The pieces have cement cores and are covered with sheets of lead hammered in place. Through Saturday, March 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

DAVID SALLE—Figures painted with masterly draftsmanship are juxtaposed with large areas of repeated geometric patterns in these recent works, which include many diptychs and triptychs and which take up three whole galleries. (Both Boone galleries, at 417 and 420 West Broadway; through March 31. . . . ¶ Castelli, 420 West Broadway; through Saturday, March 27.)

ROBERT SMITHSON (1938-73)—Drawings and sculptures, the latter underscoring his interest in the Minimalist aesthetic. Through Saturday, March 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Whitney Museum.)

GAIL VON DER LIPPE—Landscapes are the inspiration for these big abstract oil paintings that have the freshness and dash of pastels. Through Saturday, March 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JACKIE WINSOR / PETER CAMPUS—Recent sculptures—mostly cubes about three feet high made of cement, wood, or layers of wire mesh. The interiors of a couple have been subjected to fire and one of them withstood a dynamite explosion. Its exterior wasn't damaged, but the inside was torn up in just the way the artist wanted, exposing the remains of several different inside walls, visible now through peepholes. Through Saturday, March 27. / Photographs of industrial areas. Through March 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

MICHAEL YOUNG—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

TINO ZAGO / CLAYTON PATTERSON—Semi-abstract paintings of swampy areas, with sodden weeds lining the edges of the streams. / Freestanding sculptural pieces that look like juke boxes, except that the decorations include toy pistols, real bullets, human teeth, plastic jewelry, and so on. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have shown here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: "War Games" includes Eleanor Antin's video of herself enacting Florence Nightingale's experiences during the Crimean War; Chris Burden's model incorporating three thousand war toys (castles, cannons, airplanes) and representing two city-states at war; and eight other artists' paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the same theme. Through Saturday, March 27. (Open Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN DOBBS—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a social realist. Through March 31. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

GERALD HAYES / NANCY BRETT—Paintings (circular and square) on plywood, overlaid with bits of zinc etching plates and linen. / Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

LOU MYERS—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hamarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. *Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.*)

KENNETH NOLAND—Handmade-paper works from 1978 on. Through Friday, March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

***SYLVIA SLEIGH**—Portraits in oil. Through March* 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through Thursday, March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

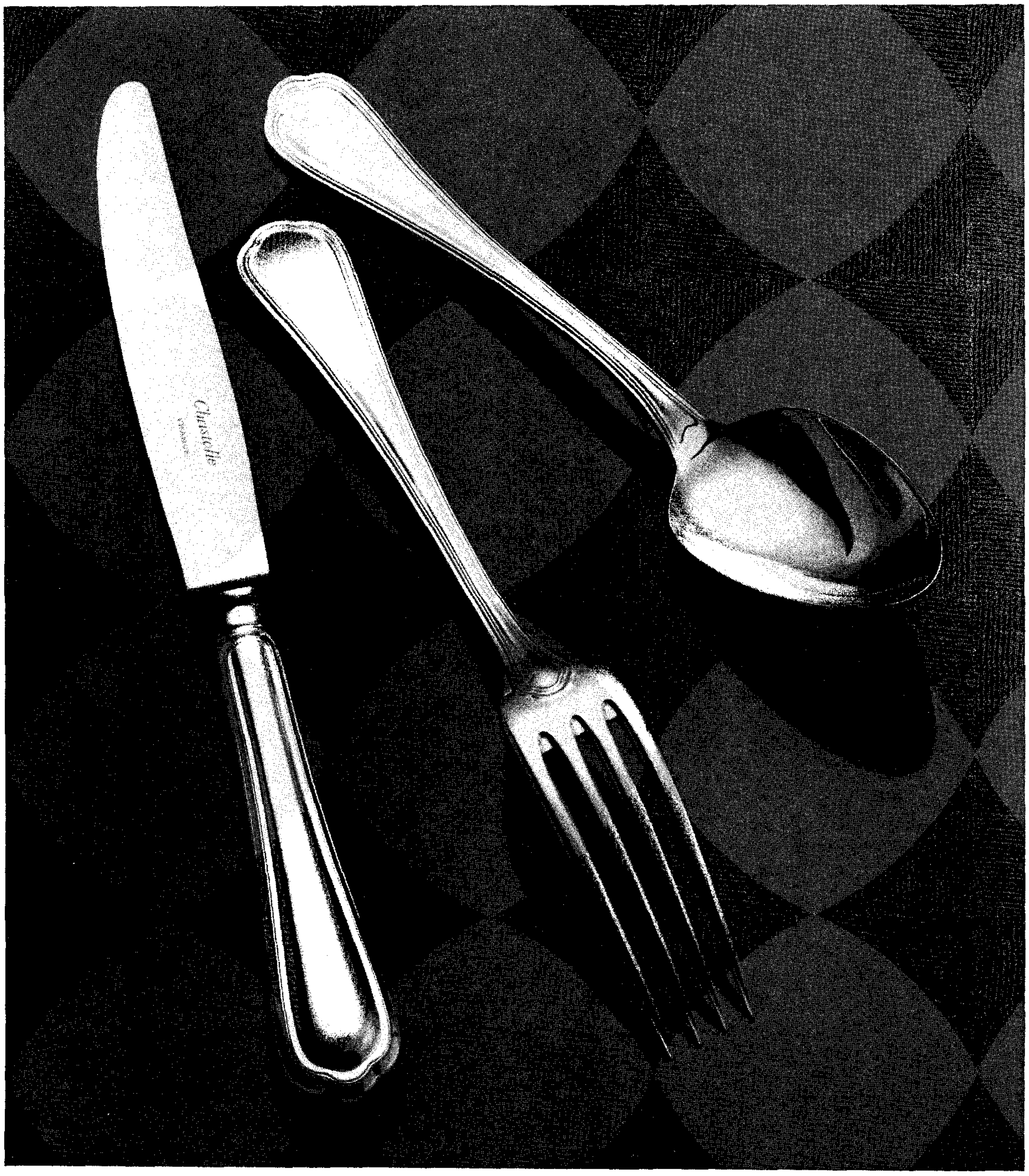
ANIA BIEN / SHERIE SCHEER—Photographic works. / Hand-colored, panoramic (but segmented) photographs. Through Saturday, March 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroid photographs. Through Saturday, March 27. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

EMMET GOWIN / FRANK GOHLKE—Photographs of Mt. St. Helens; also portraits of the artist's wife. / Post-tornado photographs of a Texas town. Through April 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HANS HAACKE—Two photographic installations giving the artist's views on absentee landlords and on the Reagan Administration's social and economic policies. Through April

The Elegant Alternative



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PATTERN SHOWN: SPATOURS. COOLEY'S, BOSTON • SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON & DALLAS • PITT PETRI, BUFFALO • HALL'S PLAZA, KANSAS CITY • HUNT'S, SANTA BARBARA • PACE SETTER PAVILLION, COSTA MESA, AND OTHER SELECTED STORES.

23. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

David A. Hanson—Fifty photographs (printed using nineteenth-century processes) from thirteen handmade books by this artist. The prints are mounted on the walls. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Erich Hartmann and Christian Louis—The former is American, the latter French, and both are showing photographs of trains and railways in France. Through March 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Albumen photographs from an album dated 1857 which record life as it was for Napoleon III's Imperial Guards (living quarters, maneuvers, Sunday Mass) in their training camp. Through April 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helmut Newton—Large black-and-white prints (five are life-size female nudes) by a European fashion photographer. Through Saturday, March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Rodan—Cibachrome prints of young people who the artist says represent the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Cardinal Virtues. Through Saturday, March 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

Sy Rubin—A series of recent documentary photographs entitled "14th St." Through Sunday, March 21. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Avant-Garde Photography in Germany, 1919-1939," two hundred works by Herbert and Irene Bayer, T. Lux and Andreas Feininger, and about fifty others. . . . ¶ Prints by turn-of-the-century pictorialist Heinrich Kühn. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) Both shows through Sunday, March 21.

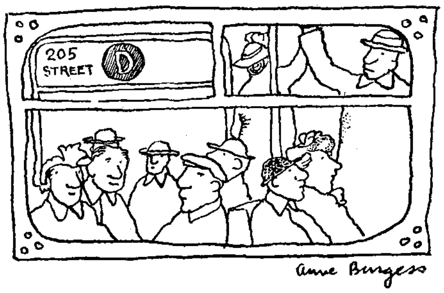
Group Shows—At the **metropolitan museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A show of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers; they are arranged topically and in pairs for the purpose of illustrating different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café." Other prints being compared are by Stieglitz, Weegee, Cartier-Bresson, and Callahan, to name a few. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocus by Paul Caponigro, and more. Through April 24. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A selection from the permanent collection—situated, for the nonce, on the mezzanine of the new museum building—is the single show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through Sunday, March 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Carus Gallery, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.



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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. A complementary show is at the John Weber Gallery, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ Musical notations and graphics by the composer John Cage. Through May 2. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his exhibit of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. In addition, sports memorabilia: the 1938 Maserati Wilbur Shaw drove at Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940, and Johnny Weismuller's five Olympic gold medals. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Starts Friday, March 19. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10 to 4:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for six Academy-Institute awards. Through April 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—The teaching collection of Chinese art at Yale University Art Gallery provides an exhibit of about seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings. Starts Saturday, March 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The largest single item is a feather cloak worn by a member of the royalty of the pristine Hawaii of two hundred years ago. Through May 9. . . . ¶ More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review,* including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by living American artists. Among those earning prizes are Paul Resika, Leland Bell, and Nell Blaine. Through March 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd

St.—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.) A hundred recently printed photographs of Dublin (from negatives surviving from the period when Joyce was in residence there) are being exhibited in the third-floor rotunda.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—The Toykillers (performance), Thursday, March 18, at 8:30; Spectre Woman (performance), Thursday, March 25, at 8:30 and 10. . . . ¶ Russian Samizdat (underground press) publications from the past two decades. Through April 17. . . . ¶ Drawings and books by four artists from West Germany. Through April 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday through Sunday, March 18-21, at 8:30; Tony Oursler (video), Monday, March 22, at 8:30; Petr Kotik (music), Tuesday, March 23, at 8, and (in another program) Thursday, March 25, at 7; Alvin Singleton (music), Saturday, March 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jennifer Bolande's exhibition using photographs. Through Saturday, March 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 17: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 18: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Miguel Cortez, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Dalmacio González, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 22: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 23: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 24: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 25: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, William Workman, Rockwell Blake, and Renato Capecchi; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Les Contes d'Hoffman," with Ruth Welting, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; Riccardo Chailly. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Wieslaw Ochman, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 18, at 8: "Rigoletto," with June Anderson, Gail Gilmore, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christos, Jerry Hadley, and Alan Titus; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Carmen," with Gail Gilmore, Judith Haddon, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Rigoletto," with June Anderson, Gail Gilmore, Richard Fredricks, and Riccardo Calleo; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 1: "I Puritani," with Ashley Putnam, John Aler, J. Patrick Raftery, and David Cumberland; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 7: "Susannah," with Faith Esham, John Stewart, David Hall, and Samuel Ramey; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, John Stewart, and William Stone; David Effron. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Susannah," with Faith Esham, John Stewart, David Hall, and Samuel Ramey; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Pellegrini, Judith Christin, John Stewart, and William Stone; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Faith Esham, David Borgeson, and Richard Cross; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with June Anderson, Barry McCauley, and Brent Ellis; Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, May 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting a program of music by Mozart and Beethoven, and the New York première of his own "Sequences;" no soloists. Thursday, March 18, at 8; Friday, March 19, at 2; and Saturday, March 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York première of his own work "Halil-Nocturne for Solo Flute, String Orchestra and Percussion," as well as works by Walton and Elgar. Wednesday, March 24, at 8 (a non-subscription concert); Thursday, March 25, at 8; Friday, March 26, at 2; Saturday, March 27, at 8; and Tuesday, March 30, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute, and Sol Greitzer, viola).

St. Louis Symphony—Leonard Slatkin conducting. **Carnegie Hall.** Friday, March 19, at 8: The New York première of Donald Erb's "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra," as well as works by Shostakovich and Max Bruch. With Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: A Hindemith-Weber-Stravinsky program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . **Whitman Hall,** Brooklyn College (434-1900). Sunday, March 21, at 8: A Tchaikovsky-Stravinsky program; no soloists.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Penderecki-Schumann-Shostakovich program, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—David Zinman conducting the New York première of Donald Erb's "Sonneries II," as well as works by Beethoven and Richard Strauss. With Radu Lupu, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Syracuse Symphony Orchestra—Christopher Keene conducting a program featuring the New York premières of compositions by John Corigliano, Claude Bolling, and Calvin Custer. With Mr. Bolling, jazz piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Opera Rediviva—Richard Kapp directing the American première of Rameau's opera "Les Boréades," in concert form, with Ruth Welting and Gail Dobish, sopranos; Charles Abruzzo and Abram Morales, tenors; David Arnold, baritone; and James Dietsch, bass-baritone; the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York; and members of the Schola Cantorum. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Tchaikovsky-Brahms-William Schuman program, with Byron Janis, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Ronald Roseman, English horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with James Buswell, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a benefit concert of excerpts from operas the company has presented during the past ten seasons. With Margarita Castro-Alberty and Shirley Verrett, sopranos; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi and Nicolai Gedda, tenors; Pablo Elvira, baritone; the Yale Russian Chorus; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

University of Minnesota Symphonic Wind Ensemble—Frank Bencriscutto conducting, with the University Jazz Ensemble and Clark Terry, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Handel-Beethoven-Haydn program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 28, at 5:30.)

Indiana University School of Music Pro Arte Ensemble—Thomas Binkley directing performances of the "Greater Passion Play," a medieval choral work taken from the thirteenth-century Carmina Burana manuscript now preserved in the State Library of Munich. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 12:30 and 3; and Sunday, March 21, at 2. Free tickets will be available on a first-come, first-served basis on the days of the performances.)

Mannes Baroque Chamber Ensemble—Kenneth Cooper directing the New York première of Handel's opera "Semele." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Sunday, March 21, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Aria Group—An all-Bach program, with members of the Bach Aria Festival & Institute Orchestra and Chorus. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing an eight-member ensemble, which combines ancient and medieval chanting techniques with contemporary musical forms. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday and Monday, March 21-22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus—Alexander Dashnaw directing a program that includes the New York première of Reinhard Keiser's "The Passion According to St. Mark." With Lila Deis, soprano; Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Vincent Arnone, tenors; and Kurt Owen Richards, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rachmael Weinstock and Artur Balsam—Violin and piano, with assisting artists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120

Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—With the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 17-18, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-French program, performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sharon Robinson, cello; David Singer, clarinet; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Orpheus Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—With Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, March 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Wieland Kuijken and Robert Kohnen—Viola da gamba and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Klaus Hellwig—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in this season's series of seven concerts will be performed by the Toronto Consort. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 21, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer and the Portland String Quartet—A program of music for flute and strings. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Benjamin Verdery—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Detlef Kraus—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Joaquin Achucarro—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Thursday, March 22, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

Sequoia String Quartet—With Michele Zukovsky, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Roger Sessions and Stravinsky, performed by Ursula Oppens, piano; Benjamin Hudson and Carol Zeavin, violin; Eric Bartlett, cello; and Maureen Gallagher, viola; and a chamber orchestra, conducted by Charles Wuorinen and Harvey Sollberger. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—A program of Baroque and contemporary chamber music, with Jonathan Haas, percussion, and Chris Finckel, cello. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Steven Burns—Trumpet, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Muir String Quartet—Two programs of chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Bowery Ensemble—With composer-pianists Bunita Marcus and Ken Sullivan. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Edmund Battersby—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Rivka Golani-Erdesz—Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Amadeus Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Concord String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The sixth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Atlantic String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "The *Birth of Bel Canto: Music of the Italian Baroque.*" (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

New York Camerata—Glenn Jacobson, piano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Diane Bruce, violin; and others. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one entitled "Quartet with Others." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 27, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 3.)

The Bach Winterfest—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Daniel Waitzman, flute; Evan Paris, violin; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

MISCELLANY

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting a chamber orchestra in a performance of the Prologue and "Les Incas de Pérou" from Rameau's opera-ballet "Les Indes Galantes." With Andrew Schultze, bass; Ann Monoyios and Joyce Andrews, sopranos; David Ronis, tenor; and Catherine Turocy, choreographer-dancer. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 285-3715. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Ten singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1982 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, March 21, at 2.)

Stefan Wolpe Retrospective—A program of his works performed by Continuum, a group including Pina Carmirelli, violin, and Cheryl Seltzer, Anne Chamberlain, and Joel Sachs, all piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, March 23, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 27, at 7:35.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 19, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, March 21, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, March 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Tuesday, March 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, March 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, March 27. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 20; the Bay Shore, Sunday, March 21; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 27.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at eleven on Saturday, March 27, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Tennis—Avon Championships: Andrea Jaeger, Mima Jausovec, Martina Navratilova, Barbara Potter, Sylvia Hanika, Bettina Bunge, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 24, at 10 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 27, at 1; and final singles match, Sunday, March 28, at noon.)

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Donald Davie and John Logan reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Diane Wakoski and Robert Hass reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mark Strand and James McMichael reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ted Enslin and Diane Wakoski reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Clayton Eshleman reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 18, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 20. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, March 18, at 10:15 and 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and ceramics. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 24-25, at 10 and 2: Prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 18. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, March 23, at 2: Antique and modern jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 20.

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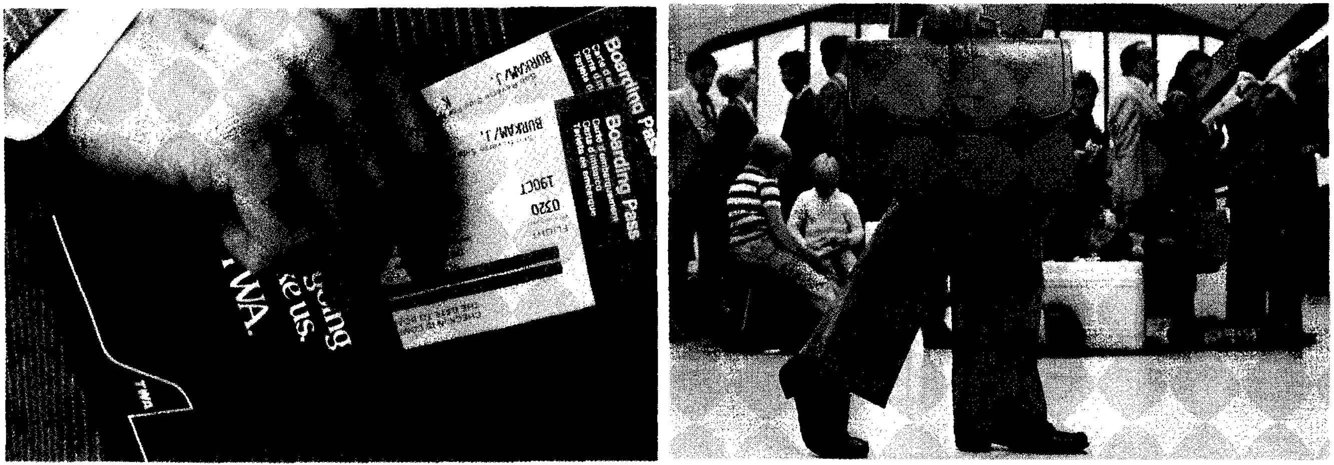

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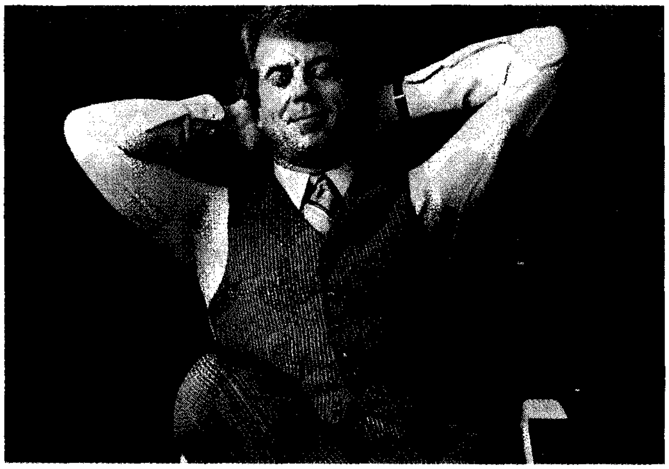

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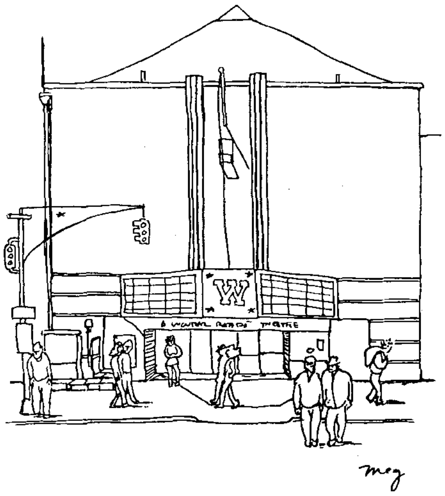

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 21: "25, Fireman's Street" (1973; directed by István Szabó; in Hungarian).
March 23: "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933; Gregory La Cava), with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.
March 24: "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." (1951; Gordon Douglas), with Frank Lovejoy and Dorothy Hart; and "Storm Warning" (1951; Stuart Heisler), with Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, and Steve Cochran.
March 25: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "My Son John" (1952; Leo McCarey), with Helen Hayes, Robert Walker, and Van Heflin.
March 26: "Storm Center" (1956; Daniel Taradash), with Bette Davis, Brian Keith, Kim Hunter, and Paul Kelly; and "Crisis" (1950; Richard Brooks), with Cary Grant and José Ferrer.
March 27: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Silk Stockings" (1957; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Janis Paige.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 18: "Absence of Malice" (†) and "All the President's Men" (†).
March 19-25: "Ragtime" (†).
From March 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.
From March 19: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 18: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 25: "Atlantic City" (†).
From March 26: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 18: "Personal Best" (†).
From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 25: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
From March 26: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.
From March 19: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From March 19: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 18: "Sleeping Dogs" (1977; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Sam Neill and Warren Oates.
From March 19: "Personal Best" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "Three Brothers" (†). From March 21: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From March 19: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (†).

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.
Theatre 2: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 18: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From March 19: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From March 19: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
From March 19: "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronny Cox and Bibi Besch.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 18: "On Golden Pond" (†). From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Missing" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (directed by Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French). March 19-21: "Voyage en Douce" (1979; Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin. March 22-23: "Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági. March 24-25: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord" (Maurice Pialat; in French). March 26-27: "Knife in the Head" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 18: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†). From March 19: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: "Personal Best" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"One from the Heart" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 18: "Quest for Fire" (†).
From March 19: "Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 20: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From March 21: "Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Atlantic City" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

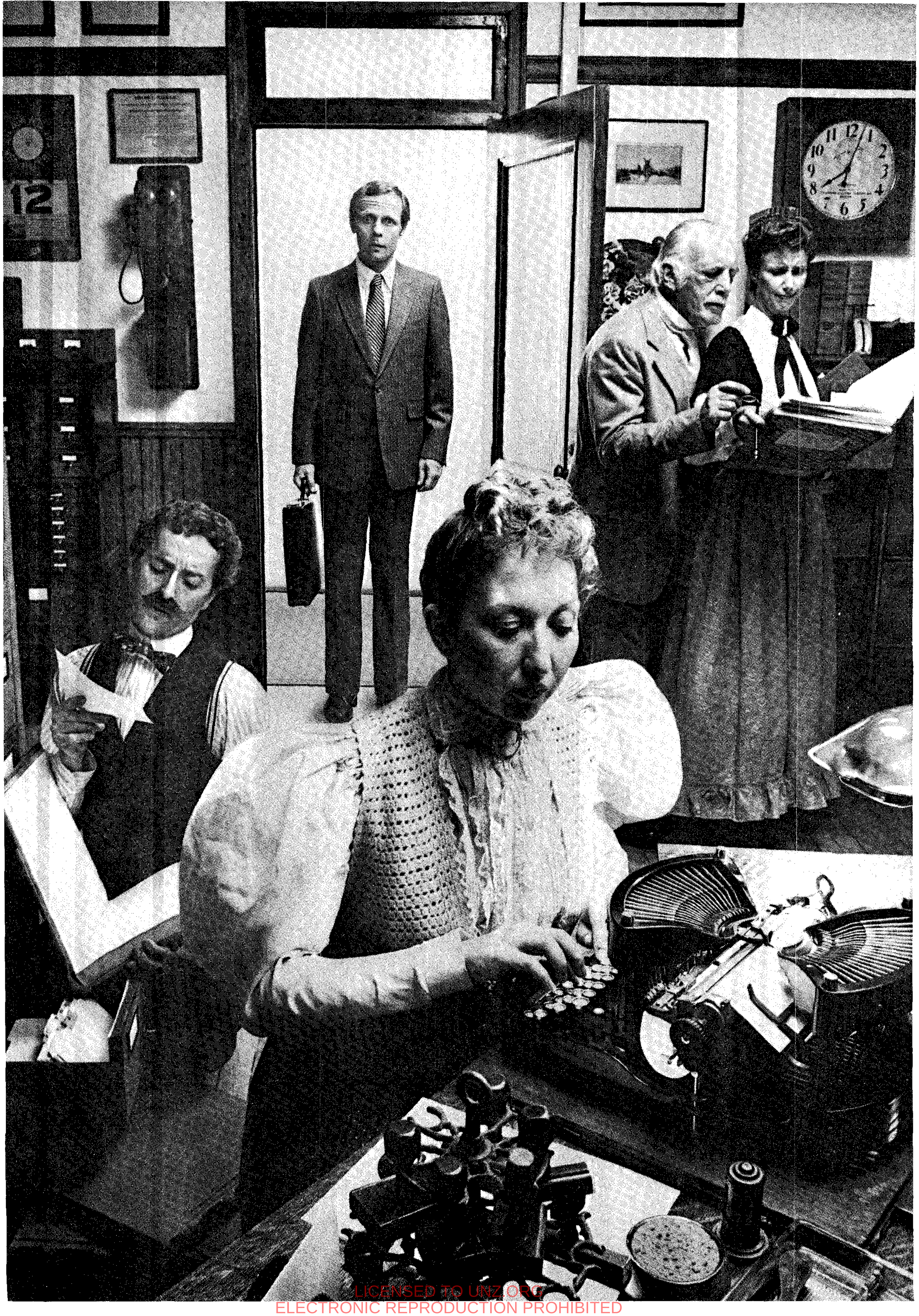
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 18: "One from the Heart" (†).
From March 19: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†). From March 21: "Three Brothers" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through March 25: "Love and



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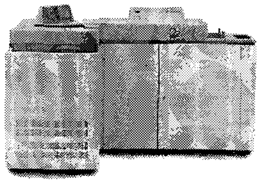

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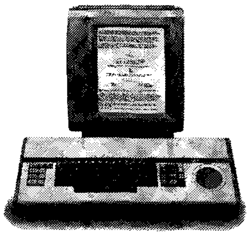

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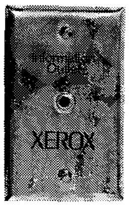

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Lies" (Ilya Frez; in Russian). From March 26: "The Savage Hunt of King Stakh" (Valery Rubinshik; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through March 18: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From March 19: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: Through March 25: "Personal Best" (†). From March 26: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through March 25: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From March 26: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through March 25: "Missing" (†). From March 26: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 18: "Ragtime" (†). From March 19: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: "Absence of Malice" (†); and "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Theatre 3: "Arthur" (†) and "Altered States" (†).

Theatre 4: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through March 25: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. From March 26: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.

Theatre 2: "Through March 18: "Enter the Ninja," with Franco Nero and Susan George. From March 19: "Deathtrap" (Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 3: Through March 18: "Shoot the Moon" (†). March 19-25: "Personal Best" (†). From March 26: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 5: Through March 18: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora. From March 19: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Reds" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Theatre 3: "Iron Dragon Strikes Back" and "Bruce Lee's Deadly Kung Fu."

Theatre 4: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Richard Pryor, Live on Sunset Strip" (Joe Layton), a concert filmed in December, 1981, at the Palladium, in Hollywood.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 2: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 18: "Personal Best" (†).

From March 19: "Enter the Ninja," with Franco Nero and Susan George.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Missing" (†).

Theatre 2: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 18: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin. From March 19: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).

Theatre 2: Through March 18: "Evilspeak" (Eric Weston), with Clint Howard and R. G. Armstrong. From March 19: "The Beast Within" (Philippe Mora), with Ronny Cox and Bibi Besch.

R.K.O. Century National 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 18: Theatre closed. From March 19: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.

Theatre 2: Through March 18: Theatre closed. From March 19: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 20: "Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

March 21-23: "Le Gai Savoir" (†); and "One American Movie" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard).

From March 24: "A Married Woman" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

March 17: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "You're a Big Boy Now" (1967; Francis Ford Coppola), with Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Peter Kastner.

March 18-20: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Vivre sa Vie" ("My Life to Live;" 1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

March 21: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

March 22: "Closely Watched Trains" (†) and "The Apple Game" (†).

March 23: "Onibaba" (1963) and "Kuroneko" (1968), both films in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa.

March 24: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye.

March 25: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "A Perfect Couple" (†).

March 26-27: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through March 18: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready.

March 19-20: "Apocalypse Now;" and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens.

March 21-23 (afternoon performances only): "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish). Sunday, March 21, at 5:30 and 8:30, and Monday, March 22, at 8:30, a dance film by Merce Cunningham and Charles Atlas will be shown. On March 21, at 5:30, Cunningham and Atlas will be present.

March 24-27: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 18: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, and Nina Van Pallandt.

March 19-20: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

March 21-23: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "High Anxiety" (†).

March 24-25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

March 26-27: "Barbarella" (†) and "Zardoz" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through March 18: "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

March 19-20: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Servant and Mistress" (1978; Bruno Gantillon; in French), with Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol.

March 21-22: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

March 23: "Like a Turtle on Its Back" (1981; Luc Béraud; in French), with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin; and "Voyage to Grand Tartarie" (1977; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau and Micheline Lanctôt.

March 24-25: "Coming Apart" (†); and two programs of erotic films.

March 26-27: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

March 21-23: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Duellists" (†).

March 24-27: "Cruising" (†); and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 20: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

March 21-23: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

March 24-27: "You Only Live Twice" (†) and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

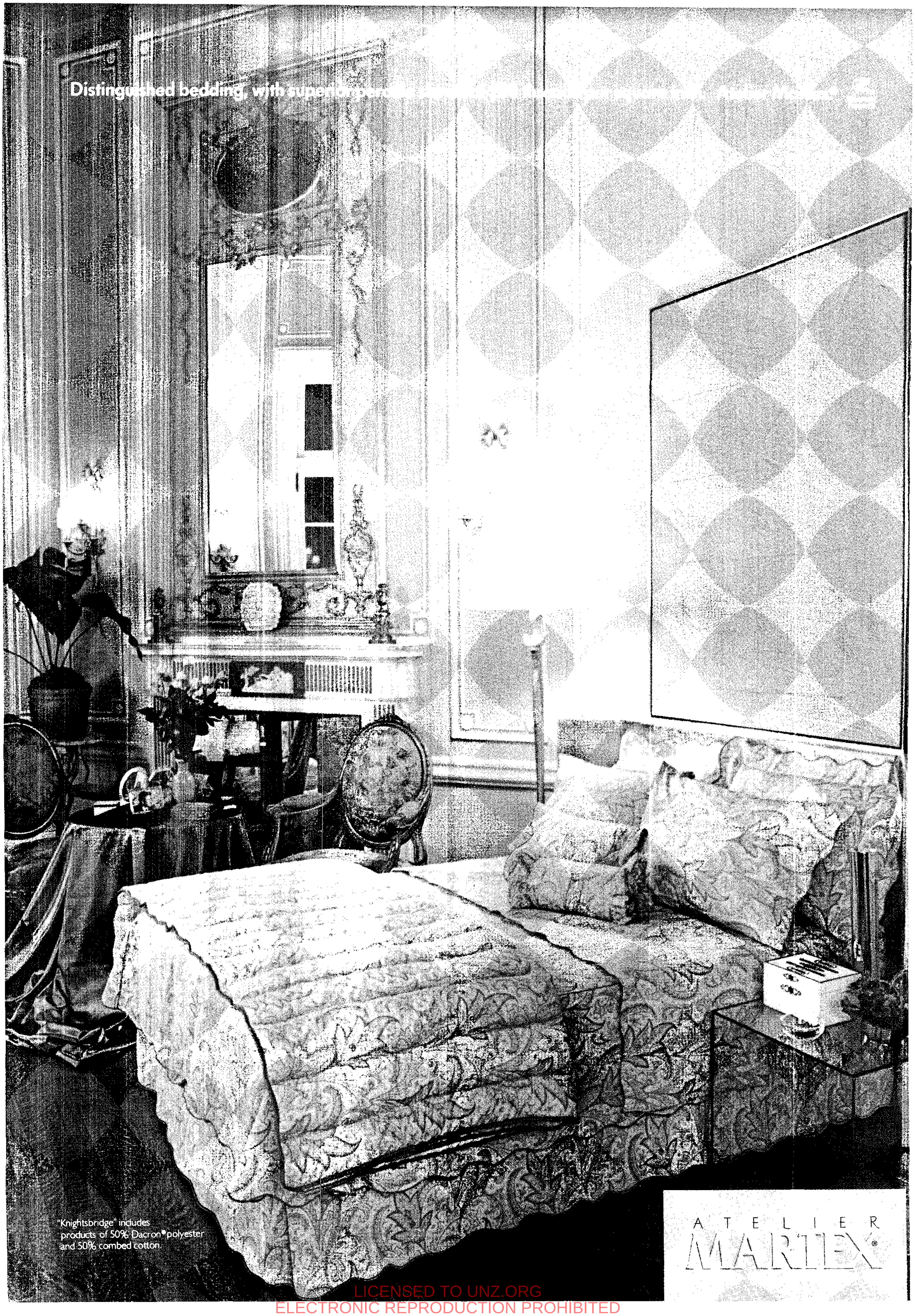
March 17: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

March 18-20: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956; Richard Quine), with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

March 21-22: "Hester Street" (†); and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.

March 23-24: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and

JONES NEW YORK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Halvar Björk; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

March 25-27: "Inside Daisy Clover" (1966; Robert Mulligan), with Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Robert Redford, and Ruth Gordon; and "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 17: "Mon Oncle" (1958; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati, Alain Bécourt, and Jean-Pierre Zola; and "Simon" (1980; Marshall Brickman), with Alan Arkin, Madeline Kahn, and Austin Pendleton.

March 18: "Sleep, My Love" (1948; Douglas Sirk), with Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings; "Somewhere in the Night" (1946; Joseph Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak and Nancy Guild; and "Waterfront" (1944; Steve Sekely), with John Carradine and J. Carroll Naish.

March 19-20: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

March 21: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori, Kinuyo Tanaka, and Machiko Kyo.

March 22: "Age of Consent" (1969; Michael Powell), with James Mason and Helen Mirren; and "Georgy Girl" (†).

March 23: "Strange Behavior" (1981; Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy, Louise Fletcher, and Dan Shor; and "Blue Sunshine" (1978; Jeff Lieberman), with Zalman King.

March 24: "Altered States" (†) and "The Goddess" (†).

March 25: "The Narrow Margin" (1952; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor; "Tension" (1950; John Berry), with Audrey Totter and Richard Basehart; and "Trapped" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges.

March 26-27: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 17: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Slim Pickens; and "The Wrong Box" (1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Lawson, and Michael Caine.

March 18: "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor; and "The Old Maid" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent.

March 19-20: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

March 21: "Children of Paradise" (†).

March 22: "Clash by Night" (†); and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.

March 23: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).

March 24: "Deception" (†) and "Beyond the Forest" (†).

March 25: "Camille" (†); and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

March 26-27: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of videotapes directed by Bill Viola—at noon and 4:30, five tapes made between 1976 and 1977; at 1:15, "Chott el-Djerid" ("A Portrait in Light and Heat;" 1979); at 2 (and Tuesdays at 5:30), "The Reflecting Pool" (1977-80), a five-part work; at 3:15 (and Tuesdays at 6:45), "Hatsu Yume" ("First Dream;" 1981). Mr. Viola will be present on Thursday, March 18, at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 17 at 8: A program of ten films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ March 18-20 at 8: Three different video programs by Joan Jonas, who will be present at all screenings. . . . ¶ March 20 at 2: A video program by Janice Tanaka. . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Reverberation" (1969), "Serene Velocity" (1970), and "Still" (1971), all by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: "Zvenigora" (1928; A. Dovzhenko; a Russian film, no English titles). . . . ¶ March 24 at 8: "Earth" (1930; A. Dovzhenko; a Russian film, no English titles). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8: A program of four films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: "Geography of the Body" (1943), "Image in the Snow" (1943), and "Narcissus" (1956), all by William Maas. . . . ¶ March 27 at 2: A video program by Rita Myers. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: A program of nine films by Marie Menken.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSENCE OF MALICE—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through March 18.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors, Bernstein is played, with edgy intelligence, by Dustin Hoffman. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 18.)

ALTERED STATES (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (1/19/81) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 24.)

THE APPLE GAME (1976)—This was the first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia after more than a decade. It seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but in a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of way it deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiří Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling extremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (34th St. East, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 25.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded

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revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner's music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24.)

Camille (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances. Actually, Garbo is inconceivable as a whore—her Camille is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. (No movie has ever presented a more romantic view of a courtesan.) With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. (Both of them are irredeemably American.) The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. With Lenore Ulric as Olympe, Laura Hope Crews as Prudence, and Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Rex O'Malley, and E. E. Clive. From the novel by Alexandre Dumas, adapted by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. But it's a handsome black-and-white production, and though Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, Robert Ryan (as the wife's lover, a projectionist in a movie theatre) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagy, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal life spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that's very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. Adapted by Alfred Hayes; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 22.)

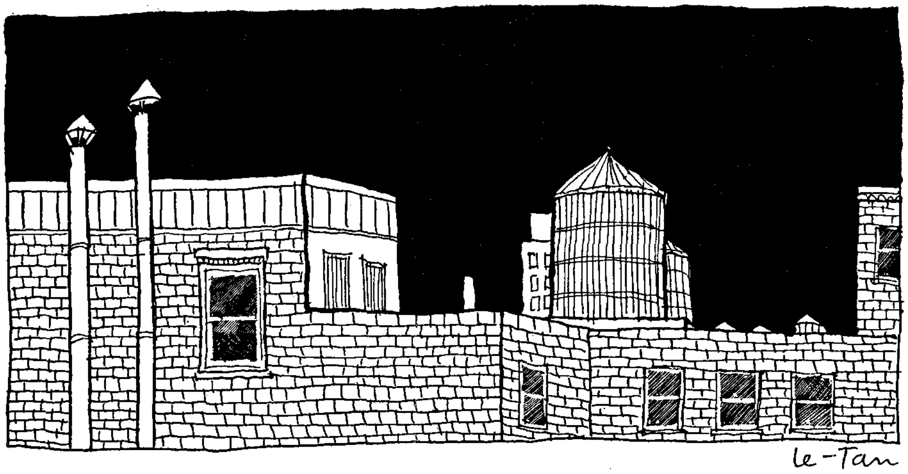
Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is based on the well-known ironic novel by Bohumil Hrabal, who collaborated with Menzel on the scenario. It's set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating, and that sometimes takes the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film (as this one did). But it's also a sophisticated, elliptical folktale, with quirky moments of small-town passion, and a funny sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks. In Czech. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

Coming Apart (1969)—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glassman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This movie is fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some amusing sexual encounters. But then the writer-director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, begins to take the theme seriously, and it all becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. With Sally Kirkland and Viveca Lindfors. (8th St. Playhouse; March 24-25.)

Cruising (1980)—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night view of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent if powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 24-27.)

Deception (1946)—Blissfully foolish—another camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Arthur Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. (She doesn't look young or glamorous, either; she's a rather puffy-faced femme fatale.) John Abbott and Benson Fong are also in the cast. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the music, with Shura Cherkassky dubbing Davis's "Appassionata." John Collier and Joseph Than adapted the Louis Verneuil play "Monsieur Lamberthier," which had been filmed in 1929, as "Jealousy," with Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24.)

Dog Day Afternoon (1975)—Sidney Lumet directed this fictional re-creation of an unusual bank robbery on a 97-degree day in August, 1972, working from Frank Pierson's very fine script. Sonny (Al Pacino), who is trapped in the middle of robbing a bank, with a crowd gathering in the street outside, is a married working-class man; he got into this robbery mess by trying to raise money so that his lover, Leon (Chris Sarandon), could have a sex-change operation. The most touching element in the film is Sonny's inability to handle all the responsibilities he has assumed. Though he is half crazed by his situation, he is trying to do the right thing by everybody—his wife and children, the suicidal Leon, the hostages in the bank. In a sequence in which Sonny dictates his will, we can see that inside this bungling robber there's a complicatedly unhappy man, operating out of a sense of noblesse oblige. Lumet


Le-Tan

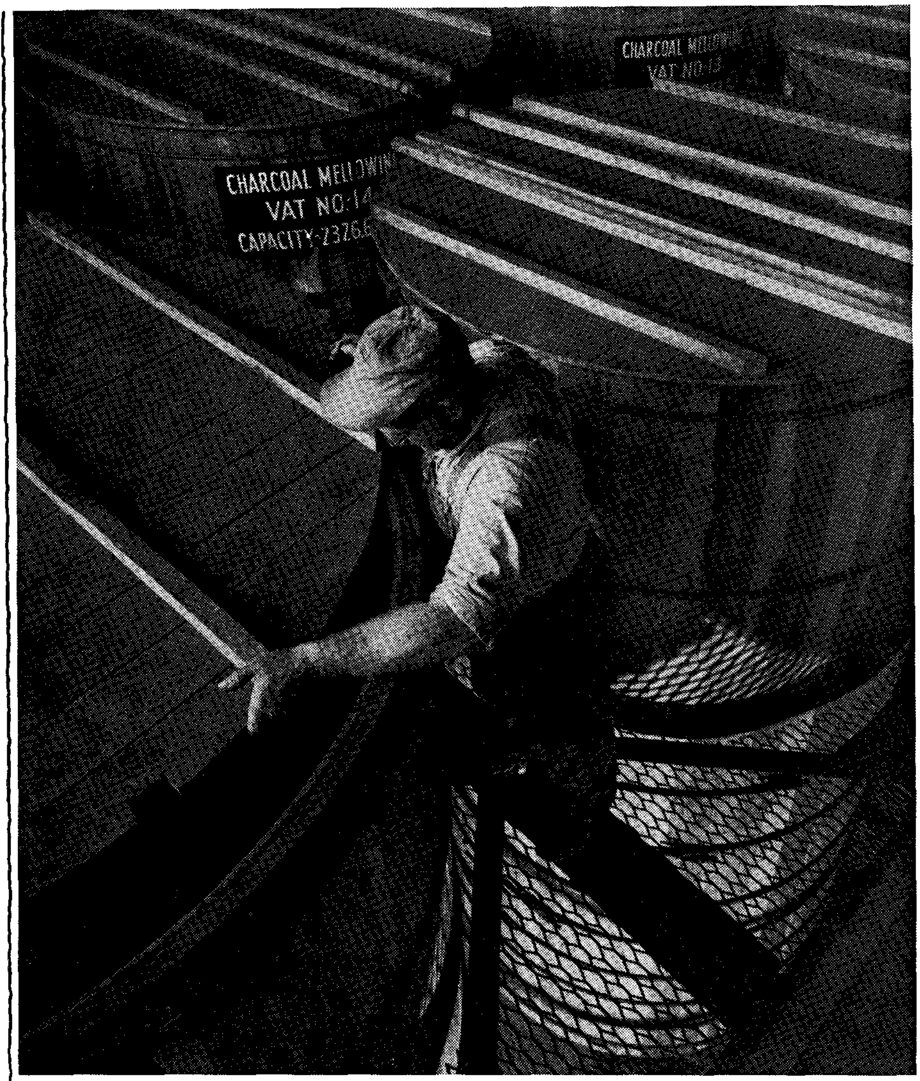
keeps so much low comedy and crazy melodrama going on—in the bank, on the street, among the police—that he can risk long, quiet scenes that draw us in. (He doesn't even use a musical track.) Pacino's Sonny, grandstanding to the crowds who cheer him on, brings just the right urban craziness to the situation. And Sarandon gives one of the finest homosexual performances ever seen in a movie; he's true to Leon's anguish in a remarkably pure way—he makes no appeal for sympathy. There are also surprising, wonderful things from such actors as John Cazale, who plays Sonny's partner in the robbery, and Charles Durning as a police detective. The cast, which is huge and of highly variable quality, includes Penny Allen, Carol Kane, Gary Springer, James Broderick, Judith Molina, Susan Peretz, and Sully Boyar. (Sonny is based on John Wojtowicz, who was serving a twenty-year sentence when the film was released.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24-27.)

The Duellists (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keeps them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 21-23.)

Le Gai Savoir (1968)—"Weekend" (made earlier this same year) was the culmination of Godard's great, innovative, rampaging career, and after it he seemed to be back at Square One, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. "Le Gai Savoir" was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study, there's not much to look at, and since the soundtrack is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French. (Agee Room; March 21-23.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Thalia; March 22.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of stardom centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. (It's a kind of clinical sentimentality.) The film takes a psychiatric and sociological view of her career: she's a pathetic creature who has been deceived by false values and is destroyed by the bitch-goddess Success. Chayefsky is so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her stand out from all the other poor, deceived girls—what would make her a star. This is a conscientious, ambitious bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast. The intense Kim Stanley is in the central role (her compelling over-non-acting makes the bum writing rather painful). Patty Duke plays the heroine as a lonely child with no one to praise her; she informs her cat, "Kitty, I got promoted today" (a line that became a camp favorite). Betty Lou Holland is the star's mother. Steven Hill is the star's first husband; he's called upon to deliver the author's prophetic insights—i.e., the lines that should have been cut. Lloyd Bridges gives a fine performance as the prizefighter husband, who feels shut out by his wife's misery. And Elizabeth Wilson is the final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in



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"Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Thalia; March 24.)

Hester Street (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (Regency; March 21-22.)

High Anxiety (1977)—Mel Brooks's rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves the "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey; and with Rudy DeLuca, Ron Clark, and Barry Levinson, who also collaborated with Brooks on the script. (Cinema Village; March 21-23.)

Knife in the Head (1980)—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Film Forum; March 26-27.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Agee Room; starting March 24.)

Missing—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, non-political conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 25.)

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My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

One from the Heart—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of an experimental pastiche, with more neon than you have ever seen before. You get the feeling that Coppola piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. The picture is set in a metaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been living with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but a day later it's as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82) (Guild. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through March 18.)

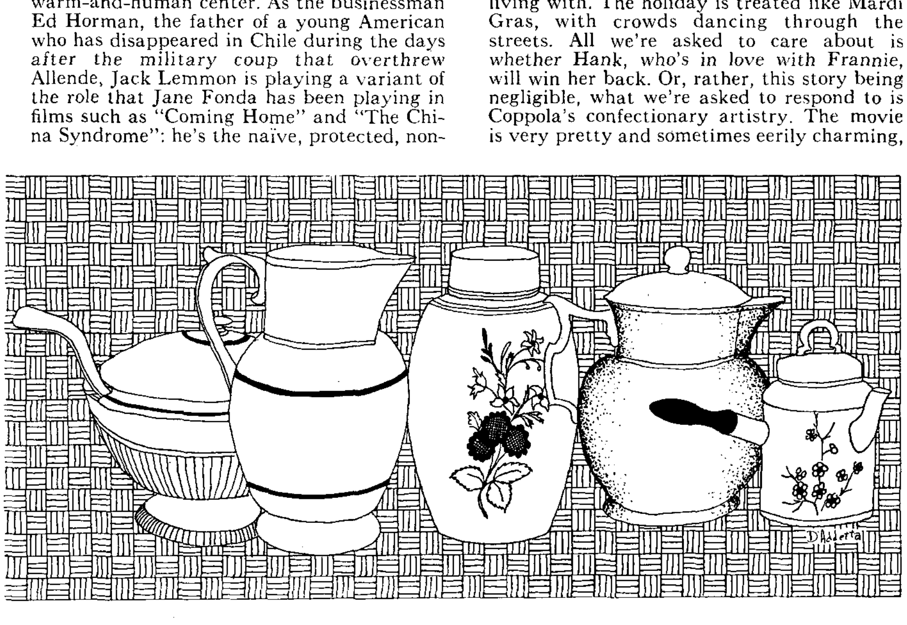
On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and R.K.O. Century 86th St.; through March 18. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Criterion Theatres; starting March 19.)

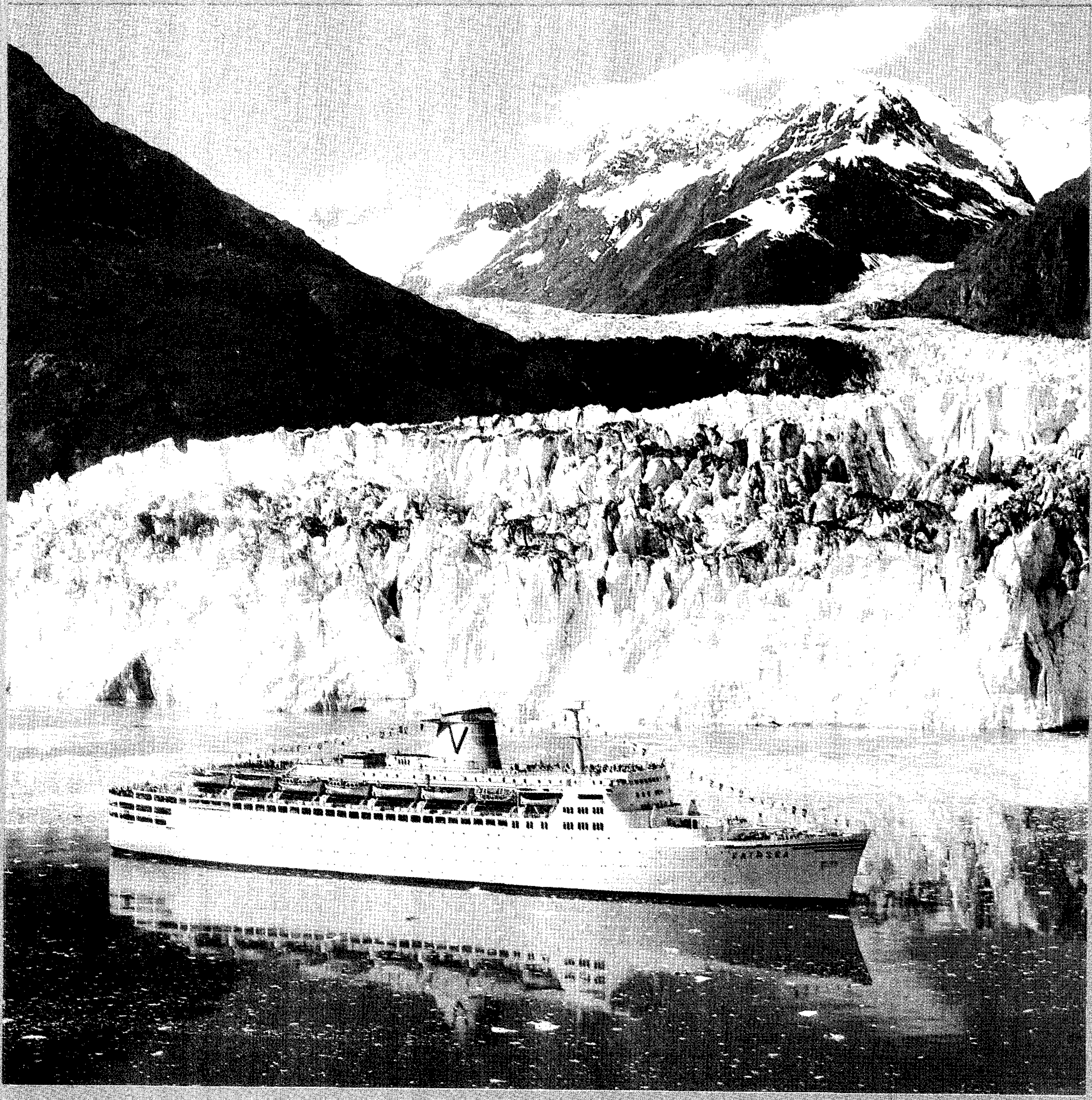
On Her Majesty's Secret Service (1969)—A worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism and more action, including a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages the action sequences terrifyingly well. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 24-27.)

A Perfect Couple (1979)—Directed by Robert Altman. About an affair between a classy Greek-American (Paul Dooley) and a girl who lives in a commune (Marta Heflin). The difference between them is oversimply expressed by their taste in music—he and his family, in a stiff way, like classical music; she likes the sort of mild humbug that is churned out by the ton on a lot of radio stations. This isn't Altman at his best, but there's no point in belaboring the matter. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Movieland; through March 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 25. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; March 19-25. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting March 19.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond (Naked Ape) Morris in 70-millimetre, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, and the composer Philippe Sarde's letting himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department—a mixture of heavenly choir and electronic grunts and howls—the picture might be taken for a put-on. (If it were double-billed with the comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," its overblown solemnity might backfire.) The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own





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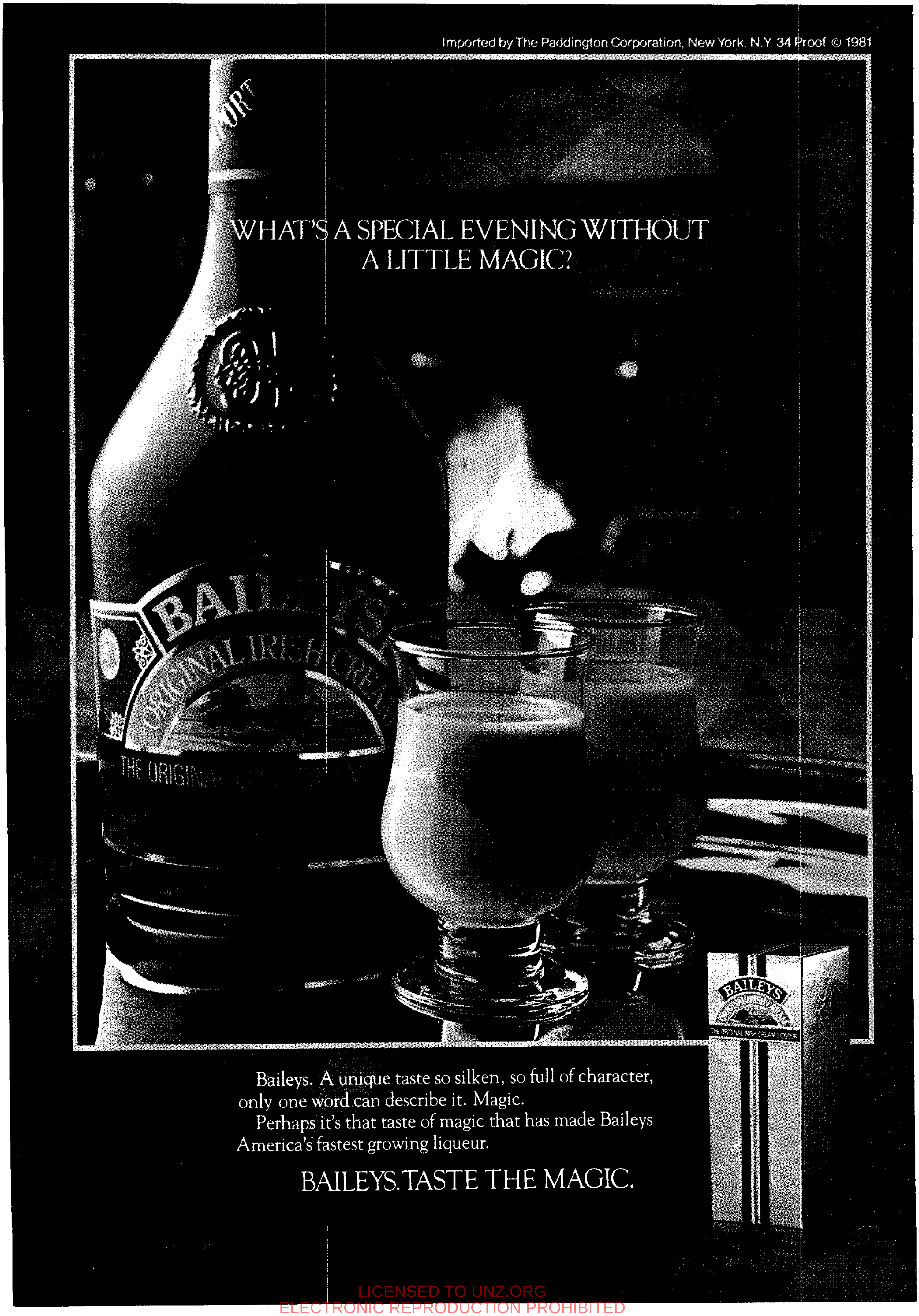

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. (The sixties have made the ape look seem hip.) At times, Amoukar and Gaw are like baggy-pants comics without the pants. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this Stone Age love story is meant to be. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Ziegfeld; through March 18. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; starting March 19.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Baronet, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; March 19-25.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 18. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through March 20.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Coronet, and Embassy 1.)

Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Criterion Theatres; through March 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 19.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the United States, worked for AID, and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. In French. (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Waverly; through March 18.)

Three Brothers—With Philippe Noiret and Michele Placido, directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; through March 20. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting March 21.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The father remains passive and the movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed out here and mediocre at heart. There's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing; it's like an old man's movie. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Cinema Studio; through March 20.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery–James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 24-27.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. He gets you in his grip and squeezes you to react the way he wants you to. The story is based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. But in 1967 a military coup d'état overturned the legal government. The movie reënacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. It was shot in Algeria, as a French-Algerian co-production, with a score by Mikis Theodorakis (who was under house arrest in Greece at the time), and a script by Jorge Semprun, an exile from Spain. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker, if there were one. Luckily, there isn't. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas, François Périer, Renato Salvatori, Charles Denner, Pierre Dux, Marcel Bozzufi, Magali Noel, and Georges Geret. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Waverly; through March 18.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitest commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race, and Sara Kestelman as May. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)

chaus

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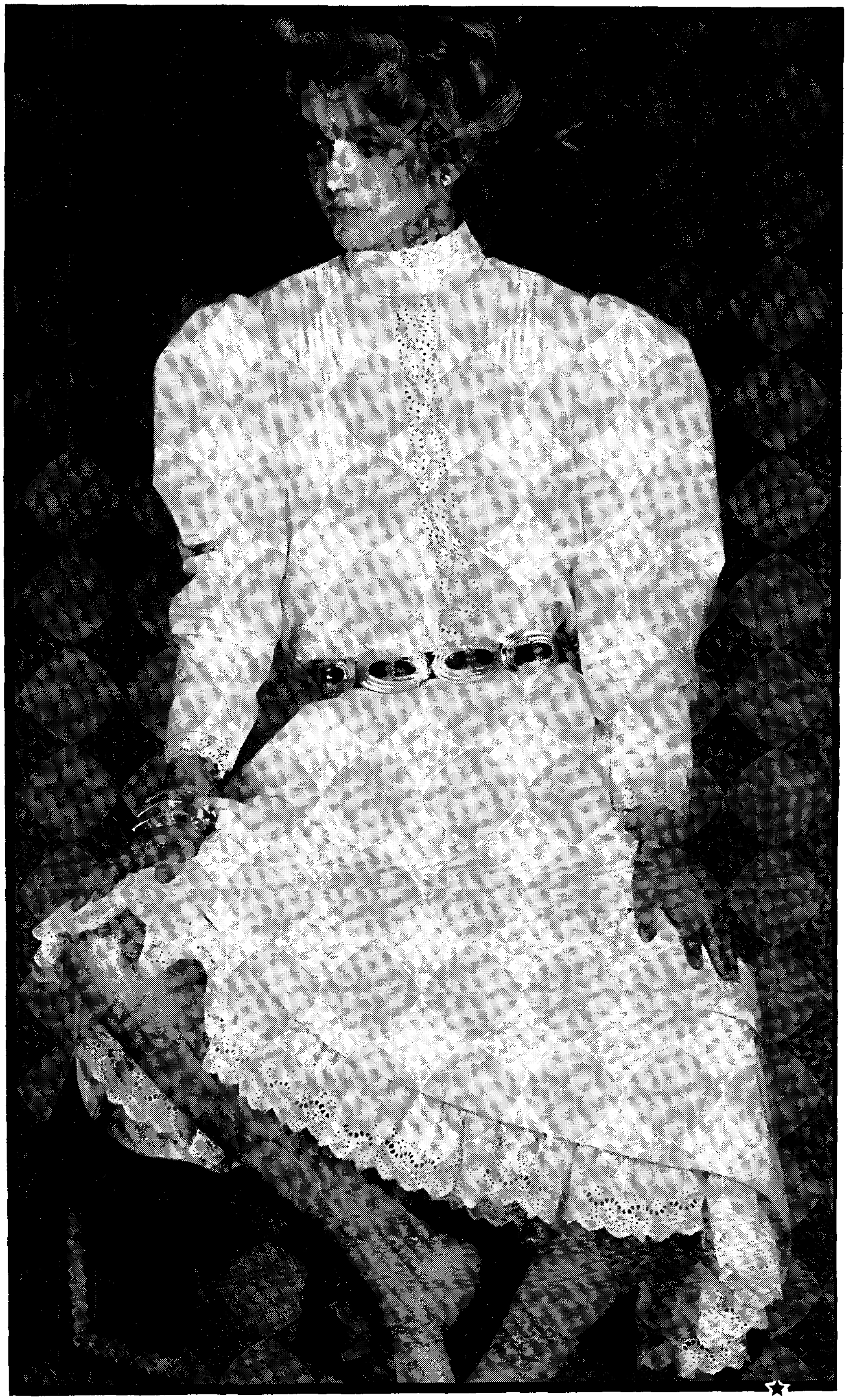

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN author writes:

Not long ago, I was in another part of the country—a warm, friendly part of the country, sort of over in the geographical middle—and I was suddenly seized with the desire to read again the wonderful first line of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," although I knew it by heart: "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains"—one of the great first lines in our literature. I wanted to read it again, although I already had it by heart, and I wanted to read, too, the lines immediately following: "In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels." As I say, I was in another part of the country, in a small, neat city, and I wanted to read this book again, that minute. So I went to the library and asked the librarian, a beautiful woman of about fifty (she had these little bifocal parts in the bottom of her glasses, as I have, a sign of maturity and wisdom), whether I could take a look at her library's copy of "A Farewell to Arms," if it wouldn't be too much trouble. And she said no, I could not, because it had been banned.

I said, *Banned*?

She said, *Banned.*

I said, You're kidding me.

She said, No, I'm not. It's been banned. We can't have it on the shelf here. It's to protect the children.

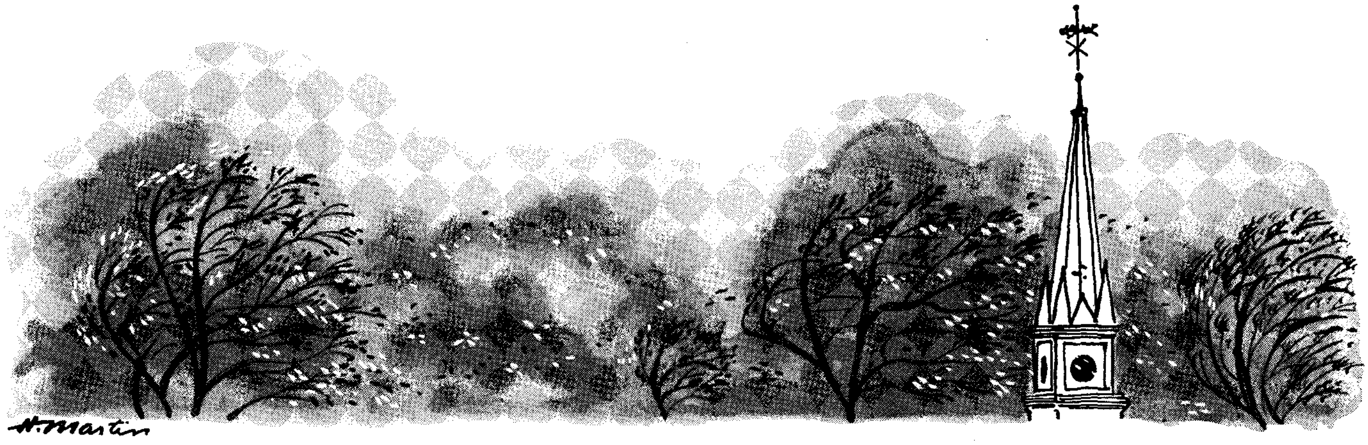
Well, she blushed, and I blushed, and the building blushed, and I took her out to coffee after work and she told me what else had been banned—Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse-Five," and a couple of dictionaries. Nothing of mine had as yet been banned, she told me, but a special subcommittee of the Banning Committee had been formed to consider my case, and I could have high hopes. It was all being done to protect the children, she said.

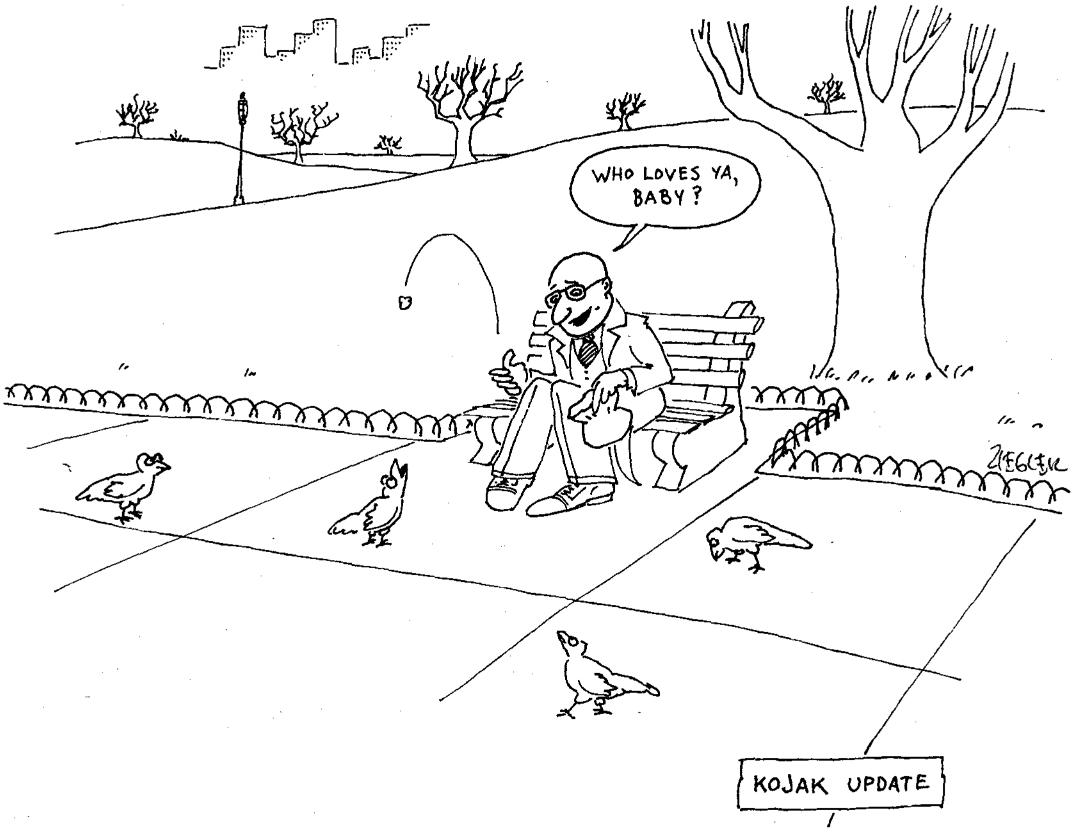
Well, I have spent a fair amount of time protecting children from things—mostly fundamental things like cold, hunger, automobiles, broken glass—and I understand the impulse. But I cannot understand protecting children from intelligence, protecting children from passion, protecting children from complexity, protecting children from lines like these, at the end of "Huckleberry Finn": "And so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it, and ain't agoing to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory, ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it." Yes, what is being argued here is revolt, flaming revolution, but I think I would trust my fifteen-year-old with these sentiments. I think she could handle it. If she is not permitted to read "Huckleberry Finn," she is not free.

• •

H.B.

IF you happened to plunk down thirty-seven fifty the other night for a ticket to the second annual Firefighters Ball, and if you rented a tux, bought the wife a corsage, and drove in to Manhattan to Pier 92—that's the passenger-ship terminal at the foot of West Fifty-third Street—and if you managed to spend six or seven hours drinking and dancing and generally partying, and if, when it was all over, you said to yourself that you felt hungry, don't blame Walter Porr. Blame yourself. Consider these possibilities: either you forgot to eat or





you have an unhealthy appetite. But just lay off Walter Porr. He and the rest of the fellows from H.B. Catering did their part plus *plenty* more, so *watch* it. One thousand two hundred and fifty people showed up for the Firefighters Ball, a benefit for the Uniformed Firefighters Association's widows' and children's fund. Walter Porr and the rest of the fellows from H.B. Catering have insights into the natural likes and dislikes of the average firefighter, because Walter Porr and the rest of the fellows at H.B. Catering *are* firefighters. H.B. is not just any old catering outfit; at H.B. Catering there's not a civilian in the bunch.

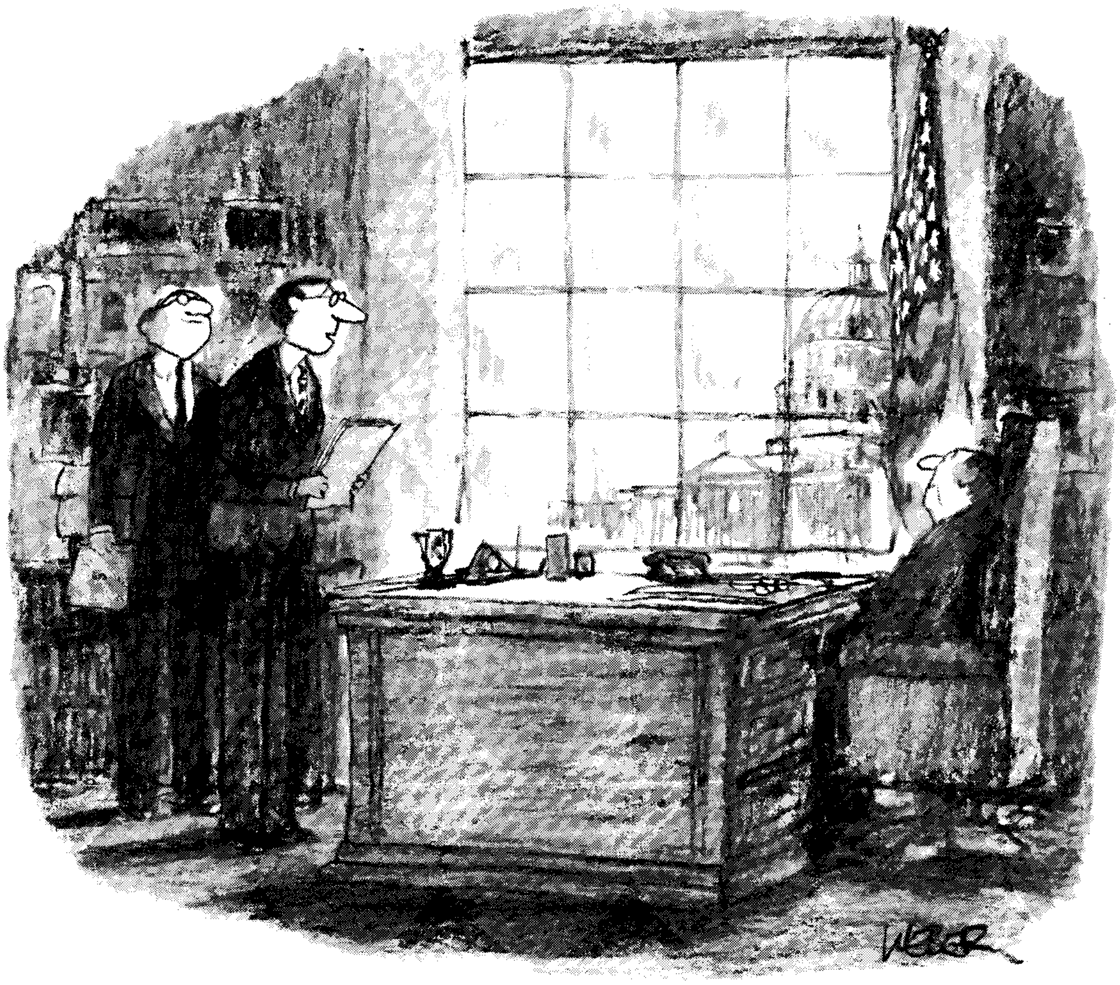
Walter Porr had worked out his strategy. He had cooked for days and days, and he had planned for several weeks before he even peeled an onion. From the start, the decision was to go light on the hors d'oeuvres during the cocktail hour: a dozen trays of quiche Lorraine (about forty square feet of quiche); one hundred and fifty two-foot loaves of meatbread (Italian bread stuffed with prosciutto); more than a thousand Oriental meatballs (ginger, garlic, soy sauce—a nice switch from the usual Swedish-meatball routine). It might not seem like a lot of hors d'oeuvres when you're trying to feed one thousand two hundred and fifty people, but you have to bear in mind that there were plenty more eats to come. When dinnertime rolled around, any sensitive and thoughtful person could see that H.B. Catering had spared nothing. They laid everything out buffet style: sixteen steam trays of sausage and peppers; ten trays of oven-browned potatoes; six trays of shrimp and chicken Peking; six of chicken livers; fourteen of linguine and clam sauce; six of veal piccata; ten of steak sukiyaki; ten of calamari and scungilli; twelve of potato pancakes; four of sea bass; eight of stuffed cabbage; six of chicken with peppers; eight of ravioli; four of fettuccine; four of scallops al pesto; eight of bratwurst and carrots; six of Bollon pies; eight of chicken Patrice—two hundred and forty steam trays in all—plus four hundred and fifty pounds of roast beef, roast pork, pastrami, turkey, and corned beef, all of it hand-sliced. Dessert was two thousand miniature Italian pastries, ten chocolate cream pies, six strawberry cream pies, ten layer cakes, and two sheet cakes, along with fruit salad, cordials, and port wine. Chicken Patrice was a new concoction, named for Walter Porr's wife, Pat, and Bollon pie—really just shepherd's pie—was named for Vincent J. Bollon, the president of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association. They could have called it Vinnie pie. Walter Porr knows Vinnie Bollon from when they worked together at Ladder Company No. 31, in the Bronx. After that, Walter Porr was assigned to Engine Company No. 69/Ladder Company No. 28, in upper Manhattan. Engine 69/Ladder 28, which is situated on 143rd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, is known in firefighters' parlance as the Harlem Hilton. The initials in H.B. Catering stand for Hilton Brothers. The reason the brothers don't spell the words out is that they don't want any trouble with those people who own the hotels. Bu it doesn't matter; H.B. is getting around, and th name is well known. Las summer, for instance, H.B. catered big promotion party at a Knights o Columbus hall in Brooklyn—fifteen o twenty firemen were advancing in rank, and close to seven hundred people attended. And H.B. managed very successful retirement party at th Harlem Hilton last November: quiche fried chicken, shell steaks, baked potatoes, meatballs, linguine and clam sauce, salad, broccoli—a big feed, on hundred guests. Walter Porr was th incipient retiree; he catered his ow farewell. He has never catered a actual fire, but with a little warning h obviously could.

Walter Porr has gone into th catering business full time. He spen the entire week before the Firefighter Ball in the kitchen. The other Hilto Brothers—John Faracco, Georg Brennan, John Miloslau, Eddie D Valle, and Vinnie Peteroy—put i their required time down at the firehouse and then helped with the preparations. They were all on hand at Pie 92 about twelve hours before the Firefighters Ball got under way. "Th aroma of the food is gonna knock yo over," Del Valle promised. As th day progressed, twenty or so othe firemen from the Harlem Hilto showed up. They had no trouble staying busy. The interior of Pier 92 is th size of three football fields. There were close to a hundred and fifty tables to be set—a red tablecloth, eight or ten place settings (three forks, a knife, a spoon, two drinking cups, a coffee cup, a dinner plate, and a bread plate per setting), a hurricane lamp, four ashtrays, and bottles of wine, rye, Scotch, and mixers at each table. There were nonculinary details that Walter Porr had to address, such as the seating plan. For example, you couldn't get away with putting the officers of the Emerald Society (the Irish firefighters' fraternity) at a table near the dance floor and not doing the same thing for the Vulcans (black firefighters) and the Columbians (Italian) and the members of Ner Tamid (Jewish). And there were some unexpected developments, such as when the Sterno fuel cannisters at the steam tables overheated and small fires kept breaking out—that sort of thing.

Walter Porr managed these vicissitudes with great skill. He gives the impression that he could manage anything. At Manhattan College, he majored in phys. ed., and although he is slightly shorter than average, he looks as if he spends his spare time juggling medicine balls. He has reddish-blond hair, pastel-blue eyes, and a thick, sweeping mustache that hangs over his lip like bunting draped on a grandstand. At Pier 92, he was in constant motion, and he smoked a long green cigar the whole way. He wore a blue sweatshirt, blue cotton slacks, and a beige wool motoring cap. In his brown leather briefcase he had stored an extra pair of trousers—clean ones. He planned to put them on before the guests arrived. The trousers were part of the H.B. uniform for the evening; it also included a red T-shirt with the H.B. emblem and a French sailor's cap—white with a blue band and a red pom-pom. "The hat was designed just for this occasion," he said. "It'll look good here on the pier." He had removed a lid from a cardboard box to show it off for a moment, and now he was putting it away. "Firemen can do anything. Cops can *buy* anything, but firemen can *do* anything. I'll be relieved when this is all over. When this is over, what I'll crave most is a glass of milk and a hamburger with a raw onion."

Rescue

MOST cars this winter have been beset by all the fundamental cold-weather difficulties—mainly starting, moving, and stopping. Recently, though, we learned about a particular Chevrolet, from Rossford, Ohio, that is a veteran of difficulties almost beyond winter. Last February, an ice floe about five miles long and two miles wide broke away from the western shore of Lake Erie, just east of Toledo. Trapped on it were eighty ice fishermen, nine snowmobiles, three all-terrain vehicles, three recreational trucks, and about fifty ice-fishing huts. Within four hours, Coast Guard and fire-department boats and a hospital helicopter had safely rescued all the fishermen from the ice. But that left their vehicles and equipment still stranded on the floe, which—by the time the last fisherman was removed—was nearly a mile from shore. Later, however, the fishermen were able to recover their property when the floe drifted against a section of thick ice near the shore. Except for the last fisherman removed—Steve Tornai, who is a glassworker in Rossford, a suburb of Toledo. Mr. Tornai's 1978 Chevrolet Suburban (one of the recreational trucks) was easily the heaviest vehicle caught on the floe, and when it became clear that because of its weight it would break through even that thick ice he was forced to abandon it. Mr. Tornai told us, "I would have taken it apart to get it back, but I didn't really have the knowledge or the tools." So he turned the ownership of his Chevrolet Suburban over to his



"These projected figures are a figment of our imagination. We hope you like them."

insurance company. But since his insurance company didn't have any special plans for rescuing it, either, the Suburban just floated around the western part of Lake Erie for a couple of weeks. The ice floe got smaller and smaller and smaller, but the Suburban stayed right there on top of it, because, as it turned out, Mr. Tornai had parked his Suburban on one of the thickest parts of the ice. Eventually, of course, the Suburban would sink into Lake Erie anyway, and would immediately become what the Coast Guard calls "a navigational hazard." So Mr. Tornai's insurance company got in touch with Bob Rajner, a forty-three-year-old production supervisor for Chrysler who is also an experienced scuba diver and salvager. "They said that if I could get the Suburban back on dry land it was mine," Mr. Rajner explained to us. "So I said I'd do it. At that point, with the ice starting to thaw, they just wanted me to get the thing off their backs."

Mr. Rajner and his nephew Ray LaBounty and Mr. LaBounty's friend Gerard Watras all set out together in a nineteen-foot power boat that Mr. Rajner owns, to rescue the Suburban. They spent days—sometimes in heavy fog and sometimes in twenty-five-mile-an-hour winds—just trying to locate the vehicle and get in position to save it. Then it took the three of them about six hours to break through two hundred yards of ice to reach the slab of ice that the Suburban was riding on. They chained three two-hundred-and-seventy-five-gallon oil drums to its back and sides to act as floats. Soon, after more of the ice had melted, the Suburban got dumped into the lake. And the floats held. "The waterline stayed at just a hair above the headlights," said Mr. Rajner. Finally, the partly submerged vehicle was towed about seven miles to a local marina, where a boat lift was able to raise it out of the water.

Once the Suburban was back on dry land, it was hauled to a garage in Oregon, Ohio—just outside Toledo. There, for the next two weeks, Mr. Rajner, Mr. LaBounty, and Mr. Watras worked on getting it running again. "The trick is to get them running as soon as possible," said Mr. Rajner. "Some guys let them sit too long with the water still in them. I've had snowmobiles running an hour after I've retrieved them. Anyway, with the Suburban we were home free after we got the water out of the engine. Then we just did things like relubing and putting in new front bearings. Mechanically, I would say, it got to a point of being about as good as it ever was."

We asked Mr. Rajner what had happened to the Suburban after it was overhauled.

"Well, we put an ad in the *Tradin' Post*, a local paper they have here for buying and selling," he said. "And this guy in Temperance, Michigan, bought it, and right away took it on a ten-day trip to Texas. He said it ran beautifully. He still lives there, just a few miles away, and every once in a while I like to drive by, just to look at the thing."

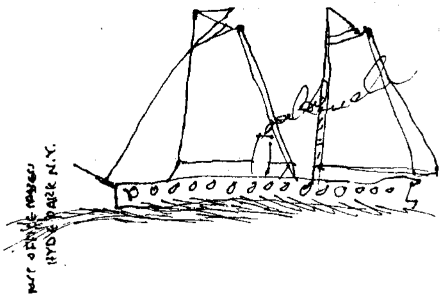
Hyde Park

"Dearest Mama—

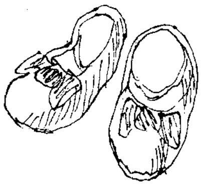
"Here we are, quite overcome by the wonders of Venice, & settled comfortably for ten days. . . ."

The letter, on flamboyant Art Nouveau stationery of the Grand Hotel Britannia ("Electric Light and Steam Heat in All Rooms"), was written in 1905 by twenty-three-year-old Franklin Delano Roosevelt to his mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, during his honeymoon with his twenty-year-old bride, Eleanor.

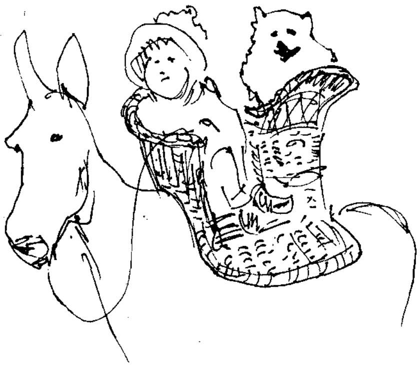
We were roaming through the Roosevelt library and museum at Hyde Park on a Saturday (the actual Roosevelt home was closed, because of the recent fire), thinking about F.D.R.'s centennial and looking at items such as his first letter, written when he was five. This one was also to his mother, and it contained a drawing of a ship (*Illus. A*). In addition to letters, Sara Roosevelt had preserved a number of her son's possessions. An enormous wicker bassinet of elegant design, with a torrent of white organdie descending from above the hood, stood near the front door of the museum, and quickly conveyed the sort of socioeconomic world into which Franklin was born. Nearby were fancy baby clothes, such as a lace cap and a pair of minuscule, well-worn black leather slippers with black bows (*Illus. B*). There was a remarkable twin-seat pony saddle, made of two wicker chairs, one facing to starboard, the other to port, and a photograph showing how the odd piece of equine furniture worked: Franklin, aged three, was seated in Seat No. 1, and his dog—an agreeable-looking white pooch—was seated in Seat No. 2. A patient donkey was supporting them both (*Illus. C*). Sara Roosevelt maintained Franklin's hair in a long and curly state until he was five. When it was finally cut, she saved a golden lock in a small box (*Illus. D*).


HYDE PARK N.Y.

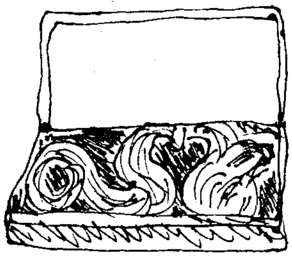
Illus. A



Illus. B



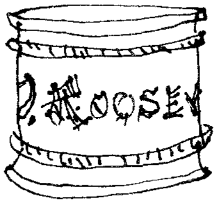
Illus. C



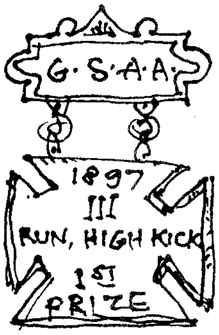
Illus. D

There were F.D.R.'s boyhood books about birds; a stuffed Baltimore oriole; the first (and only) edition of the Hyde Park *Daily Herald*, a typewritten newspaper he published on January 1 1891 ("IT SNOWED THIS MORN-

ING . . ."); photographs of Franklin as a boy, including one that showed him in full riding attire (jodhpurs, riding crop) for horseback jaunts around Hyde Park with his father. From F.D.R.'s adolescent years, there was his Groton School tie, his silver napkin ring (*Illus. E*), and a couple of medals he won in the High Kick (*Illus. F*)—the only sport at which he excelled, and that entirely through painful determination. ("At every kick," he wrote, "I landed on my neck.")

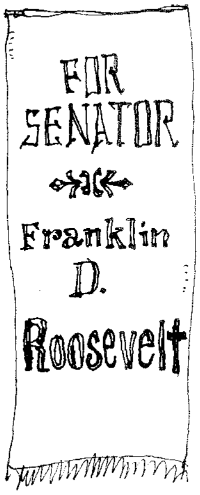


Illus. E

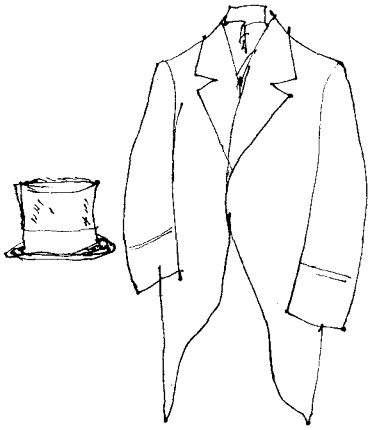


Illus. F

A gray silk campaign ribbon with a fringe and blue letters (*Illus. G*) announced Roosevelt's entry into politics, and this was followed by a large black frock coat and a fuzzy high hat that he wore when he was elected State Senator (*Illus. H*). After the onset of polio, there was a crutch and a cane, and pincers that Roosevelt used for picking up objects from the floor. Among the campaign memorabilia were a metal pin with a red rose from the 1932 Presidential election and a printed sign:



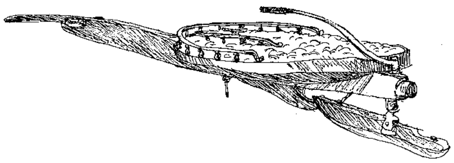
Illus. G



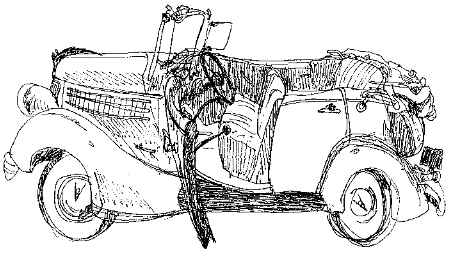
Illus. H

HOOVER BLEW THE WHISTLE, MELLON
RANG THE BELL, WALL STREET GAVE
THE SIGNAL, AND THE COUNTRY
WENT TO HELL.
HOORAY FOR ROOSEVELT
THIS IS A UNION BAR.

Downstairs in the museum were larger items, including a twenty-eight-foot iceboat called the Hawk (*Illus. I*). A photograph from 1905 showed Roosevelt at the helm, sitting on the red plush deck. Nearby was the dark-blue 1936 Ford Phaeton convertible that F.D.R. drove around Hyde Park, sometimes gleefully eluding the Secret Service (*Illus. J*).

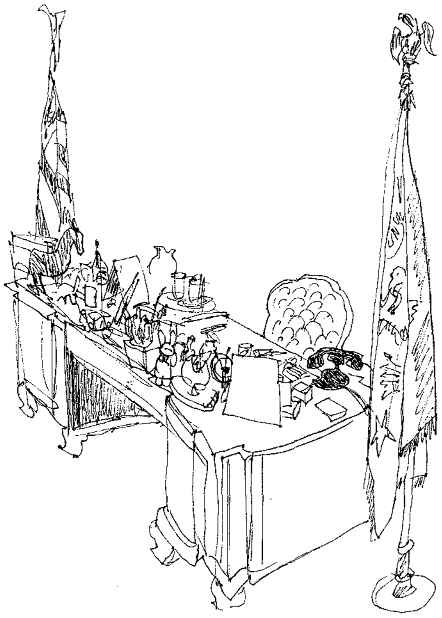


Illus. I



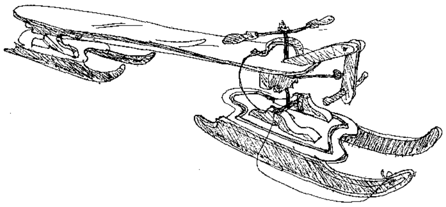
Illus. J

Upstairs again, we looked at rooms of souvenirs from the Presidential years. Roosevelt's White House desk was extremely cluttered (*Illus. K*)—with items such as a bust of his Scottie, Fala, a donkey, a ship's wheel, and a single, primitive telephone. What brought back the memory of Roosevelt suddenly, vividly, was an open flat tin of cigarettes.



Illus. K

We went outside—lots of land, big trees, high hedges—and walked over to the house itself, an eclectic and homely structure that incorporates the original stucco building within two added wings of fieldstone. Charred timbers were visible on the third floor, and ashes were mixed with the snow on the ground. We walked around the icehouses and stables. Inside a carriage house, there was a splendid old toboggan (*Illus. L*). We went into the Rose Garden. It was full of snow. A small flag was jittering in the wind at the grave where Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt are buried. Beyond the greenhouse, somewhere in the trees, a crow was calling.



Illus. L

THE LAUGHTER OF ZEUS

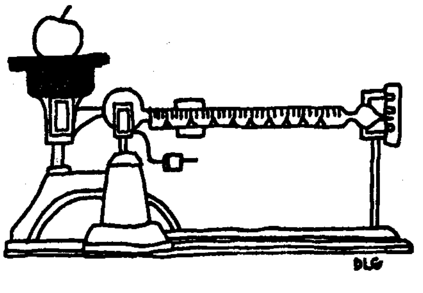
I LIVE in a Greek Revival farmhouse ten miles from Ithaca, New York, where I teach at the university. My office is in the basement of a building that, built in the mid-nineteenth century as a stable, soon metamorphosed into a three-story structure with Doric columns at its main entrance. In a sub-basement directly across the hall from my office is a high-ceilinged coffeehouse that at one time was a museum of plaster casts of Greek and Roman torsos, busts, and semi-divine beasts. The coffeehouse is named the Temple of Zeus, for it still contains casts of the statuary that once adorned the west pediment of that temple at Olympia.

The eastern part of the United States—particularly in its towns and villages—is a repository of classical-revival artifacts and architecture, but I know of no other region in which place names are so resolutely those of Greek and Latin cities, statesmen, writers, soldiers, and mythological figures as is my section of the Finger Lakes region. Though the lakes retain the names of the Indians who once roamed their shores, townships and towns near the city of Ithaca are called Ulysses, Hector, Ovid, Romulus, Etna, Marathon, Virgil, and the like.

In moving with my family, in 1962, from a house on a busy Ithaca street to a farmhouse at a country crossroads, I was responding to a desire for spiritual belonging that was more romantic than classical. But I suppose that in America the romantic and classical have always been mixed. It gets very difficult to separate them in our heritage, for romanticism provided men like Thomas Jefferson with a deity—"Nature's God"—more amenable to human reason and a classical conception of order than is the Christian and Hebrew Jehovah. In a sense, my Greek Revival farmhouse is a romantic construction—a dream of order and balance and proportion set down in a rude wilderness to represent its original owner's sense of himself and what he could achieve as well as a spiritual attitude that justified his striving. Certainly its appeal to me, at the time I first saw the house, was that of a dream—one intensified by my inability to find spiritual meanings through reason, as Jefferson could, even as whatever faith I had in reason made me too skeptical for the simple Christian religiosity of my mother. All I had was a large capacity for wonder. While we still lived in Ithaca, I spent many hours at night looking at the stars through a four-inch telescope, wishing to be drawn up into them in some miracle of union.

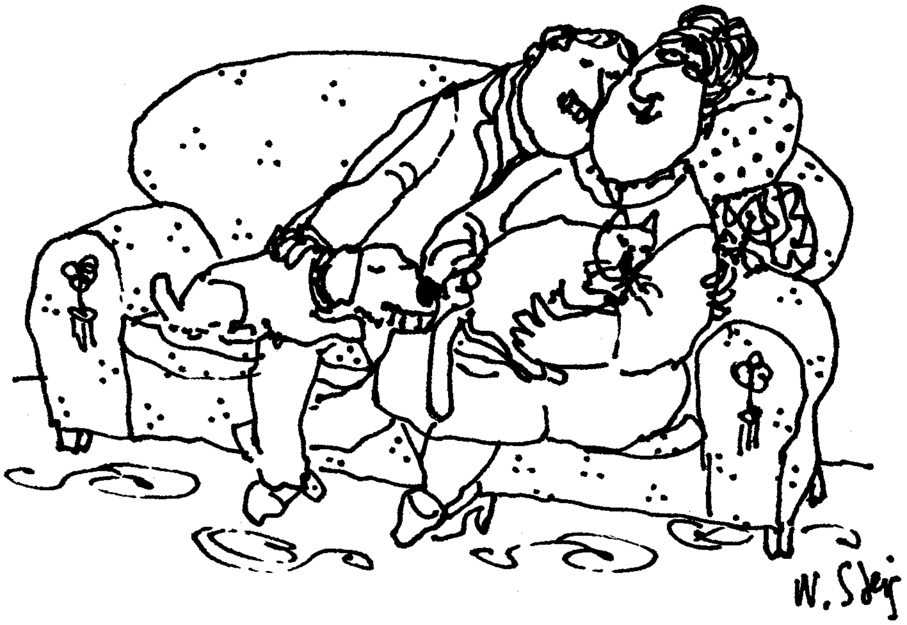
Indeed, the first possession I brought into the farmhouse was that telescope, and I put it in a corner of the parlor that was to become my study. The windows of this room—the most formal in the house—are framed at the sides and top by wood that has been fluted to resemble Greek columns. After positioning the telescope on its tripod, I looked out the window at the wild-rose brambles just beyond the glass and at a field of corn whose dark-green leaves were shimmering in the August sunlight, and I was caught by the sense of a lovely strangeness that yet was familiar—a response so intense as to be astonishing, and that perhaps comes only when the outer eye perceives what the inner one, which is blind to everything but the ideal, has all along visualized as the omphalos of the universe, as its long-sought home.

I think a response like that is possible only once, and then in a person's younger years. But its memory can persist. For a long time I believed that through place I could become whole, achieving that balance of mind and spirit, of body and soul, that we ascribe to the Greeks. Over the decades I have come to know my land through a kind of amateur archeology. I have found the eroded remains of a couple of dams—one near a seasonal stream deep in the woods, built perhaps by an early settler (for, though there is no puckered hole to indicate where a fruit cellar might have been, a line of rotted apple stumps suggests that a cabin had once been close by), and the other, much larger and on a stream that runs even during the summer months, at the spot where, according to early county maps, a sawmill stood. It would have been the sawmill to which the logs to make the planks of our house were carted, as the lands were being cleared for crops and cow pasture. And I have come to know my house the way anybody does who raises three sons in one and who jacks up beams to straighten slanting floors and tilting doorframes, tears out improvements of previous owners and adds improvements of his own, repairs siding, and yearly coats a fourth of its exterior with white paint. Without barns, a farmhouse is forlorn, devoid of its justification; and many years ago, after our cow and hay barns were destroyed by fire, my wife, Jean, and our older sons and I began the task of constructing smaller new ones, the first for the family's horses, another for our son Cris's goats, and a third for our growing collection of second-hand farm equipment—tractors, manure spreaders, and plows.



To all members of my family this farm has been an agency of much happiness, and I would choose to live nowhere else; and yet on occasion—the first in my mid-forties, as I was straddling a barn ridge, nailing down metal roofing and enjoying the view of my property on a sunny day—I have been surprised by a sudden sense of unreality, as if all my efforts at wholeness through belonging were a kind of playacting, and I a person without substance. And then, three years ago, in the spring preceding our youngest son Jimmy's entrance into college, he and Jean and I spent a month in Greece, seeing the remains of the temples whose pediments the twin pairs of wooden gables of our house simulate; and nothing at home has since been quite the same for me.

ON our first complete day in Athens—we had arrived the previous afternoon, and that night had walked up to the Acropolis, lit not by the artificial illumination our guidebook had promised but, more graciously, by the full moon—we looked up a Greek architect who had been a visiting professor at my university. He told us we would be seeing the beauty of his country in the process of being destroyed by a plague of concrete and commercialism—a virulence spreading from the major cities to the farthest islands, where its first symptoms were jerry-built white cubicles built poxlike on hills and in coves for the tourist trade. Of what value are good architects, he asked bitterly, in a society that wants nothing but another fast drachma? That midnight, at dinner at an outdoor restaurant, I sat next to a Greek poet about my age who said that his serious work had never received much attention and that in recent years he had chiefly amused himself writing parodies of T. S. Eliot's religious verse. Although he had lost one lung to cancer, he smoked cigarettes while we were waiting to be served and between courses. After drinking some wine, he suffered such a paroxysm of coughing that he put his head on the table to recover his strength. "I have an allergy to wine," he said apologetically, as soon as he could speak. "I should never drink, my doctor has warned me; yes, I shall give it up," and he emptied the bottle into my glass while lighting his next cigarette. I already had drunk too much, and so I toasted his health, the friendliness of all Greeks, and the loveliness of the Parthenon in the moonlight. I said that people in my region of the United States felt a special affinity for his land, and that nearly everybody I knew had visited it at least once; my wife and I had wanted to come sooner but decided to wait for the Fascist colonels to get booted out. Before taking the last sip, I added a final toast—to democracy. He gave me an ironic smile. "Let me tell you a secret about all Greeks today," he said. "We are incapable of governing ourselves. To put it frankly, we were much happier under the colonels."



Peaceable Kingdom

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As I age, my spirit seems to travel ever more poorly; I was depressed by these opening contacts with Greeks to a degree that jet lag couldn't explain. I suppose I had expected the past to have a greater influence upon the Greeks than apparently it did: I wanted them to be the living part of that museum which is the heritage of us all. Walking back to our hotel at an early-morning hour with Jean and Jimmy, feeling those pangs of indigestion that resemble a heart attack, I complained that we had come to Greece to see the past, not to be reminded of the present—a remark that in retrospect has, for me, at least a vestige of the dramatic irony of the Greek tragedians, for the past in all its dying strength was to impinge upon me in a manner I neither expected nor desired.

We spent the greater part of our first week on the Peloponnesus, following the Sacred Way out of Athens and the modern world (the sulfurous industrial region which that desecrated Way borders) and into the past, as it is revealed in such customary attractions for tourists as Corinth, Mycenae, Olympia, Epidaurus, and Delphi; and then we spent three weeks on the islands, visiting Mykonos and Delos and Rhodes, but staying mainly on Patmos and Crete. Jimmy, who had been on his high-school cross-country team, ran the stadium course at Olympia; he and I ran the one at Delphi while Jean took pictures of us; and, at Epidaurus, she and I and a dozen other parents sat in the highest rows of the theatre while our offspring, collected in the center of the arena far below, tested the acoustics by clapping and speaking—sounds that reached us as a confusion of German and Japanese and English syllables interspersed with the popping of firecrackers. In short, we did, saw, and heard nothing uncommon; and, I suppose, my growing awareness of the intensity of the Greek spiritual belief was not an unusual one for pilgrims to the past.

It first came to me in climbing the many steps to one acropolis or another as a sense of how far the citizens of any polis had to climb to reach these places of worship, these sacred strongholds. A religious aura seemed still to emanate from the ruins not only of Delphi—that remote and romantic site that once was the center of the world—but of every place we visited. At Olympia, only the foundation stones remain of the building for which the coffeehouse opposite my university office was named; once, it contained a statue of the seated Zeus so huge that, had the god stood up, his head would have burst through the roof of his temple. Delos, the smallest of the Cycladean islands, at one time contained an oracle second in fame only to the one at Delphi, and a great temple to Apollo built by a consortium of Greek states. According to myth, the island floated about until Poseidon anchored it as a haven for Leto; she, made pregnant by Zeus, had been fleeing his wife, Hera, and on Delos gave birth to the divine twins Artemis and Apollo. So holy was this island to the Athenians that, as the dominant power of the Delian League, they forbade any births or deaths on it, and for a period—by a decree even more cruel—banished its natives as impure.

How deeply did the Greeks believe in their gods? Before visiting the various ruins, I thought that the myths were, to them as to us, fables pleasing to the imagination; that in filling the sky with Andromeda, the Dioscuri, Cassiopeia, and so on, they were simply humanizing their wonder at the unknown. On clear nights at my farmhouse, nights in which the stars were far more radiant than the glow of Ithaca on the otherwise dark horizon, I used to focus my telescope on Andromeda, our sister galaxy, or search for Castor after locating the brighter Pollux. I also had a little plastic tube (equipped with a battery-operated red bulb and a series of discs of the constellations) called a Starfinder. By looking with one eye into the tube while focussing the other on the proper constellation above, I would find the names of stars and the dotted outline of a mythological figure inscribed in the very heavens. Telescope and Starfinder were instruments for helping me to feel that I belonged to my house and land much as my saw, hammer, and paintbrush were; or, for that matter, early county maps and books about the history and geology of the Finger Lakes. Standing at the top of windy Mt. Kynthos on Delos, though, or looking beyond the tumbled stones at Delphi toward the sea, I realized that the Greeks belonged to a cosmos in a way that I never could. Values and attitudes alter for an individual in his lifetime, and even more so for the society of which he is a part; no generalization will hold for any epoch, modern or medieval or classical. And yet I knew, looking upon the ruins at one site or another, that at an undetermined magical moment the intelligence of the Greeks fused with their apprehension of the sacred; that moment had nothing whatever to do with balance or proportion, or any wish of later people to heal their divisions. Zeus lived, and the universe was One. Such belief takes long to ebb, permitting civilization, but the very attempt to hold on to it ultimately does it in.

LOVE POEM: THE DISPOSSESSED

In March, the small river,
Gray in the heart
Of your small gray city,
Thaws. I am cold
In this northern wind.
The part of the world
I come from would not know
What to call this gray

Stone wall I walk on.
There they would name it
Levee. Snow
Banks in the deep
Shadow below me. Sun
Will get to it
Weeks from now, I guess,
But there are many things here

I would not try to predict:
When these strict silver
Trees will put their names
On with their leaves—
Gray, they are all
One tree to me,
Winter, the cold
Scum-white roil

Of river water,
The high sweet call
Of a bird I cannot see,
Have never thought of.
I have walked
A long way in your cold
City where I should not be,
Thinking *cold*, thinking *love*,

Following the margin,
Skirting broken stones
In the wall that holds back
This river no one knows

I am walking beside alone,
Your river I cannot write down
The name of, can never
Say I was here beside

In this life, this time
Of year. I move
Slowly with the wind
From left to right, a small
Figure in an old
Photograph on the back
Of a postcard, black and white,
Mailed years ago,

Years lost
In the small post office
Of an obscure Southern town,
A gray thing come to light
Unsigned in your mailbox,
A dim winter
Scene of how this city
Looked a life ago.

The river has broken out
Of its winter ice a block
From the nameless motel
I have let myself in for,
A place it is hard to live
The good love that will not let me
Write down the things we know, the words
We call each other by.

Above me, high in the silver
Light, you can just make out
The dark shape of an unknown
Bird that hangs on the wind.
God knows who sent it.
God knows why
Anyone would bother
To forward such a thing.

—T. R. Hummer

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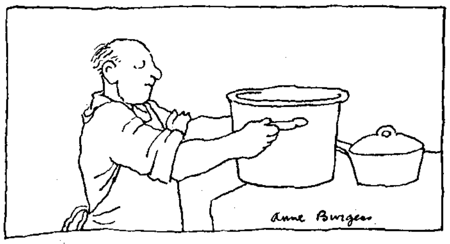
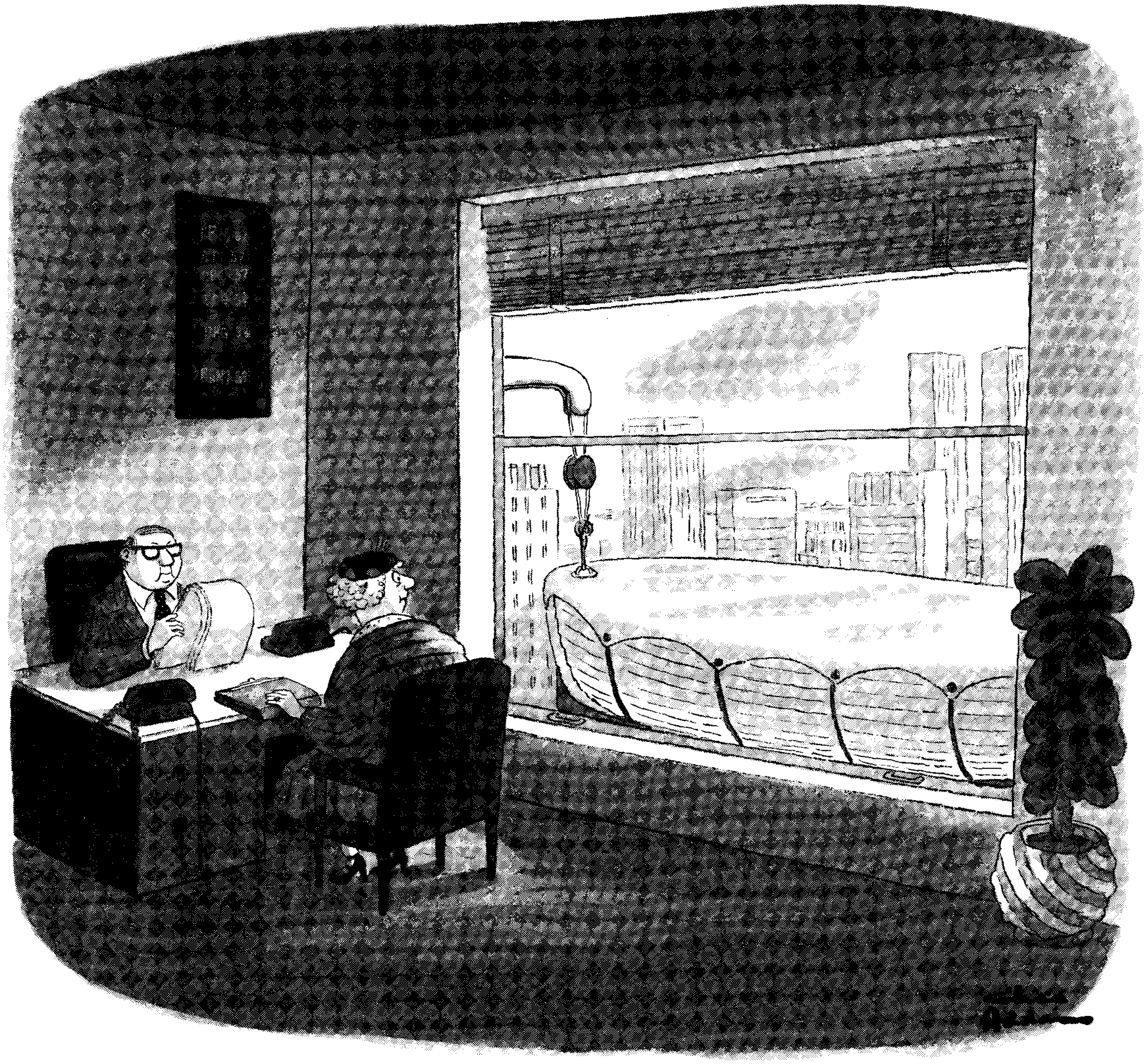
It was not until we were on Patmos, a small island whose soil is unimportant to archeologists, that I felt the psychological or spiritual impact of my realization. While still in Athens, we found that the Greeks we met considered Patmos, not Delos, to be the "most religious" of their islands: a special place. In a grotto here, the banished St. John the Divine, who may or may not have been the Apostle John, underwent his Revelation; and the island is dominated by a mountaintop monastery whose monks are revered by the farmers and fishermen and merchants. Patmos is more popular with Athenians than with foreigners; though small concrete cubes and a scattering of hotels have been built, the new construction does not yet seem an excrescence on a pastoral landscape. I asked the taxi-driver who found us tiny twin apartments—one for Jimmy, the other for Jean and me—on the second floor of a cube overlooking the bay at Grikou if he liked his island home, and he answered, "Why, of course!" with the only partially feigned astonishment at the naïveté of the question which is my response to similar queries from city visitors to our farm.



I intended to keep a journal of our visit to Greece but managed only one complete entry, written soon after our arrival on Patmos. It reads:

> June 4 (On Patmos). The atmosphere here is clearer than anywhere else we've



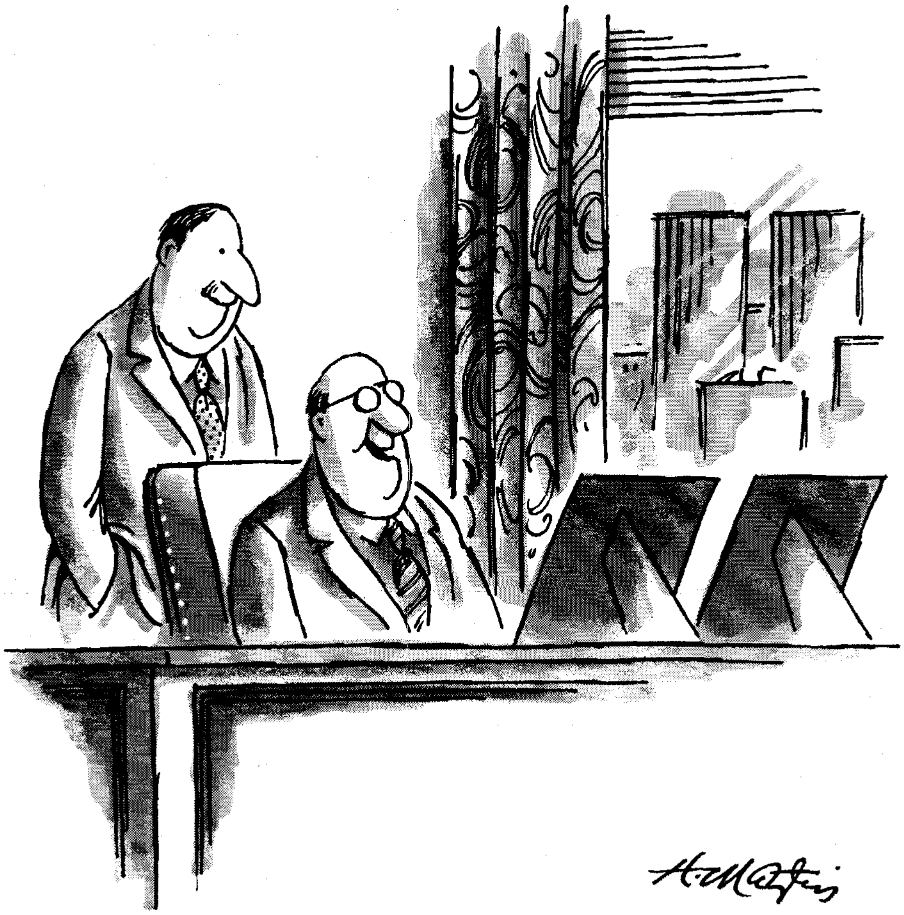
been in Greece, giving a sharp definition to hills, goats, houses (and the donkey I'm looking at from the terrace of our little apartment). The people of Patmos are friendly, and their smiles the kind that give happiness to the recipient. I feel more relaxed than I did in looking at the antiquities elsewhere—so often they gave me first a melancholy (which is pleasant enough) and then a sense of futility. The remarks in the "Blue Guide" about the statue of Zeus (p. 337) are illustrative of what I felt. The statue was the masterpiece of Phidias, one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. The ivory had cracked by the 2nd c. B.C., and had to be repaired; in Julius Caesar's time it was struck—what irony!—by lightning. The Roman emperor Caligula "wanted to remove it to Rome and to replace the head of Zeus with his own, but every time his agents came near the statue it burst into a loud peal of laughter." That laughter—can I ever explain why?—seems an analogy of some of my personal feelings. Of course, it expresses the difference between the God and the pretensions of a vain and corrupt emperor—but isn't the laughter, the scoffing, the only thing left of a civilization's spiritual impulse? Laughter of this sort seems finally directed against the scoffer himself, against a Zeus frozen on his pedestal, and so marks the very end of any myth. On Patmos, Zeus's laughter doesn't bother me—though here I think about it in a way I didn't at Olympia.

As I was writing that, evening began to set in, and I couldn't read the small print of the "Blue Guide." I went inside for my glasses and a candle, returning to the terrace to copy the passage on page 337 and complete the entry. Music started up at the taverna on the shore soon after I finished writing, and a brightly lit cruise ship passed by, beyond the entrance to the bay. My very sense of peace must have made me vulnerable to the words I had written—much as, on the barn roof, it had left me unguarded enough to wonder if my life was only a pose. I have never thought of any deity as other than an expression of a human need, but I believed at that instant in the reality of the dying and immobilized god, and in his laughter. That laughter was real enough to be echoing still. It reached out to encompass the passengers on the cruise ship, the revellers in the taverna, and me, sitting by my little candle under the stars; and I knew the flimsiness of all my protecting values and beliefs, and saw all the illusions that my desires had invented. "Why be buried there?" I asked out loud, thinking of my long-held but secret wish that my grave might be either in the old apple orchard at the rear of our yard or in a glen in the woods that a tree house built long ago by Jimmy and me overlooks. But chiefly I was conscious of my triviality. I had no desire to belong anywhere.

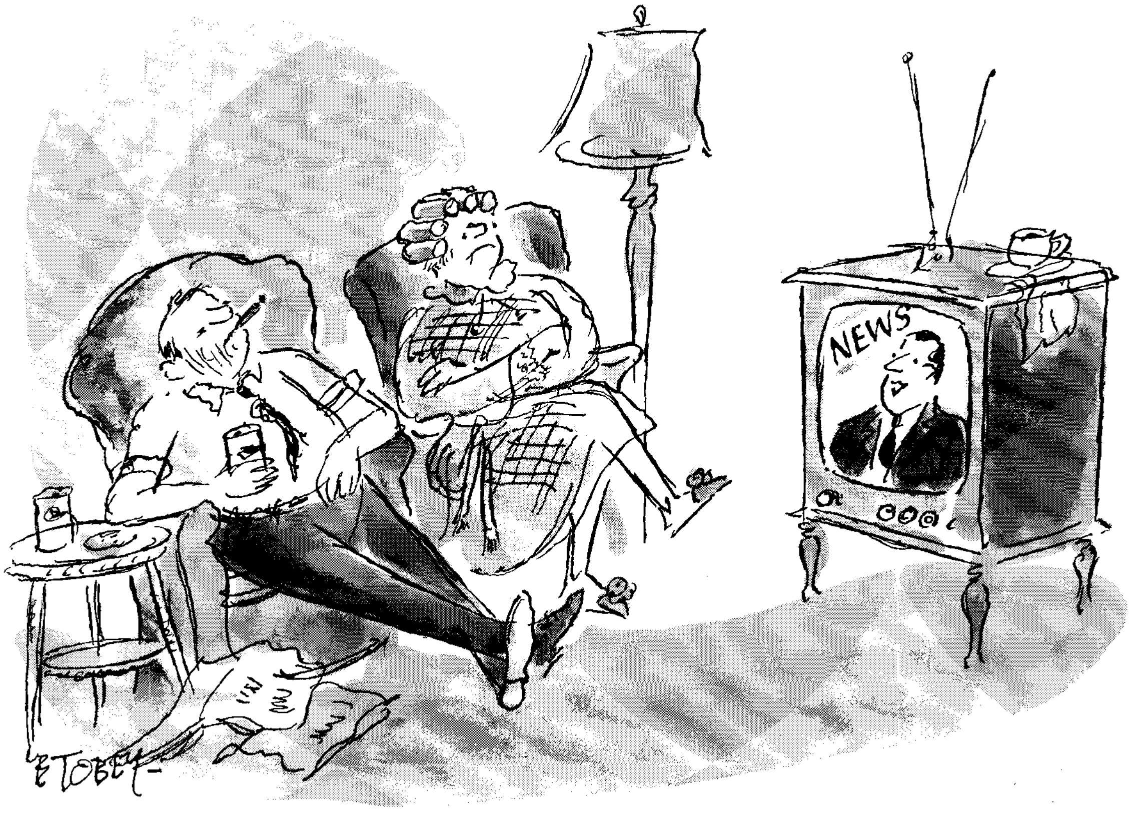
THIS year marks the sesquicentennial anniversary of the construction of our house by Thomas Kelsey, whose faded name is stencilled on the inside of the loft door of his single remaining outbuilding, which he used for carriages and we use for automobiles. In addition to Jean and me, our son Cris lives at home, as does my mother. In September, I will be sixty; in November, my mother will be entering her centenary year. She has been living with us for nearly a decade—a longer period than she has ever before spent in one place. Both her parents died before she entered school, and in her childhood she was handed from relative to relative (she remembers an unknown male voice shouting one night, "If that child continues to cry, throw her into the street!"); and my father, throughout their marriage, moved from city to city in quest of a success beyond his grasp. Occasionally, Jean and I take her to a restaurant. As the returning car approaches our crossroads, she invariably says, "What a lovely home you have;" and, just as invariably, Jean or I respond, "You mean *we* have, Mother. It's your home, too," but she refuses to be bothered by notions of belonging anywhere. When I was a child, though, she dreamed of a home of her own, where she could raise her family and where the picture she most valued—a reproduction of the famous Raphael Madonna in an oval Victorian frame—would find its permanent wall. Briefly, she thought she had that home, for my father purchased one in a subdivision of Little Rock called Normandy by its developer; but then my father left us, we lost the house, and my mother had to sell every piece of furniture, every painting.

Had I not gone to Greece, the knowledge that I neither could nor desired to belong to my farm or any other place would eventually have come to me—though perhaps too slowly for conscious recognition, as I think it has come to my mother. In my early twenties, soon after the Second World War ended and I was a civilian again and back in school as a graduate student, I read an essay by Francis Bacon that contained the passage "A certain rabbin, upon the text, 'Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,' inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old." The view struck me as so curious that the words have stayed in my memory. I had many dreams—that is to say, conscious wishes or daydreams—for my life was before me; I thought visions available only to the elderly, if to anybody at all. Now I understand that our apprehension of the sacred does diminish in our later years, as not only the prophet Joel but the Romantic poets knew; and with it our need for spiritual belonging. Though the loss is a major one, it at least gives us the freedom to enjoy small things for what they contain in themselves.

And yet how the real-estate metaphor hangs on, in my subconscious dreaming! In one dream that recurs, Jean and I are an indeterminate age; our children are either not yet born or have all left. She and I go for a ride into the country, far out on a narrow and black-topped road we've never known about, looking for a house to move into. It's quite lovely on this road; there are hills in the distance, or maybe mountains with snow. In a wide valley, we see a large white clapboard house set far back from the road, and behind it a red barn. The house is for sale. The door is unlocked, and so we enter. Downstairs are several rooms—beautiful rooms with marble hearths and floor-to-ceiling windows. But they are empty of furniture, and our voices echo against the white walls. On the second floor we find a ballroom with a chandelier, a raised stage at one end, and chairs lined up against a wall. The echoing is even more pronounced here. There is a small closed door at the far end of the room. I open it and go down a long corridor alone. It leads to many other rooms. They are dark and dusty. The floors are sloping in these rooms, for this wing is very old—much older than the rest of the house. This long-unused part of the house, which seems



"That's Alice, me, and our children. And, of course, you recognize Ron, Nancy, and their children."



". . . and, folks, spring arrives tomorrow at 5:56 P.M."

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so enormous, is even more fascinating than the ballroom; it is also what makes us decide that the house would be impractical for us. It would be impossible to heat, for one thing. We buy a cozier house, in town; but sometimes we drive out into the country just to see that other house. It is always there, unlocked and waiting, and we are always attracted by it.

I think this dream is a sublimation of my earlier desires, and is cautionary. The yearning to belong, I realize, has hidden deep within it a longing to escape, as if the self were the ultimate barrier to union. I want to hold to my identity. My mother, though, doesn't worry about holding to hers. She lives without much thought to herself, refusing even to discuss her health. Asked how she feels, she says, "With my fingers;" asked if she's all right, she says, "No, I'm half left." She spends a great deal of time in a bedroom filled with photographs of her parents, her young husband, her sister, and my brother and me as children; here she often rereads (but I think no longer with grief) the last letters her sister and my brother wrote her before their deaths. I believe she lives for what the past contains, and for the love she has for Jean and her grandchildren and particularly for me; but other people matter less and less. When she was almost ninety, she told me (in that humorous manner we use to reveal our disbelief in what was once a crucial truth to us) that she no longer believed in Heaven, because the astronauts had reported nothing about its existence, but it seems to me that in the diminution of her personal desires she is achieving that state which to Eastern religions is the necessary condition for blessedness.

My brother Jack, who was an airline captain, knew more about the stars than I ever have known; on long flights he used to put his plane on automatic pilot and look at them, and he often spoke to me of how much brighter and more sharply defined they become the higher one rises into the frigid stratosphere. Cris also knows more about them than I do. One night in June, he dusted and recollimated my telescope and took it into the back yard to show Jean and me certain nebulae and star clusters. After a half hour or so of watching, I became bored, and while Cris was adjusting the telescope to view another cluster I took the flashlight—he had been using it as a kind of celestial pointer through the dust of the atmosphere, those acidic motes that are a gift of my native state of Ohio to my adopted homeland—and directed its beam in a semicircle across the acre of grass, briefly lighting, at midpoint in the arc, the base of some of the trees in the apple orchard. Shortly afterward, a blade of thousands of little lights swept in the same arc across the lawn, much like a jewelled windshield wiper. "Look," I said to my wife and son, repeating the movement with the flashlight but not believing that the phenomenon would recur or even that I had seen it. But once again it took place, like an echo of the beam. Miracles, however slight, require rational explanations, and we decided that the jewelled blade was caused by glowworms—those wingless females or larvae of the firefly—each of which was chemically responding to the flashlight. But how precise that individual response, to produce the illusion of a moving blade! Again and again I flashed the beam across the grass, but the time between flash and response lengthened, and the blade itself grew fainter.

Finally, Cris complained that I was more interested in bugs in the grass than I was in the universe. I stayed out late with him and Jean to prove him wrong, and also because it was a pleasure to be alive with my wife and son beneath the constellations and to sense the dark presence of a comforting house behind us—one whose twin roof peaks only seemed to reach the stars. But, of course, Cris was right.

—JAMES McCONKEY

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Rita Boyd in the Chicago Lake Shore News*]

Very often, and in some cases, the quality of the food seldom surpasses the decor of a restaurant.

HIGH GROUND

I LET the boat drift on the river, beneath the deep arch of the bridge, the keel scraping the gravel as it crossed the shallows out from Walsh's, past the boathouse at the mouth, and out into the lake. It was only by the slow growing distance from the ring of reeds round the shore that you could tell that the boat moved at all on the lake. More slowly still, the light was going from the August evening. I was feeling leaden with tiredness, but had not wanted to sleep. I had gone on the river in order to be alone, the way you go to a dark room.

The Brothers' Building Fund Dance had been held in Moyne the night before. A big marquee had been set up in the grounds behind the monastery. Many of those I had gone to school with were there, men now, awkward in their new estate, and nearly all the brothers who had taught us: Damien, Joseph, Francis, Benedictus, Martin. They stood in a black line, with folded arms, beneath the low canvas near the entrance, and waited for their old pupils to go up to them. When they were alone, watching us dance, rapid comment passed up and down the line, and often Joseph and Martin doubled up, unable or unwilling to conceal laughter; but by midnight they had gone, and a night of a sort was ours, the fine dust from the floor rising into the perfume and sweat and hair oil as we danced in the thresh of the music.

There was a full moon over Ireland as I drove Una to her home in Lioscree in the borrowed Volkswagen, the whole wide water of the Arrow taking in the wonderful mysteriousness of the light. We sat in the car and kissed and talked, and morning was there before we noticed. After the harshness of growing up, a world of love and beauty, of vague gardens and dresses and laughter around one woman in a gleaming distance, seemed to be almost within reach. It was like a promise—we would make this world true.

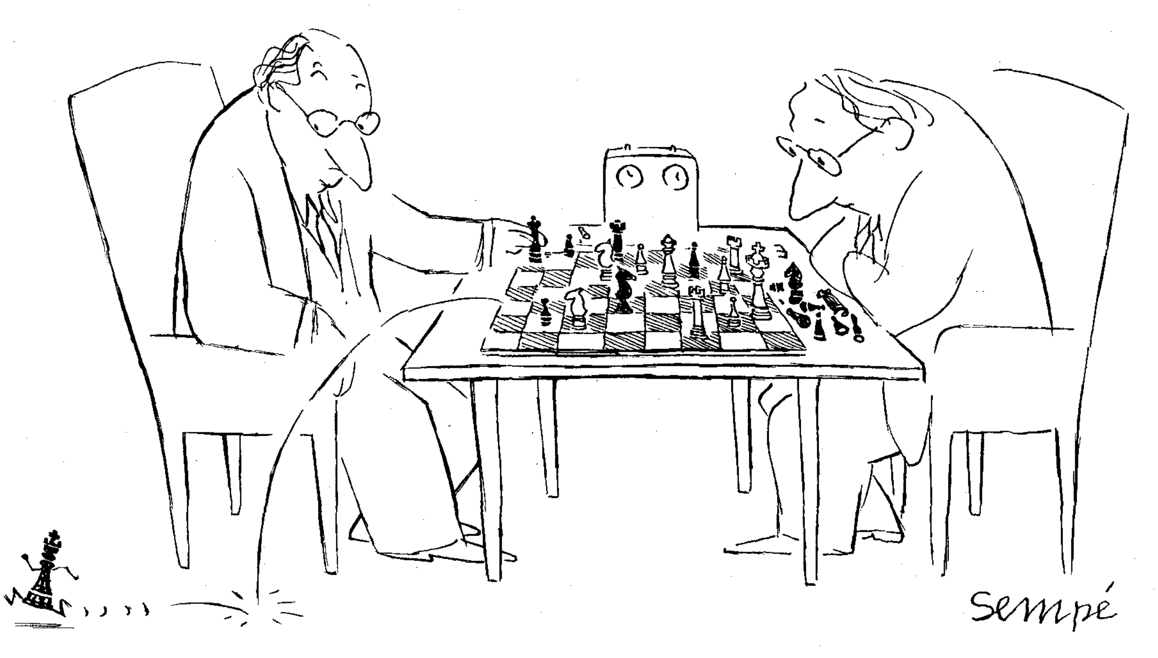
I was home just before the house had risen, grateful enough not to have to face a ribbing, and I lay on the bed and waited till everybody was up, and then I changed into old clothes. I was helping my father put a new roof on the house. Because of the tiredness, I had to concentrate completely on the work—even then nearly losing my footing several times between the stripped beams, sometimes annoying my father by handing him the wrong lath or tool—but when evening came the last thing I wanted was sleep. I wanted to be alone, to go over the night, to try to see clear, which meant turning again and again in the wheel of dreaming.

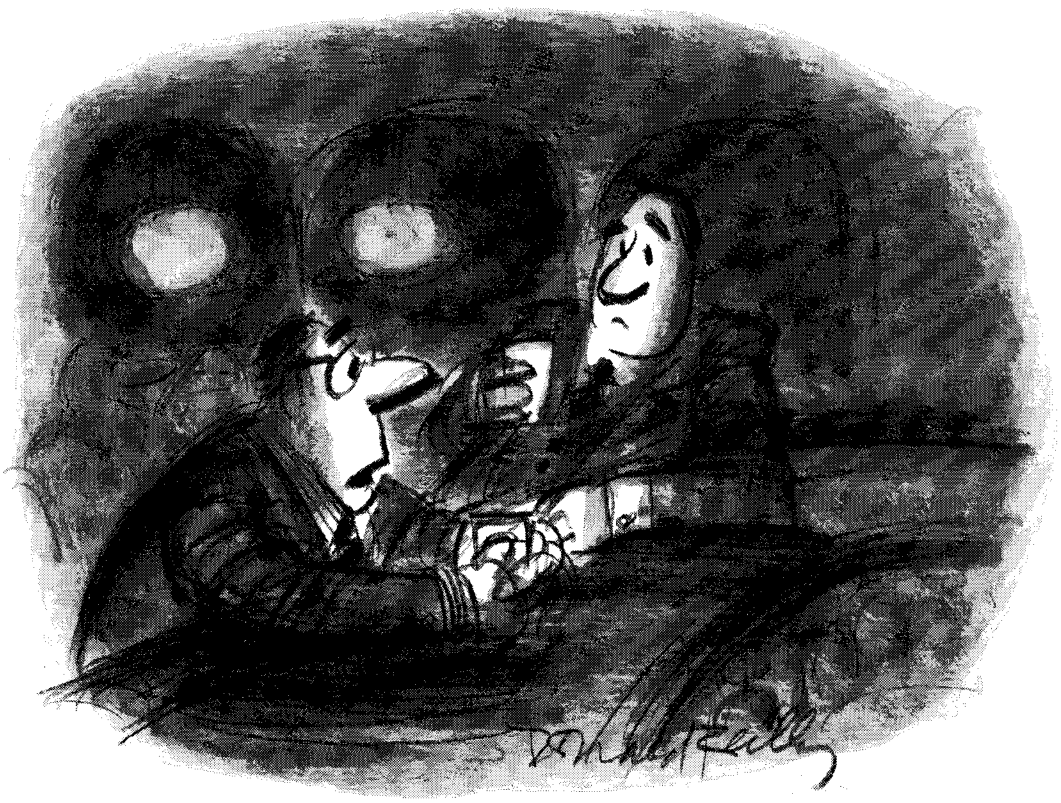
“HI there! Hi! Do you hear me, young Moran!” The voice came with startling clarity over the water, was taken up by the fields across the lake, and echoed back. “Hi there! Hi! Do you hear me, young Moran!”

I looked all around. The voice came from the road. I couldn't at first make out the figure leaning in a broken gap of the wall above the lake, but when he called again I knew it was Eddie Reegan. Senator Reegan.

“Hi there, young Moran. Since the mountain can't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will have to come to the mountain. Row over here for a minute. I want to have a word with you.”

I rowed very slowly, watching each oar splash slip away from the boat in the mirror of water. I disliked him, having unconsciously perhaps picked up my people's dislike. He had come poor to the place, buying Lynch's small farm cheap, and soon afterward the farmhouse burned down. At once a bigger house was built with the insurance money, closer to the road, though that in its turn was due to burn down, too, to be replaced by the present mansion, the avenue of Lawson cypresses now seven years old. Soon he was buying up other small farms, but no one had ever seen him work with shovel or spade. He always appeared immaculately dressed. It was as if he understood instinctively that it was only the shortest of short steps from appearance to becoming. “A man who works never makes any money. He has no time to see how the money is made,” he was fond of boasting. He set up as an auctioneer. He entered politics. He married Kathleen Relihan, the oldest daughter of old Andy Relihan, the richest man in the area, chairman of the County Council. “Do you see those two girls? I'm going to marry one of those girls,” he was reported to have remarked to a friend. “Which one?” the friend asked. And was told, “It doesn't matter. They're both Andy Relihan's daughters.” When Andy retired, it was Reegan rather than any of his own sons who succeeded Andy in the Council. Now that he had surpassed Andy Relihan and become a senator, and it seemed only a matter of time before he was elected to the Dail, he no longer joked about “the aul effort of a fire,” and was gravely concerned about the reluctance of insurance companies to grant cover for fire to dwell-





"I laughed at the pig tie for my birthday, but then came the pig belt for Christmas, followed by the pig nightshirt for our anniversary . . ."

• •

ing houses in our part of the country. He had bulldozed the hazel and briar from the hills above the lake, and as I turned to see how close the boat had come to the wall I could see behind him the white and black of his Friesians, grazing between the electric fences, on the far side of the reseeded hill.

I let the boat turn so that I could place my hand on the stone, but the evening was so calm that it would have rested beneath the high wall without any hand. The Senator had seated himself on the wall as I was rowing in, and his shoes hung six or eight feet above the boat.

"It's not the first time I've had to congratulate you," he said, "though I'm too high up here to shake your hand. And what I'm certain of is that it won't be the last time, either."

"You're very kind," I answered.

"Have you any idea where you'll go from here?"

"No. I've applied for the grant. It depends on whether I get the grant or not."

"What'll you do if you do get it?"

"Go on, I suppose. I'd do the doctorate."

"What'll you do then?"

"I don't know. Sooner or later, I suppose, I'll have to look for a job."

"That's the point I've been coming to. You are qualified to teach, aren't you?"

"Yes. But I've only taught for a few months. Before I got the chance to go to the university."

"You didn't like teaching?" he asked sharply.

I was careful. "No, I didn't dislike it. It was a job."

"I like that straighthness. And what I'm looking to know is—if you were offered a very good job now, would you be likely to take it?"

"What job?"

"I won't beat around the bush, either. I'm talking of the principalship of the school here. It's a very fine position for a young man. You'd be among your own people. You'd be doing good where you belong. I hear you're interested in a very attractive young lady not a hundred miles from here. If you decided to marry and settle down, I'm in a position to put other advantages your way."

I resented the reference to Una, but the whole sudden proposition was too amazing for that to last. Master Leddy was the principal of the school. I had called to see him just three days before. He had been the principal as long as I remembered. He had taught me, and many before me. The very idea of replacing him was shocking. And, anyhow, I knew the politicians had nothing to do with the appointment of teachers. It was the priest who ran the school. What Reegan was saying didn't even begin to make sense, but I knew his reputation and was wary. "You must be codding," I said. "Isn't Master Leddy the principal?"

"He is now, but he won't be for long more—not if I have anything to do with it."

"How?" I asked quietly in the face of his outburst.

"That need be no concern of yours. If you can give me your word that you'll take the job, I can promise you that the job is as good as yours."

"I can't do that. Anyhow, I don't understand what's going on. It's Canon Gallagher who appoints the teachers."

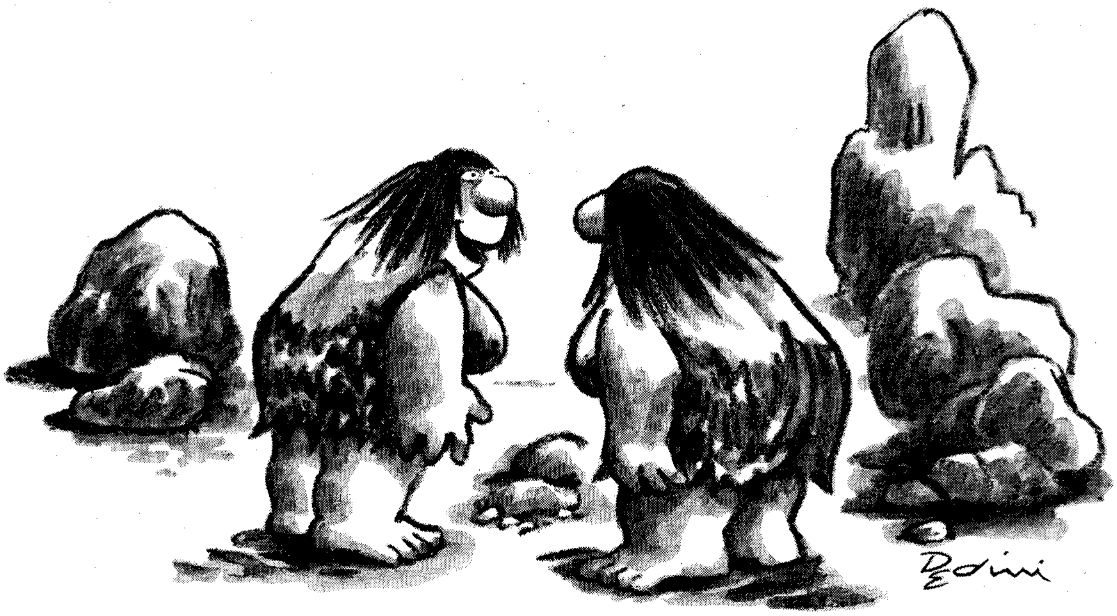
"Listen. There are many people who feel the same way as I do. If I go to the Canon in the name of all those people and say that you're willing to take the job, the job is yours. Even if he didn't want to, he'd have no choice but to appoint you—"

"Why should you want to do that for me? Say, even if it was possible?" I was as much curious now as taken aback.

"It's more than possible. It's bloody necessary. I'll be plain. I have three sons. They go to that school. They have nothing to fall back on but whatever education they get. And with the education they're getting at that school up there, all they'll ever be fit for is to dig ditches. Now, I've never dug ditches, but even at my age I'd take off my coat and go down into the ditch rather than ever have to watch any of my sons dig. The whole school is a shambles. Someone described it lately as one big bear garden."

"What makes you think I'd be any better?"

"You're young. You're qualified. You're ambitious. It's a very good job



"I saw a Cro-Magnon man today. Wow!"

• •

for someone your age. I'd give you all the backing you'd want. You'd have every reason to make a go of it. With you there, I'd feel my children would still have a real chance. In another year or two, it'll be too late."

"I don't see why you want my word at this stage," I said, half hoping to slip away from it all, half curious about his unguarded anger. I saw his face return to its natural look of shrewdness in what was left of the late summer light.

"If I go to the Canon now, it'll be just another complaint in a long line of complaints. If I can go to him and say things can't be allowed to go on as they've been going and we have a young man here, from a good family, a local, more than qualified, who's willing to take the job, who has everyone's backing, it's a different proposition entirely. And I can guarantee you here, this very evening, that you'll be the principal of that school when it opens in September."

For the first time it was all coming clear to me. "What'll happen to the Master? What'll he do?"

"What I'm more concerned about is what'll my children do if he stays. But you don't have to concern yourself about it. It'll be all taken care of."

I HAD called on the Master three evenings before, walking a mile beyond the village to the big ramshackle farmhouse where he'd lived all the time I'd known him. His wife let me in. He was just rising, having taken all his meals of the day in bed, and was shaving and dressing upstairs, one time calling down for a towel, and again for a laundered shirt.

"Is that young Moran?" he called to his wife. He must have recognized my voice or name. "Make him a good cup of tea. And he'll be able to be back up the road with myself."

A very old mongrel greyhound—the Master used to hunt hares—was routed from the leather armchair on one side of the kitchen fire, and I was given tea and slices of buttered bread. The Master's wife, who was small and frail and must have been very pretty once, kept up a cheerful chatter that required no response as she busied herself about the enormous cluttered kitchen, which seemed not to possess a spare square foot of room. There were buckets everywhere, all sorts of chairs, basins, bags of meal and flour, cats, the greyhound, pots and pans. The pattern had faded from the bulging wallpaper, a dark ochre, and some of the several calendars that hung around the walls had faded into the paper. It would have been difficult to find space for an extra cup or saucer on the long wooden table. Plainly, there were no set mealtimes. First one and then another of the Master's sons, now grown men, came in from the fields while I waited. A space was cleared for them at the table. With amazing speed, they were served a plate of food—bacon and liver, it seemed—and a mug of tea. They took from the plate of bread already on the table, the butter, the sugar, the salt, and the bottles of sauce. They spent no more than a few minutes over the meal, blessing themselves at its end, leaving as suddenly as they'd entered, smiling and nodding in a friendly way in my direction but making little attempt at conversation, though Gerald did ask one question before he reached for his hat, a hat I recognized as having belonged to the Master back in my school days—a brown hat with a blue teal's feather and a small hole burned in its side.

"Well, how are things getting along in the big smoke?" he said.

The whole effect was of a garden and orchard gone completely wild, but sort of happily. Then the Master came heavily down the stairs in his stocking feet. "You couldn't have come at a better time. We'll be able to be up the road together," the Master said. He'd shaved and was dressed in a gray suit, with a collar and tie, the old gold watch chain crossing a heavy paunch. Physically, he had deteriorated since last I'd seen him—his face was puffy, the white hair thinned, and there was a bruise on one cheekbone, where he must have fallen. The old hound went over to him, licking at his hand.

"Good boy! Good boy," he said as he came toward me, patting the hound. As soon as we shook hands, he slipped his feet into shoes that stood beside the leather chair. He did not bend or sit, and as he talked I saw the small, birdlike woman at his feet, tying up the laces.

"It's a very nice thing to see old pupils coming back. Though not many of them bring me laurels like yourself, it's still a very nice thing. Loyalty is a fine quality. A very fine quality."

His wife stood by his side. "Now all you need is your hat and stick," she said, and she went and brought them.

"Thank you. Thank you indeed. I don't know what I'd do but for my dear wife," he said.

"Do you hear him, now? He was never stuck for the charm. Off with you now before you get the back of me hand.” She was smiling and laughing, and as we went slowly toward the gate she called, “Do you want me to send any of the boys up for you?”

“No. Not unless they have some business of their own to attend to in the village. No,” he said gravely, turning very slowly.

He spoke the whole of the slow walk to the village. All the time, he seemed to lag behind my snail’s pace, sometimes standing because he was out of breath, tapping at the road with the cane. Even when my pace slowed to a virtual standstill, it seemed to be far too energetic.

“I always refer to you as my outstanding pupil,” he said. “When the whole enterprise seems to be going more or less askew, I always point to you, Moran: that’s one good job I turned out. Let the fools prate.”

I walked, stooping by his side, restraining myself within the slow shuffle, embarrassed, ashamed, confused. I had once looked to him in pure infatuation, and would rush to his defense against every whisper. He had shone like a clear star. I had been in love with what I hardly dared to hope I might become. It seemed horrible now that I might come to this.

“None of my own family were clever,” he confided. “They took after their mother in that. It was a great disappointment. They got my looks and their mother’s brains. Their greatest enemy couldn’t have picked the poor devils a worse hand. And yet they may well be happier for it. Life is an extraordinary thing. A very great mystery. A wonderful, horrible thing.”

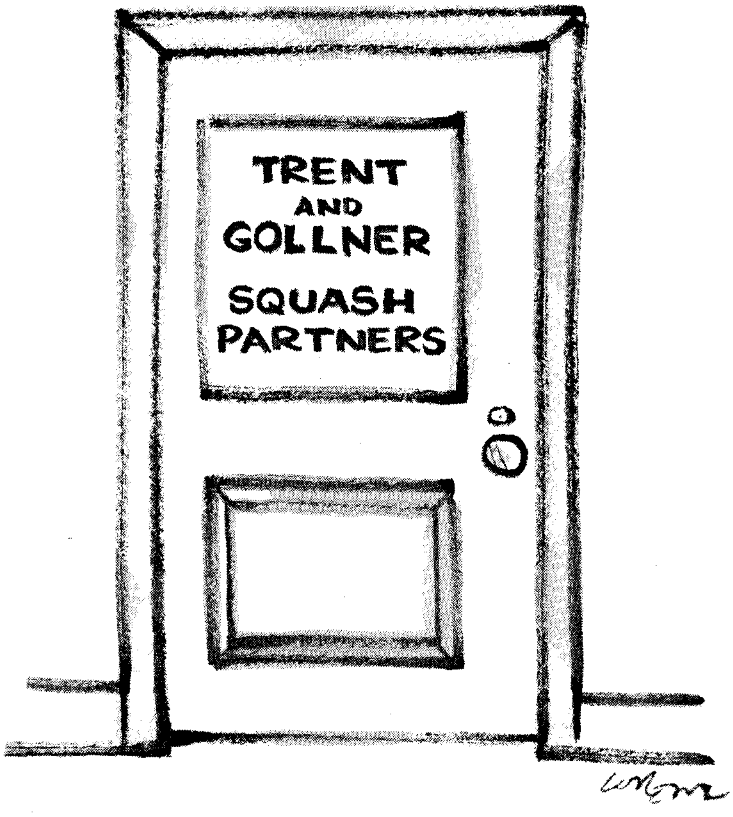
Each halting confidence seemed to lead in some haphazard way into the next.

“Now that you’re coming out into the world, you’ll have to be constantly on your guard. You’ll have to be on your guard, first of all, against intellectual pride. That’s the worst sin, the sin of Satan. And always be kind to women. Help them. Women are weak. They’ll be attracted to you.” I had to smile ruefully at that, never having noticed much of a stampede in my direction.

“There was this girl I took home from a dance once,” he continued, “and as we were getting close to her house I noticed her growing steadily more amorous, until I had to say, ‘None of that, now, girl. It is not the proper time!’ Later, when we were both old and married, she thanked me. She said I was a true gentleman.”

The mile walk to the village seemed to have taken a deep age, but once outside the door of Ryan’s Bar he took quick leave of me. “I won’t invite you inside,” he said. “Though I set poor enough of an example, I want to bring no one with me. I say to all my pupils: Beware of the high stool. The downward slope from the high stool is longer and steeper than from the top of Everest. God bless and guard you, young Moran. Come and see me again before you head back to the city.” With that he left me, and I stood facing the opaque glass of the door, and the small print of the notice above it: “Seven Days License to Sell Wine, Beer, Spirits.”

“DO you mean the Master’ll be out on the road, then?” I asked Senator Reegan from the boat, amazed still by the extraordinary turn of the conversation.



“You need have no fear of that. There’s a whole union behind him. In our enlightened day, alcoholism is looked upon as just another illness. And they wonder how the country can be so badly off.” Reegan laughed sarcastically. “No. He’ll probably be offered a rest cure on full pay. I doubt if he’d take it. If he did, it’d delay official recognition of your appointment by a few months, that’d be all—a matter of paperwork. The very worst that could happen to him is that he’d be forced to take early retirement, which would probably add years to his life. He’d just have that bit less of a pension with which to drink himself into an early grave. You need have no worries on that score. You’d be doing everybody a favor, including him most of all, if you’d take the job. Well, what do you say? I could still go to the Canon tonight. It’s late, but not too late. He’d be just addressing himself to his hot toddy. It could be as good a time as any to attack him. Well, what do you say?”

“I’d have to think about it anyhow.”

“It’s a very fine position for a young man like yourself starting out in life.”

“I know it is. I’m very grateful.”

“To hell with gratitude. Gratitude doesn’t matter a damn. It’s one of those moves that benefit everybody involved. You’ll come to learn that there aren’t many moves like that in life.”

“I’ll have to think about it.” I was anxious to turn away from any direct confrontation.

“I can’t wait for very long. Something has to be done, and done soon.”

“I know that, but I still have to think about it.”

“Listen, let’s not close on anything this evening. Naturally you have to consider everything. Why don’t you drop over to my place tomorrow night? You’ll have a chance to meet my lads. And herself has been saying for a long time now that she’d like to meet you. Come about nine. Everything will be out of the way by then.”

I watched Reegan cross the road, climb the hill, pausing now and then among the white blobs of his Friesians. He stood for a while at the top of the hill, where he seemed to be looking back toward the boat and water before he disappeared. I rowed very slowly away, just stroking the boat forward in the deadly silence of the half-darkness. My hair and clothes were wet with the dew.

WHEN I got back to the house, everyone was asleep except my youngest sister, who had waited up for me. She was reading by the fire, the small black cat on her knee.

"They've all gone to bed," she explained. "Since you were on the river, they let me wait up for you. Only there's no tea. I've just found out that there's not a drop of spring water in the house."

"I'll go to the well, then. Otherwise, someone will have to go first thing in the morning. You don't have to wait up for me." I was too agitated to go straight to bed and glad of the distraction of any activity.

"I'll wait," she said, as if the late hour held for her the attractiveness of the stolen. "I'll wait and make the tea when you get back."

"I'll be less than ten minutes."

I walked quickly to the well, swinging the bucket. The whole village seemed dead under a benign moon, but as I passed along the church wall I heard voices. They came from Ryan's Bar. It was shut, the blinds down, but then I noticed cracks of yellow light along the edges of the big blue blind. They were drinking after hours. I paused to see if I could recognize any of the voices, but before I had time Charlie Ryan shouted out, "Will youse keep your voices down, will youse? At the rate youse are going, you'll soon have the sergeant out of his bed," and the voices quieted to a whisper. Afraid of being noticed in the silence, I passed on to get a bucket of spring water from the well, but the voices were in full song again by the time I returned. I let the bucket softly down in the dust and stood in the shadow of the church wall to listen. I recognized the Master's slurred voice at once, and then voices of some of the men who worked the sawmill in the Oak Wood.

"That sixth class in 1933 was a great class, Master." It was the voice of Johnny Connor, the saw mechanic. "I was never much good at the Irish, but I was a terror at the maths—especially the Euclid."

I shivered as I listened under the church wall. Nineteen thirty-three was the year before I was born. I'd be away from here long before the school opened in September, as soon as the last slate was replaced on the stripped roof. The Master had nothing to fear from me, but he seemed to have no sense at all of being in any danger.

"You were a topper, Johnny. You were a topper at the maths," I heard the Master say.

"Frankie Morahan that went to England was the best of us all in that class," another voice took up—a voice I wasn't able to recognize.

"He wasn't half as good as he imagined he was. He suffered from a swelled head," Johnny Connor said.

"Ye were toppers, now. Ye were all toppers," the Master said diplomatically.

"One thing sure is that you made a great job of us, Master. You were a powerful teacher. I remember to this day everything you told us about the Orinoco River."

"It was no trouble. Ye had the brains. There are people in this part of the country digging ditches who could have been engineers or doctors or judges or philosophers had they been given the opportunity. But the opportunity was lacking. That was all that was lacking." The Master spoke authoritatively.

"The same again all round, Charlie," a voice ordered. "And a large brandy for the Master."

"Still, we kept sailing, didn't we, Master? That's the main thing. We kept sailing."

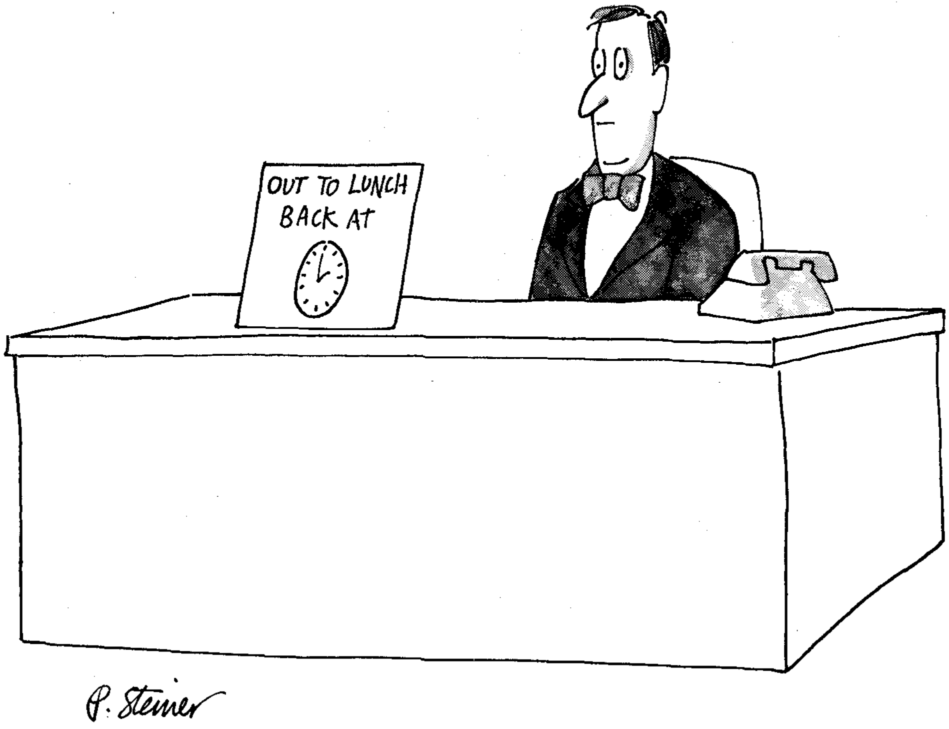
"Ye had the brains. The people in this part of the country had great brains."

"If you had to pick one thing, Master, what would you put those brains down to?"

Charlie tried to get some quiet back. "Will youse hush, now. The sergeant wouldn't even have to be passing outside to hear yez. Soon he'll be hearing yez down in the barracks."

There was a lull again in the voices, and then a coin seemed to roll across the floor.

"Well, the people with the brains mostly stayed here. They had to. They had no choice. They didn't go to the cities. So the brains was passed on to the next generation. Then, there's the trees. There's the water. And we're very high up here. We're practically at the source of the Blackwater. If I had to pick on one thing more than another, I'd put it down to that. I'd put it down to the high ground." —JOHN McGAHERN



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Dean Witter Reynolds Inc. will hold a seminar on the 1981 Economic Revery Act at 7:30 p.m. Thursday at its office at 720 Santa Cruz Ave., Menlo Park.—*Palo Alto (Calif.) Peninsula Times Tribune.*

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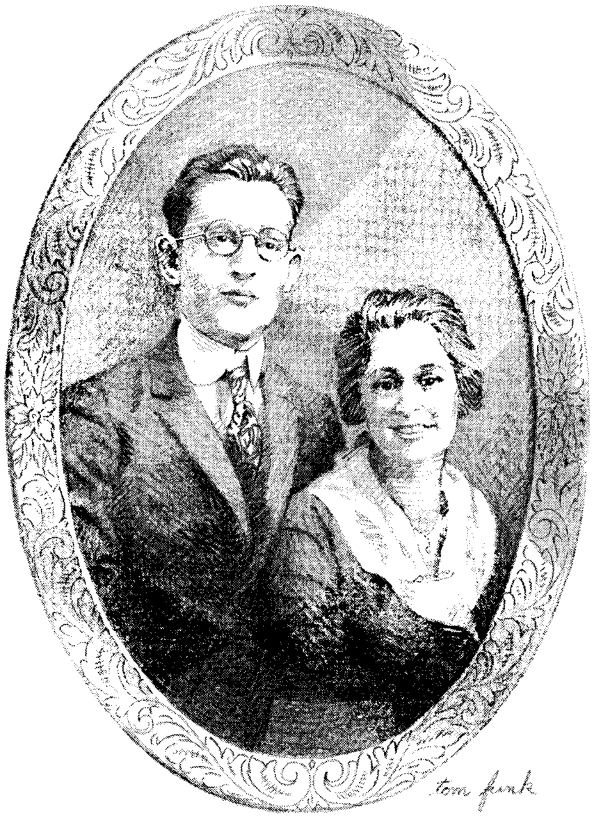
PERSONAL HISTORY

FAMILY MATTERS

I—SAM AND JENNIE



THERE is a family photograph that has hung on one or another of my walls since early 1962. It is the sort of eight-by-ten glossy that one would ordinarily file away as a best-forgotten souvenir of, say, some cousin's wedding or a hazy evening in a Caribbean night club—a memento remarkable only for its flashlit frozen fraction of time and space. Yet this photograph is dear to me. For some reason, it is the only picture ever taken of my immediate family and me, all of us together in one place.

The place was an ornate room in Boston's Sheraton Plaza Hotel, where we had all gathered, decked out in evening dress, just before the grandest occasion of my father's life—a testimonial dinner honoring him on his seventieth birthday, tendered by the Boston Lubavitz Yeshiva, his favorite charity. Actually, his seventieth birthday had occurred two days earlier, on January 5, 1962, but that was a Friday, the start of the Jewish Sabbath, and to hold the "affair" (as my parents and their friends inevitably called it) that night was out of the question. Sunday night was a good compromise—good, too, for the notable Gentiles present: the astonishingly yarmulked Mayor of Boston, John Collins; the Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, Edward McLaughlin; and the State Attorney General, Edward J. McCormack. Hundreds of disparate people had turned up at the Sheraton Plaza's main ballroom to honor Mr. Samuel Joseph Bernstein, Boston merchant and civic leader. The fact that his older son, Mr. Leonard Bernstein, would be present as a guest speaker didn't hurt the attendance any.

Seven of us are in that glossy photograph, standing transfixed by the blinding, tyrannical Graflex: five of the immediate family and two daughters-in-law. (There were three grandchildren then, but they were all too young to sit still throughout a grandfather's testimonial dinner.) In the middle, flanked by the sons, the daughter, and the daughters-in-law, are the honored paterfamilias and his wife of more than forty-four years, Jennie Bernstein, née Resnick. Every time the picture catches my eye, I try to puzzle out the peculiar expression on Sam's face. Heady joy is there, certainly, but so is fear, turtlelike fear, as his bald, bespectacled head emerges from his ill-fitting tuxedo jacket. He was always a great worrier, and even this glorious event, his very own testimonial, couldn't erase his prime worry. Indeed, it served to heighten it. His prime worry was that he had reached the end of the Biblical span—three score years and ten—and, according to his deepest beliefs, he had no business living any longer. Then, too, he had recently consulted a distinguished doctor at Massachusetts General Hospital about chest pains and what he called "my legs drawing." Before the year was out, the doctor would write him, "You present very definite signs of hardening of the arteries. This is manifested by the chest pain, as well as the discomfort in your leg on walking. I have given you a prescription for nitroglycerin, which I would like to have you take whenever you have any chest tightness. . . . As regards the discomfort in your legs . . . the only real way to overcome this is by surgery." In the spring of 1964, Sam had an aneurysm of the aorta, and surgery was hurriedly called for. His weakened, ballooning aorta was replaced by one of Orlon, and it gave him five more years of precarious life.

Jennie is on Sam's left in the picture, his left hand gripping her right elbow. She is dazzled, as she tends to be when in or near the spotlight; she has been in or near the spotlight hundreds of times since November 14, 1943, when Lenny became famous literally overnight, but she has never been at ease with public attention. Her hair has been recently done for the affair—a stiff frame for her fine, strong face. But the sequined harlequin glasses she insists on wearing unfortunately point up her fixed stare, her rigid smile. The rest of her ensemble is black except for white gloves and evening purse—a black satiny dress with a discreet gold pin, and black pumps, squeezed onto those heavy "Resnick" feet. In her high-heeled pumps, she is as tall as her husband.

To their right are Lenny's wife, Felicia, and Lenny. For a man who has been before thousands of cameras, Lenny appears strangely uncomfortable, like a kid waiting to accept a declamation prize from the high-school principal. His right hand is in his trouser pocket, and he may have been shuffling nervously when the flashbulb went off. He would obviously like to be somewhere else at that moment, but he is the stalwart son nevertheless, standing erect, and determined to see the evening through. Just as determined is Felicia, beautiful in her finely made white dress and simple jewelry, her eighth month of pregnancy hardly noticeable. In the photograph, she gives the impression of aristocratic grandeur despite her small stature, as she did in real life. She used to say that it was a trick she had learned as an actress—something to do with one's carriage and expression, the way the neck is extended. The determination notwithstanding, her tension is betrayed by the clawlike clenching of her left hand and by her smile, more crooked than usual—the latter a dead giveaway of unease for those who knew her well. Still, she is brave in what was for her a disagreeable situation. Her bravery is what I remember most about her. Until she died, of cancer, in June of 1978, she had an unfair number of occasions to test her bravery, and she always came through, right up to the last ghastly, humiliating moment.

Shirley, my sister, is to the left of Sam and Jennie. She has affected her sultry look—a pose that covers her disquiet when she knows attention is being paid to her. She is trim, pretty, and immaculately dressed, and she is game. She appears to be the happiest of all of us in the photograph—except, perhaps, Ellen, my wife then (we were divorced in 1977), who is standing next to her, their arms about each other's waists. Ellen—blond, tall, clearly not a Bernstein except in name (she is, in fact, a daughter of Dutch nobility)—is smiling warmly. In spite of some mutual distrust at first, Ellen and my parents grew close over the years—closer than Felicia and my parents ever did. Jennie and Sam often spoke of Ellen as their "other daughter"—a phrase they couldn't bring themselves to use about Felicia. For Ellen, they were gentle surrogate parents, her own being dim memories.

"It's an orchid, but it never __*does*__ *anything."*

I have probably the bravest face of the lot. As I recall, I had a temperature of a hundred and two degrees, brought on by a vicious case of flu. But, like Lenny, I am playing the role of the stalwart son. Also like Lenny, I am uncomfortable in my tuxedo, adolescent-looking, my left hand jammed in my trouser pocket—a mirror image of my brother at the other end of the photograph except for my hooded, febrile eyes and drawn countenance. I, too, was to be a guest speaker ("Remarks," the program noted), and I wished only to be in bed, fast asleep. But it was Sam's testimonial, his big night, and no excuses were allowed.

Every so often when I look at the photograph, I am seized by an odd, objective curiosity about these people. It is as if the seven of us were somehow somebody else's family. At such moments, I wonder: Where did they come from? How did they get here? Who are they, really? Why do I belong among them? For that matter, what *is* a family? Why is it so damn important to everyone? Is it a curse or a blessing, or both?

JUST as Sam was the cynosure of the photograph and the evening, so he was the essential center of the family—the patriarch. From the perspective of my childhood, he was an Old Testament figure, beardless and slight but a commanding, omniscient presence, especially at the dinner table. I am thinking particularly of the Sunday-afternoon family dinners. Weekday-evening meals were subdued; all conversation came to a halt at precisely six-forty-five, when Lowell Thomas and the news boomed from a Zenith radio that was a basic fixture in every dining room we inhabited. My mother or the maid usually brought dessert in from the kitchen just as Lowell Thomas was saying, "So long until tomorrow," and that was that. Sam would grumble about something that had irritated him in the news or at the office, finish his dessert, and retire to his reading chair; my mother would retreat to the kitchen; and my brother and sister (if they were around) and I would scatter for homework, piano-practicing, or a quick postprandial game of baseball-against-the-steps outside. But on Sunday afternoon everything was differ-

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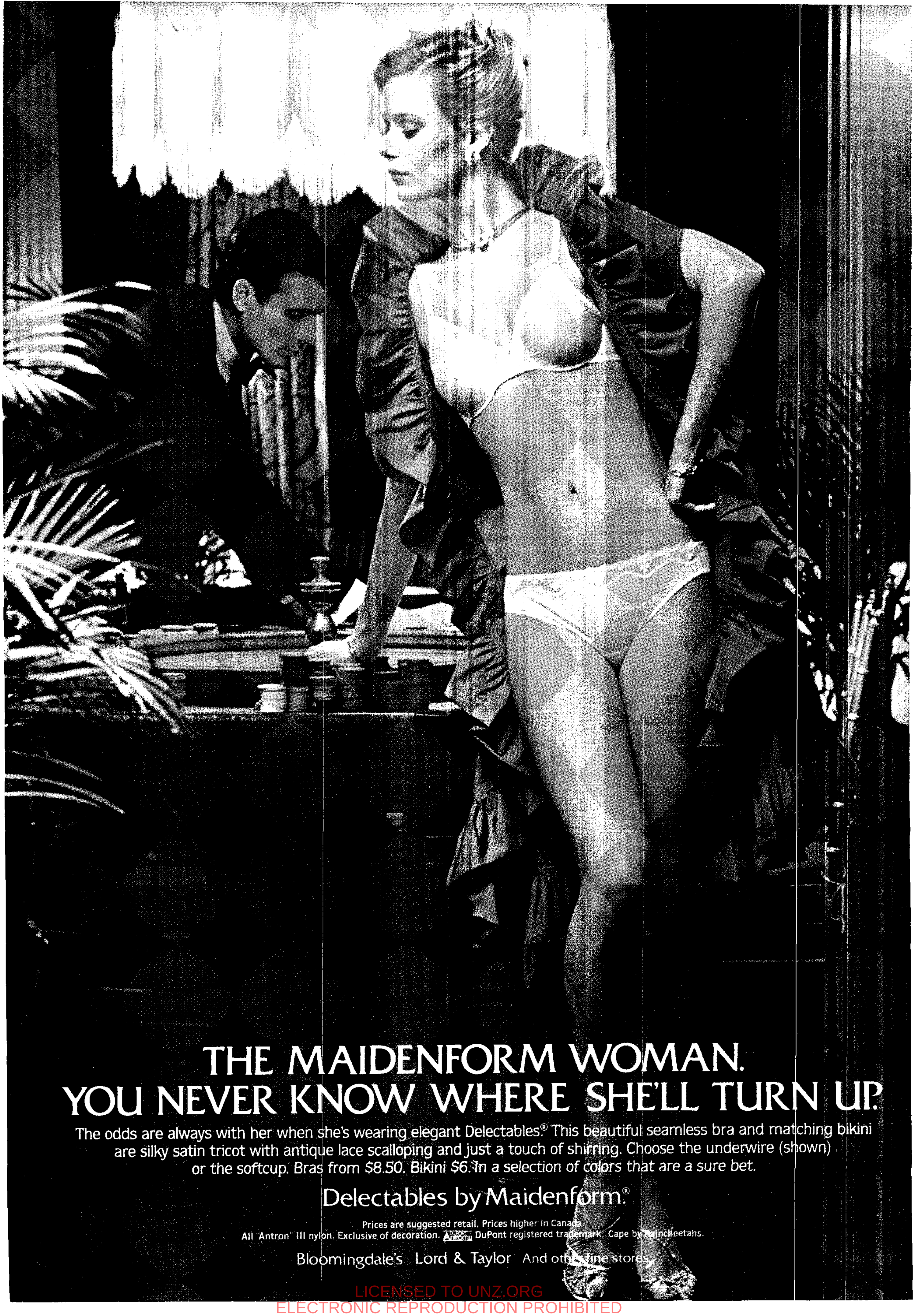

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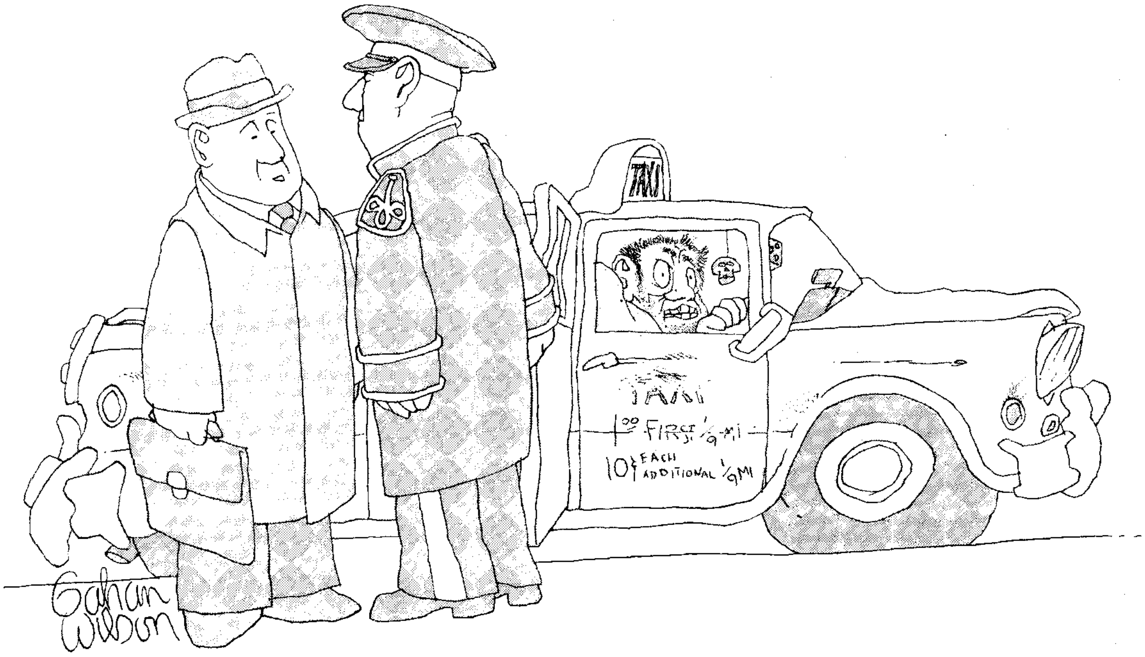

"Try again."

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ent. The large meal—most likely featuring oleaginous soup, nearly inedible roast beef or steak (Jennie's nearly inedible chicken was reserved for Friday nights), stuffed cabbage, potatoes, string or lima beans, and Jell-O, all served with the "good" china and silver on an embroidered tablecloth—was taken at a leisurely tempo, for on Sunday there was no radio interruption until Jack Benny at seven o'clock, and until then nothing special would happen, unless Sam was in the mood for a drive to downtown Boston to see a movie and stage show at the huge Metropolitan Theatre, or for a spin to Mary Hartigan's, on the old Route 128, for fresh ice cream, or, if the weather was good, for a visit to our country house, in Sharon. There was time at Sunday dinner to consider the weighty questions.

The midafternoon meals I remember most clearly were the ones that took place in our Newton house, where we lived from 1933 to 1941. For most of those years, the whole family was around: Lenny was at the Boston Latin School and later at Harvard, and Shirley and I were in Newton public schools. Sam had made it, in spite of the Great Depression, and he had built a red brick mansion in Post Office Traditional, which matched his dream of economic arrival. He had concurrently built a small summer cottage near Massapoag Lake, in Sharon, twenty miles to the south. For much of that Newton period, we had a live-in maid, and so Jennie was able to sit in on most of the dinner conversation, even though she still couldn't restrain herself from trotting in and out of the kitchen to help the maid. At some point as the meal progressed, Sam would raise both arms and rock his wrists, as if to adjust his shirt cuffs—a peculiar gesture of his, which usually signalled the start of a discourse—and then say, "You know . . ." and we'd be off on a weighty question. The topics for Sunday discussion were catholic in nature at their outset—Roosevelt, the dumping of milk, whatever Lenny had learned at school that week—but they inevitably ended up as Jewish. Sam liked to think of his intelligence as far-ranging, but in truth only one area of thought really concerned him—Judaism and its attendant problems. Sometimes this monomania went to memorable extremes: he once referred to Dwight Eisenhower as "General Eisenberg" and to Adlai Stevenson as "Steve Adelson." Still, his knowledge, however parochial, was sound. He had spent his entire life studying the Talmud and scrutinizing its fine points with noteworthy rabbis and Judaists. And enveloping this Jewishness like a nimbus was his Chassidic background, with the zealous joy it lent to the religion.

The Chassid in him also evoked long, colorful tales of the Old Country. When he was in top form, he would hold forth until my restlessness at the Sunday dinner table gave the other members of the family a good excuse to change the subject or to move on to some collective activity. We always allowed for his natural exaggeration of events and color, but most of what he told us has been corroborated by relatives and *landsleit.* Further corroboration is difficult to come by; the methodical destruction of records, mainly by czarist Russians, Nazis, and Communists, has taken care of that. For the most part, what is left is oral history.

Sam's stories often began fairly close to the genealogical beginning. He claimed (with what certitude I could never understand) that we Bernsteins were descended from the Tribe of Benjamin. Perhaps he was attracted by the Biblical statement that Benjamin was the youngest son of Jacob by Rachel, and by the knowledge that his name (Ben Yamin) means Son of the Right Hand, or the favorite, the luckiest. The Benjamites were outstandingly brave and skillful archers, and they gave Israel its first king, Saul. Their loyalty and trust in God were evidenced during the Exodus by their hurling themselves into the Red Sea while the other tribes stood about warily. And, of course, Benjamin and Bernstein both begin with "B." Just as flimsy is the notion, proposed by some scholars, that most Bernsteins are descended from the Tribe of Issachar via the secular name Ber. Decidedly less charismatic than the Benjamites, the sons of Issachar held little interest for Sam, I suspect. Whatever our tribal roots, if any, the origin of the name Bernstein probably came from Diaspora Jews who dealt in amber (the word is German for that substance) or from the migrating wanderers who just happened to pass through the Austrian town of Bernstein, near Vienna. (Several years ago, when Lenny was in Austria conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, he was made an honorary citizen of Bernstein. He was fêted by the town's entire population, and the mayor presented him with some of the local handiwork in amber and an official copy of the Bernstein coat of arms.) Another theory has it that the Ber progenitor became Berko and Berkowitz (son of Berko) in the eighteenth-century Polish town of Brody. When Prussia, Austria, and Russia carved up Poland, in 1772, Berkowitz reappeared as the name Bernstein in some places. The truth is that nobody knows much about the matter.

Sam's preoccupation with family history neatly disregarded the Diaspora and went directly from the Tribe of Benjamin to sixteenth-century Prussia and Poland. According to Sam, our Bernstein (or Ber) ancestors there were rabbis, but not just everyday, officiating rabbis. Rather, they were scholars, whose main duty it was to study the Scriptures, the Talmud, and the Midrash from dawn to dusk, when they weren't praying in the synagogue. Wise counsel was offered to the worthy by these Bernstein sages, but only on the higher plane of philosophy. (I can hear Sam now saying his most cherished of all words in his inimitable way—"phil*ah*sephy.") The wives and older children were the breadwinners, for ethereal scholars couldn't be concerned with such mundane matters; the rabbis' studious labors were work enough—holy work. With the advent of modern Chassidism, in eighteenth-century Poland, that evangelical sect served, if anything, to intensify this pattern of life, giving it more zeal and emotion. The Chassidic period marked the flowering of culture and religious rededication in Eastern European *shtetl* life, and the Bernsteins were right in the thick of it.

Chassidism coincided with the eighteenth-century partitioning of Poland. Without moving an inch, my Bernstein ancestors found themselves residents-in-not-so-good-standing of the Russian Ukraine—specifically, within the Pale of Settlement of Volhynia. These suddenly Russian Jews were not permitted to live as normal subjects within the Pale, and they were allowed to travel outside the zone only under certain severe restrictions. For instance, Jews were generally forbidden residence in the city of Kiev, though it was right in the middle of the Pale; and only those who were merchants of the first guild, educated professionals, military veterans, or accomplished artisans were given any freedom to travel. As a result, ninety-four per cent of all Russian Jews were sequestered within the Pale, numbering less than twelve per cent of the entire population of that geographical area. Officially, the reason for these limitations was to protect the Russian peasants from economic enslavement by Jews. But since Jews were restricted from most land ownership, agriculture, and other ordinary pursuits, they were more or less driven into even greater economic activity—peddling, buying and selling, moneylending. The real reasons for the limitations were that the Russian Orthodox Church feared that the Jews would convert the peasants to Judaism (the Pale area contained fewer Russian Orthodox adherents than other parts of Russia) and that, traditionally, Russians disliked Jews—had disliked them ever since the sixth century B.C., when Semites appeared in Georgia after the destruction of the First Temple.

Under the Romanovs, who reigned from 1613 to 1917, the fortunes of the Jews had risen and fallen according to the whims and temperaments of individual czars and czarinas. Michael, the founding Romanov, placed Jews on an equal basis with Germans and other foreigners but then barred all aliens from Russia. His successor, Alexis I, was similarly erratic. It is said that Peter the Great, who reigned from 1682 to 1725, and who invited talented foreigners into his land, specifically excluded Jews—"tricksters and cheats," he purportedly called them. Yet he appointed Baron Peter Pavlovich Shafirov, a baptized Jew, as Chancellor of the Empire. Catherine I, his widow, issued a ukase ordering the expulsion of all Jews, but the Ukrainians protested that this policy was causing economic ruin. The measure was relaxed, reinstated, and relaxed again under later rulers. The more liberal Catherine II, who reigned during the first partitioning of Poland and consequently inherited more Jews than Russia had bargained for, issued this edict in 1772:

> Religious liberty and inviolability of property are hereby granted to all subjects of Russia, and certainly to the Jews also; for the humanitarian principles of her Majesty do not permit the exclusion of the Jews alone from the favors shown to all, so long as they, like faithful subjects, continue to employ themselves as hitherto in commerce and handicrafts, each according to his vocation.

But still the Jews endured local persecution in the *shtetls*, which increasingly isolated them from their Gentile neighbors. The ghetto was institutionalized.

Paul I, the son of Catherine, continued her liberal policies, but he had to deal with the burgeoning Chassidism and the sometimes violent schism it caused between the traditionalists and the evangelists within the Jewish communities. However, Chassidism further enriched the *shtetl* culture, which was already notable for its spirit, art, tragedy, and humanity. With this flowering of the *shtetl* and its persistent insinuation of Jewishness into Russian life, the successive Romanovs were faced with a monumental Jewish problem. It became their bête noire, and they handled it in typically mercurial ways: Alexander I was suspicious but lenient; Nicholas I was Draconian, drafting laws to convert Jews, destroy their ethnic character, and render them economically harmless, all of which backfired; the tolerant Alexander II was thwarted by the Nihilism and Pan-Slavism movements; Alexander III was medieval in his reactionism, instituting the infamous May Laws, which were designed to force Jews to become Christians or leave Russia or starve; and Nicholas II, the last of the Romanovs, was oppressive in a wishy-washy way.

An archetypal Pale *shtetl*—linked to the town of Berezdov, in Volhynia, once the Luck district of Poland—was situated roughly halfway between Kiev and Rovno, on good farmland along a feeder of the Korchyk River. Before the first partitioning of Poland, in 1772, it had a Jewish population of two hundred and five, living in forty-nine houses, but the Jewish population decreased to as few as eighty-seven, following the trend for Jewish residents of the Luck district. By 1847, it was part of the Russian Ukraine, and in spite of the severe rule of Nicholas I the *shtetl*—called Beresdiv in the Yiddish dialect—had grown to three hundred and eighty-four men

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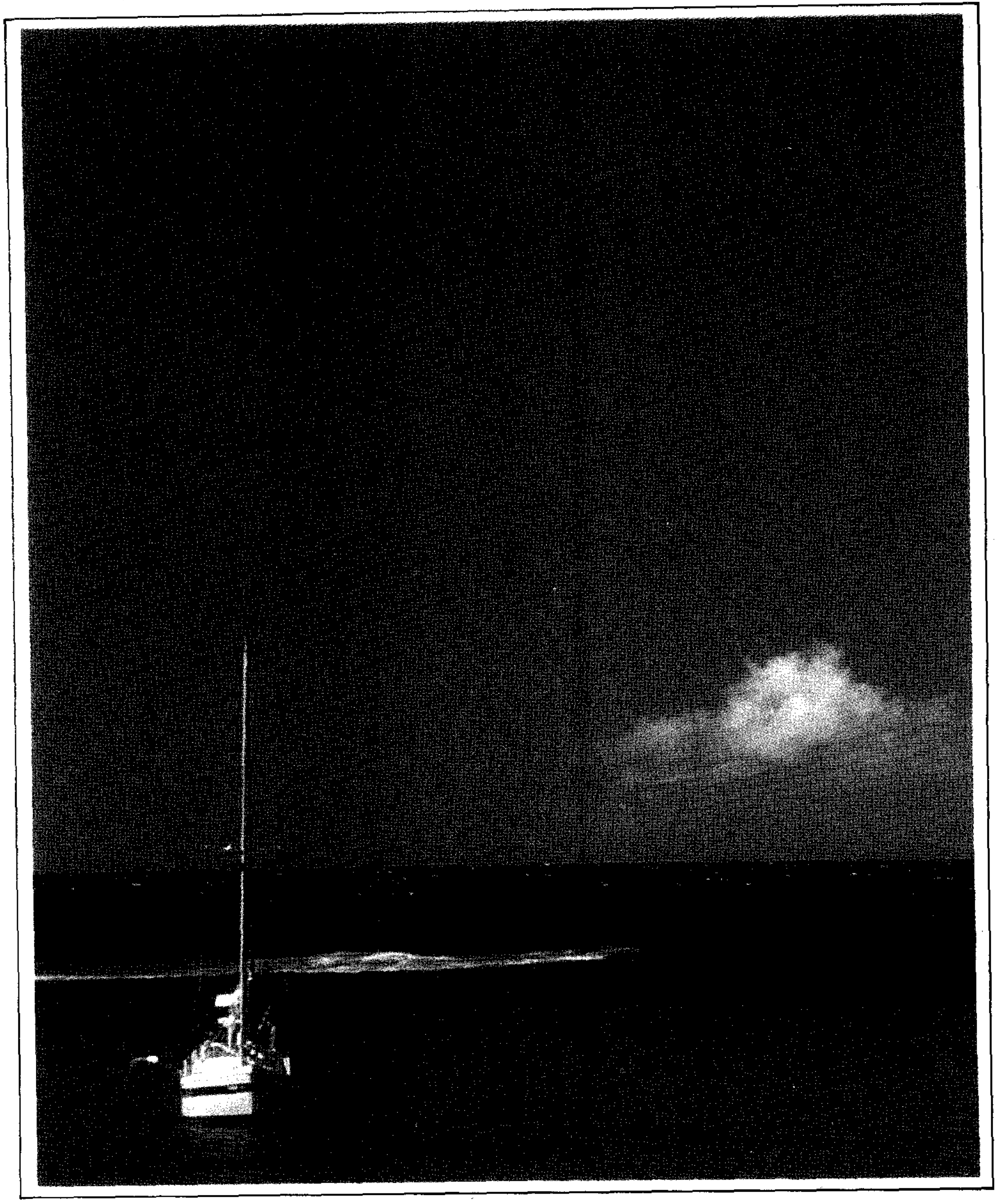

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and three hundred and ninety women. One of those Beresdiv men—actually a child in 1847—was Bezalel Bernstein, my paternal great-grandfather, after whom I'm named. (Burton, of Teutonic origin, is a totally inaccurate Anglicization of Bezalel; the former means "bright raven" and the latter, the name of the chief architect of the Tabernacle, is Hebrew for "under the protection of God." About all they have in common is that they both begin with "B," like Benjamin and Bernstein.) I am particularly proud of being named after this oldest clearly identifiable ancestor in my father's line, because he was a local legend in life and in death. Departing radically from the usual occupation of Bernstein males before him—that of the sedentary scholar-rabbi—Bezalel, who grew to be a man of height and heft, became a blacksmith. He was an adroit, fearless, straightforward fellow, who attracted a large clientele of both Jews and Gentiles from the province. He took a young Jewish woman for a wife, fathered four sons, and prospered by his own sweat. My father had been told that Bezalel could lift up the side of a droshky and, without faltering, remove one of the wheels before setting it down. People would stand around his shop just to watch him perform the feat. He worshipped his God diligently, drank vodka with the kulaks, stood up to any insult, and guaranteed all his good work with his good word: the stuff of legend, and all the more so for a Jew in Volhynia. But, for all his vital days, it was his death that was recounted around the hearths and samovars in later years. When Bezalel was in his thirties, he was awakened one night with the news that his blacksmith shop was burning uncontrollably. Barefoot and clothed in only a blanket (so the story goes), he raced out into the winter night, doused himself with a pail of water, and walked into the flaming shop. This mad giant of a man emerged several minutes later dragging his most prized possession—an iron tool chest, glowing red hot. Then he collapsed over the chest, dead from the herculean rescue. I like to think that his funeral was attended by all sorts of people, from as far away as Kiev, and that they all went off to a tavern and got drunk together afterward.

PERSONAL BEST

One of the sons Bezalel left in the cold world of the Ukraine was Yehuda ben Bezalel—known as Yudel in Yiddish—who at his father's death was about twelve years old. He stayed with his impoverished mother in Beresdiv, while his brothers were sent to live with relatives in neighboring towns. Perhaps because of the manner of his father's death (and his life), Yudel was attracted to the old ways of Bernstein males. He studied diligently and passionately at the local yeshiva, wrapped himself for protection in Chassidism, Talmud, and Torah, and grew up to become another scholar-rabbi—his slight, flaccid body hunched over his books, rocking more or less constantly to the rhythms of devout prayer. He cultivated a beard and long sidelocks. He wore a black caftan and a fur hat—the uniform of the ultra-Orthodox. He knew and cared little for the world beyond the walls of his room, the yeshiva, and the synagogue. Yet, ultimately, he needed a proper wife, and so a marriage was arranged with a girl from Korets, a nearby, larger town. Her name was Dinah Malamud, and by all accounts she was lovely: blond, blue-eyed, delicate in build and features, gentle, and obliging. Best of all, she was willing to be a scholar-rabbi's wife, which is to say willing to plow fields, milk cows, grow and prepare food, bear and care for children, and bring in some money while her husband prayed and studied.

Dinah had two brothers, Herschel and Shlomo, and the three were supported during most of their childhood by their sturdy, industrious mother, Hilda, for their father had died when they were very young. Hilda, who worked day and night as a candlemaker, was only too happy to marry off her sole daughter at seventeen—and to an intellectual, a yeshiva graduate, a man of God, at that. Of course, it meant that Dinah would be doing all the hard work, but hard work was the rule for a poor Korets girl. Korets was a market town on the banks of the Korchyk, noted mainly for its deposits of kaolin, a fine clay used in porcelain manufacturing. Some photographs I have seen of turn-of-the-century Korets show a wide main street of three-story wooden buildings and thatch-roofed houses, with babushka'd women and roughly garbed men leaning out of windows or chatting on a wooden sidewalk. At the time the photographs were taken, ten thousand Jews lived in the *shtetl* sector of the town, and two thousand Gentiles, mostly peasants, lived close by. Once a week, on market day, the Gentiles and the Jews would meet and mix—the Jews selling goods and services to the Gentiles, the Gentiles selling produce and livestock to the Jews. It was a generally peaceful and reciprocally advantageous arrangement. Occasionally, the peace would be disrupted by organized pogroms or spontaneous accusations, either true or fictitious, against Jewish shopkeepers.

On her marriage, Dinah set up a household ten miles down the road in Beresdiv. It turned out that she was just as tough, industrious, and willful as her mother. By the time she became a bride, in 1891, Beresdiv was a diminutive version of neighboring Korets. It had a population of more than two thousand, half of whom were Jewish, the others being either Russian Orthodox or Roman Catholic (a reminder of the village's Polish days). There were wheat fields, stores, even a distillery and a brick factory, and some Jews had small farms just outside the *shtetl* proper. On such a farm, rented from a kulak landlord, Dinah and Yudel made a home: a large shack for a house, a barn for a cow and chickens, and an adjacent field big enough to warrant a plow and a workhorse. While Yudel lost himself in his books and prayers, Dinah set to work plowing the field, sowing seed, cooking meals, milking the cow, collecting eggs, and, to bring in a few steady kopecks, making Sabbath candles for the Jews and round loaves of Russian rye bread for the Gentiles. If her delicate frame belied her strength, her hands betrayed it—large, gnarled, and callused, the hands of a good peasant woman.

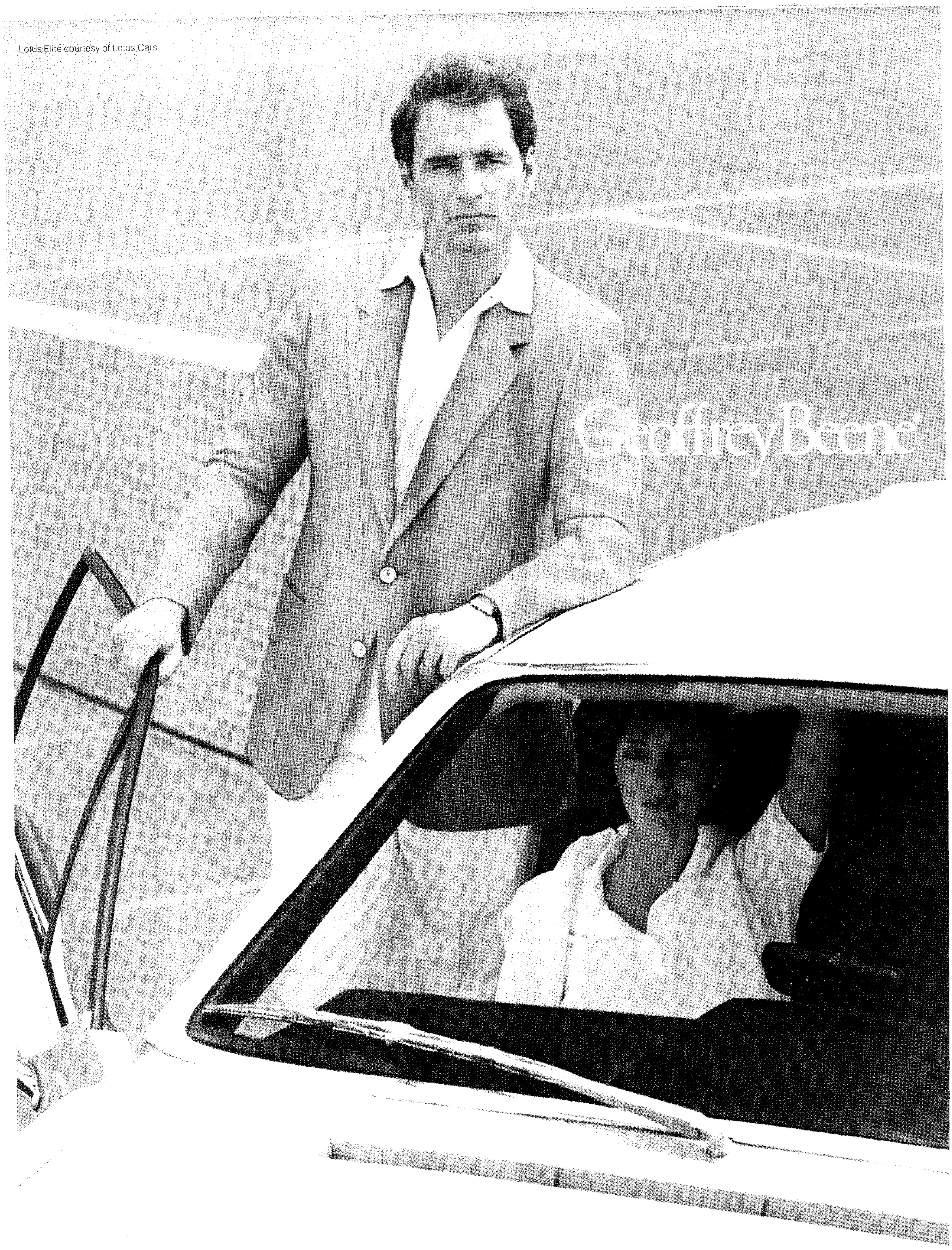
THEIR first-born child was a boy, Yisroel Yosef ben Yehuda, who came into the world in the middle of the Russian winter, on January 5, 1892, delivered by a midwife. Before the circumcision, his first name was changed to Shmuel, for unknown reasons, and he was thereafter called Shmuel Yosef. His own father performed the circumcision rite (Yudel could, when the cupboard was bare, function as an everyday rabbi, although he disliked such prosaic duties), and his mother soon returned to her chores, her infant wrapped at her breast. The year of my father's birth was a grim one for Russian Jews. Earlier liberalizations—such as permission for certain Jews to live beyond the Pale, and even to take part in local governments—were reversed by the despotic Alexander III, and though no major pogroms were recorded in the Beresdiv area during that year, Gentile-Jewish animosity could erupt into violence over a matter as small as a rise in the price of soap.

When Shmuel Yosef was old enough to remember events (and he remembered well, as my childhood Sunday dinners attested), he developed a strange love-hate for his life in Beresdiv. I gathered from his stories that every pleasant element of that existence had a disagreeable side. For instance, he loved farm life. He would talk with rapture about the smell and warmth of a cow's stall on a freezing day; about the unique taste of an egg snatched from under a hen, punctured at both ends, and sucked dry for an instant breakfast; about his delight at plucking a fresh cucumber and eating it unpeeled, with a little salt; about the simple sport of stick-hurling, a primitive variant of horseshoes. And yet he abhorred the dumb, monotonous routine of the farm: leading animals to pasture and then bringing them in again; wrestling with stubborn horses (his earliest memory was of being kicked in the head by a horse that he was trying to coax across a stream); dodging the filth and flies of the barnyard. This ambivalence spread to his view of farmers themselves. The peasant farmer to him was a good man, a man of the earth who earned his food by his own toil. (That sentiment would carry over in later years to his attitude toward the "Yankees," a broad category in his mind, consisting of day laborers in Sharon and Brahmin competitors in Boston—in other words, non-Jewish non-immigrants.) He admired the peasant farmer's heartiness, his backslapping crudities, his capacity for food, sex, alcohol. But the peasant farmer (or "Yankee") was to him also a dullard, an insensitive boor, a bigot, who was most concerned with brawling or fornicating (or, in the case of certain "Yankees," playing golf at an exclusive country club).

Shmuel Yosef felt his most profound love-hate toward his parents' manner of living and their religion. While he respected his father's keen mind and lofty position in the community, he was outraged as a child by the cloistered, narrow, downright unhealthy life that Yudel led. Outrageous, too, was his father's custom of studying books and praying all day when the menial work of making a living and raising a family was left to his mother, whose passive acceptance of this situation was at once admirable and infuriating. The Orthodox Chassidic religion that they followed covered Shmuel Yosef's youth like a heavy garment, both protective and suffocating. Judaism entered into every cranny of daily life: no question was too small to be answered by one religious dictum or another; no rite was too inconsequential to be piously observed and mulled over; no sin against God—though some sins were more local lore than Mosaic law—was too trifling to go unpunished. (My father once told me that he had received a sharp beating at the hands of Yudel for allowing his skullcap to slip off his head during an evening prayer.) And it hardly escaped Shmuel Yosef's notice that this pervading Jewishness was the source of his inferiority and poverty in that inhospitable land.

Still, in the contradictory pattern that dogged him for his entire life, he immersed himself in his religion, drawing succor and joy from it. The Chassidic excesses—the soul-stirring songs, the ecstatic dancing, the arcane mysticism—transported him and, he concluded upon reflection in his later years, made living in Russia bearable. In *heder*, a purely religious primary school, he did well, fulfilling the promise of the first son of Rabbi Yudel Bernstein. As a rule, Jewish children did not attend secular schools in the small towns within the Pale; secular education was distrusted by the provincial Orthodox, and government-run schools required all students to perform written work on Saturdays—an abomination under Jewish law. The *heder* was the answer for the compulsively literate *shtetl* dwellers—People of the Book. In its standard form at that time, the *heder* was in the house of the teacher—the *malamud*—who conducted classes for boys of all ages. (Girls could sometimes listen in on the fringes, but they could not take part formally.) The teacher would instruct just a few children at a time while the others read aloud or repeated their lessons by rote. School sessions lasted most of the day, six days a week, with little or no summer vacation. Discipline was often brutal, but in such educational anarchy no more efficient system was possible. Worse still, basically healthy children were browbeaten into wan, spindly versions of their elders. Shmuel Yosef recited his lessons and earned his share of knuckle raps from the *malamud*, and then, entertaining thoughts of becoming a rabbi in the family tradition, went on to the town's yeshiva. But for the rest of his days, as much as he promoted and respected Orthodox Jewish education (after all, the Boston Lubavitz Yeshiva was his special charity), he had doubts, sometimes bordering on contempt, about the sallow, thin products that the Orthodox *heder* and yeshiva turned out. There was something in him that wanted these Jewish children to be more like "Yankees."

The family custom in the *shtetl* of those years was to produce a child approximately every two years, with the resigned expectation that the Angel of Death would take as many as half of them through disease or accident. Accordingly, Dinah Bernstein delivered a daughter, Khaye, two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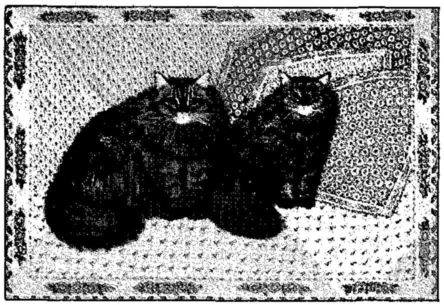

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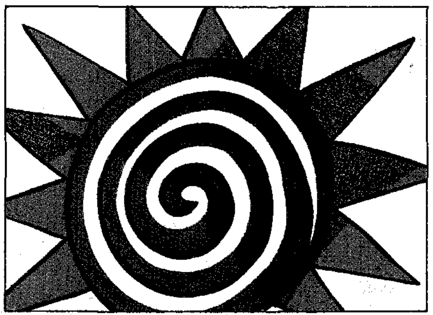

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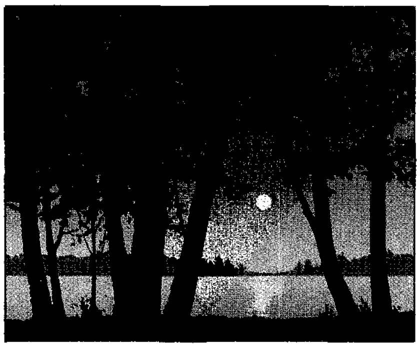

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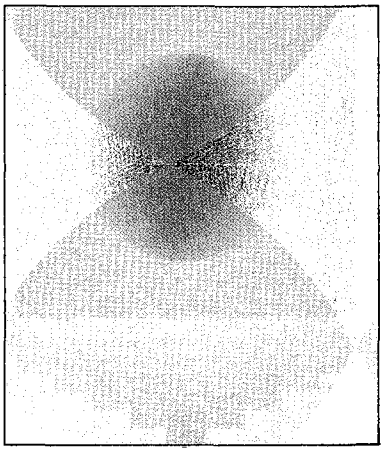

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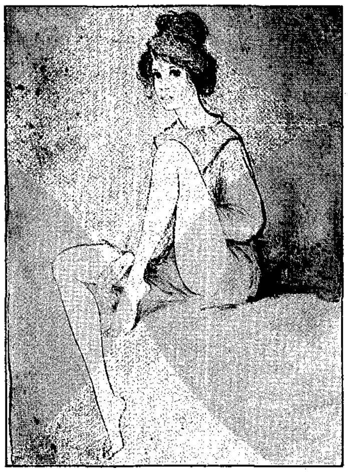

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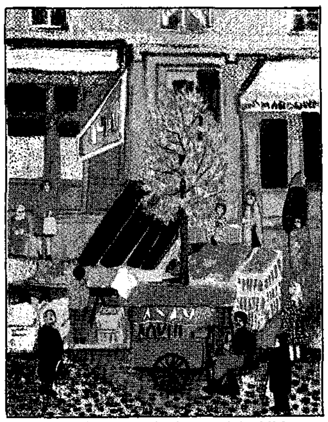

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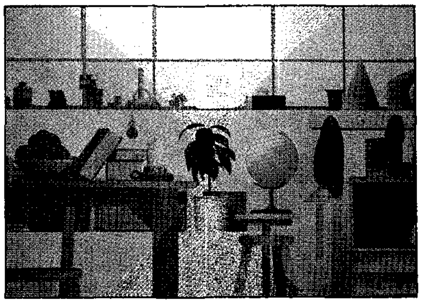

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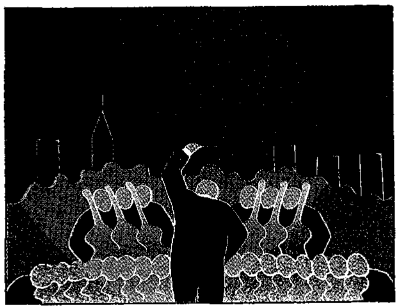

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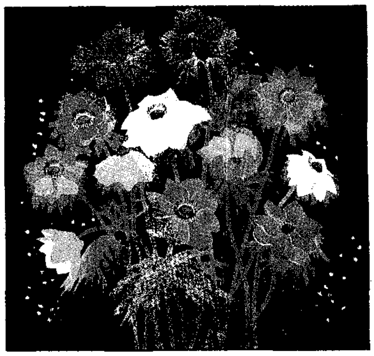

Janet Compere's *Anenomes*, original etching. Signed limited edition of 175.

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years after Shmuel Yosef was born. Two more children died in infancy, and in the ensuing biennial intervals there arrived, in 1900, a daughter, named Sura-Rivka; then another victim of untimely death; and, in 1905, a robust son (perhaps a throwback to Bezalel, the blacksmith), called Shlomo. The surviving children were as happy as their poverty and strict family life allowed, but as they matured all of them except Sura-Rivka yearned for a common goal: to leave the *shtetl* and discover a better life somewhere else.

My father once told me that his watershed moment of decision came just after his bar mitzvah, when he was thirteen. Several forces conspired to make this promising student and profoundly religious young man, who planned to be a scholar-rabbi, rebel and escape. Blood accusations—those vicious, calumnious rumors that Jews had drained a Christian child's blood for ritual purposes—were rife in the Ukraine then, and anti-Semitic upheavals inevitably followed them. Though no full-fledged pogroms struck Beresdiv, several aftershocks were felt. Night riders—usually local peasants who had dealt amiably with the Jews just a few hours before—would gallop into a *shtetl* and smash windows, set fires, and terrorize the population. Occasionally, injuries or deaths would occur. Once, it was said that a unit of Russian soldiers would be bivouacked near Beresdiv and all the Jewish girls over twelve would be raped. The girls were spirited away to relatives and friends far from the town, but the soldiers never came. The participation of many young urban Jews in the budding Socialist movement served to increase the government-encouraged hostility. And with the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, in 1904, the government grew desperate for recruits. Jews had long been discriminated against in the czarist conscription; they were compelled to supply ten male conscripts per thousand of population, as opposed to the Christians' seven per thousand, and to furnish one extra conscript for every thousand rubles in tax arrearage. The wartime drive to swell the ranks of private soldiers in the Far East reached the teen-agers in Ukrainian *shtetls*, and Shmuel Yosef was approaching conscription age. Another reason for rebellion and escape was the continuing stringent poverty on the little farm: less food, higher taxes, more mouths to feed. Boarders were taken in, and while Yudel studied and prayed, Dinah and her older son staggered under the heavier work load. Shmuel Yosef began to hatch plans for fleeing.

The options open for a potential *shtetl* escapee were few. There was the dream of America—the *Goldene Medina* (Golden Country)—and there were the less propitious reveries of Latin America or South Africa, in both of which, some claimed, the immigration of Jews was permitted, even desired. A shorter trek to another European country was simply asking for more trouble; a poor Jew was not welcome anywhere on the Continent. A patently crazy idea, especially in the mind of the rural Russian Jew, was Palestine. Zionism and the agricultural colonization of a desert or a malarial swamp administered by the Ottoman Empire attracted only the most daring and foolhardy in those formative days of Jewish nationalism. For most, including Shmuel Yosef, the Holy Land was still a Biblical vision, to be prayed for and revered but not necessarily to be settled. Running off to join the Russian Socialists was a fascinating possibility, but the escapee had to be willing to renounce his religion and mores, live in hiding much of the time, and be prepared to face a czarist firing squad. The enterprising majority of restless *shtetl* dwellers chose to strike out for the Golden Country. Indeed, during the last two decades of the nineteenth century more than a million Jews left Russia for the United States. In 1903, almost fifty-two thousand attempted that long voyage.

One of the voyagers in 1903 was an adventurous teen-age lad named Herschel Malamud, Dinah's younger brother and Shmuel Yosef's uncle, who fled Korets one step ahead of the czar's recruiters. He was not many years older than Shmuel Yosef, and his abrupt departure had a telling effect on his nephew. Shmuel walked to Korets and asked those who had helped Herschel escape to tell him about the procedure—how to steal across the border to Prussia and Danzig, how to get in touch with the United Hebrew Charities for steerage money to America, how to make do once he arrived there. The Korets people were sympathetic to Shmuel. When a letter came to the Malamuds from Herschel stating that he was living in a Connecticut city called Hartford and was learning the trade of a barber, Shmuel's desire to

"Good heavens, no. That one doesn't say 'money,' it says 'bucks.'"

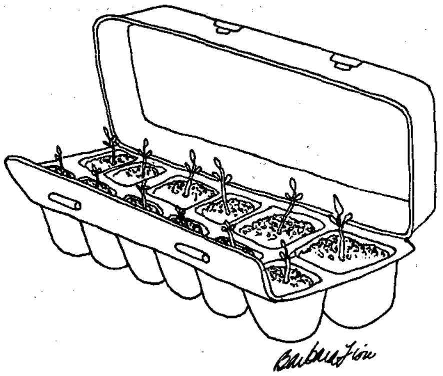
leave became overwhelming. Dinah learned of his plans and absolutely refused to let him go. As the older son, he belonged at home, helping the family to exist. Later, he would be a scholar-rabbi, like his father. What was there for him in America? Nothing but savages and wild animals. He wouldn't get as far as Danzig. And even if he did the ocean would swallow him up. Her brother Herschel was lucky; her son wouldn't be so lucky. But the more she forbade it, the more he was determined to leave.

Finally, in 1908, another letter from Uncle Herschel arrived in Korets, and this one contained some money for sixteen-year-old Shmuel—enough to get him to Danzig and perhaps on a ship. Shmuel packed a few pieces of clothing in a blanket roll, and before he slipped away from the little Beresdiv farmhouse he said goodbye to his brother and his sisters. Khaye made him promise to send her money from America, so that she could leave soon, too. Shlomo, only three at the time, broke down and cried, begging Shmuel to take him along. It wasn't possible. Shmuel would have a hard enough time travelling alone. Sura-Rivka was also too young to understand fully what was happening, but she cried with Shlomo. Frightened and guilty, Shmuel did not say goodbye to his parents. He went off to Korets, where he stayed overnight in the Malamud house. Shmuel's first cousin, Abraham Malamud, who was just eight years old then, recalled recently how Shmuel arrived at the Korets house and asked to be hidden from his mother and father until he could head west for the border. "He couldn't stand it, living at home," Abraham said. "It was a prison for him. They wouldn't let him live, so he ran away." Fifty years later, when my father was eulogizing life in the Old Country, I once asked him why, if it was all so colorful and inspiring, he chose to leave. I remember that he stared at me as if I were mad.

Travelling at night, Shmuel left Korets on foot for the city of Rovno, about forty miles to the west. Some boiled potatoes, bread, and salt, which he had been given by the Malamuds, kept him going, and a lucky encounter with a Jewish teamster made his passage easier on the swing north toward Warsaw and Danzig. At some point along that route, he joined a group of fellow-emigrants—men, women, and children—who were also heading for Danzig but wanted to skirt Warsaw, to avoid trouble. Danzig, a large port on the Baltic Sea, was then the capital of West Prussia, and so many emigrants of all kinds were crowding into the city that customs observances were chaotic. The wandering band bought food from peasants along the way and took care of one another. Every one of them was going to America.

In Danzig, the biggest city by far that Shmuel had ever seen, he bought a steerage ticket on a coastal steamer that would ultimately call at Liverpool. A representative of the United Hebrew Charities told him that in Liverpool arrangements could be made to advance him the money for steerage passage to New York City. Shmuel was worried that he would never be able to leave Liverpool—or, even worse, would be stranded en route in Kiel or Rotterdam. Conditions in steerage were, at best, hideous, and he began to doubt whether he had done the right thing. The weather in the Baltic and the North Sea was typically rough, the passengers were sick, and vermin were everywhere. But at last the ship did dock at Liverpool, where, as promised, a helpful man provided the huddled masses with some vegetable soup, a warehouse to sleep in, and travellers' aid.

What my father remembered most vividly about the last, and longest, leg of his escape to America was the awful filth of the steerage hold. He never knew the name of the transatlantic ship—the steerage passengers were simply herded into the dark, forbidding vessel one night—but he could describe in terrifying detail every species of rotten food, excrement, and bug he had encountered during the two-week voyage. His experience in that wretched hold had a traumatic, lifelong effect on him: dirt, filth, bugs were the enemy, and though they appeared with no more frequency in our household than in any others, he would go on periodic cleanliness tears to eradicate the slightest suggestion of faulty hygiene. As a rule, he quite happily left the housecleaning chores to my mother, my sister, and our various maids, but every so often he would espy some spilled food in the refrigerator or some ants in the pantry. Then, hot-eyed and possessed, he would shout as if in triumph and begin to scrub the refrigerator or the pantry himself. Since he had little skill in such matters, he ended up making a greater mess—more spilled food, lusher nesting places for ants—but at least he had proved his point: that filth and vermin were everywhere and the battle against them must never cease.



On several of these crusades, Sam waged war against cobwebs, which he viewed as repositories of all kinds of germs as well as dead insects. If he spotted a cobweb, even in the most inaccessible place, he would go to any lengths to remove it, climbing on tables, mounting ladders, swiping away with brooms. He referred to these menaces, in his delightfully idiosyncratic English, as "cow-webs," and until I was about six years old I firmly believed that these fine, gossamer configurations were somehow the products of cows, which spun them while we slept at night. Perhaps his oddest act of antisepsis was never allowing a slightly smudged towel to hang from its holder and be used by an unsuspecting victim. In his mind, smudged towels were unquestionably the source of whatever ailment he suffered from at any given moment—a head cold, an upset stomach, even his "legs drawing." He was known to fly into a rage at the mere sight of an offending towel, and to accuse my mother of undermining the family's health. But even when he was seized by his wildest cleanliness rages we understood the reason for them once we had heard the stories of the transatlantic crossing in 1908.

All my father ever told me about his arrival at the United States Immigrant Station at Ellis Island, in New York Harbor, was that it was crowded, confusing, and cruel. Sick and unsponsored immigrants were summarily held in detention and threatened with deportation; fear and rumor were as abundant as the lice. The motley people hung together, however, and helped one another as they never had before and probably never would again. That, at least, was uplifting, and constituted something of a welcome. Luckily, Uncle Herschel was on hand to meet his nephew Shmuel Yosef and to post the twenty-five dollars

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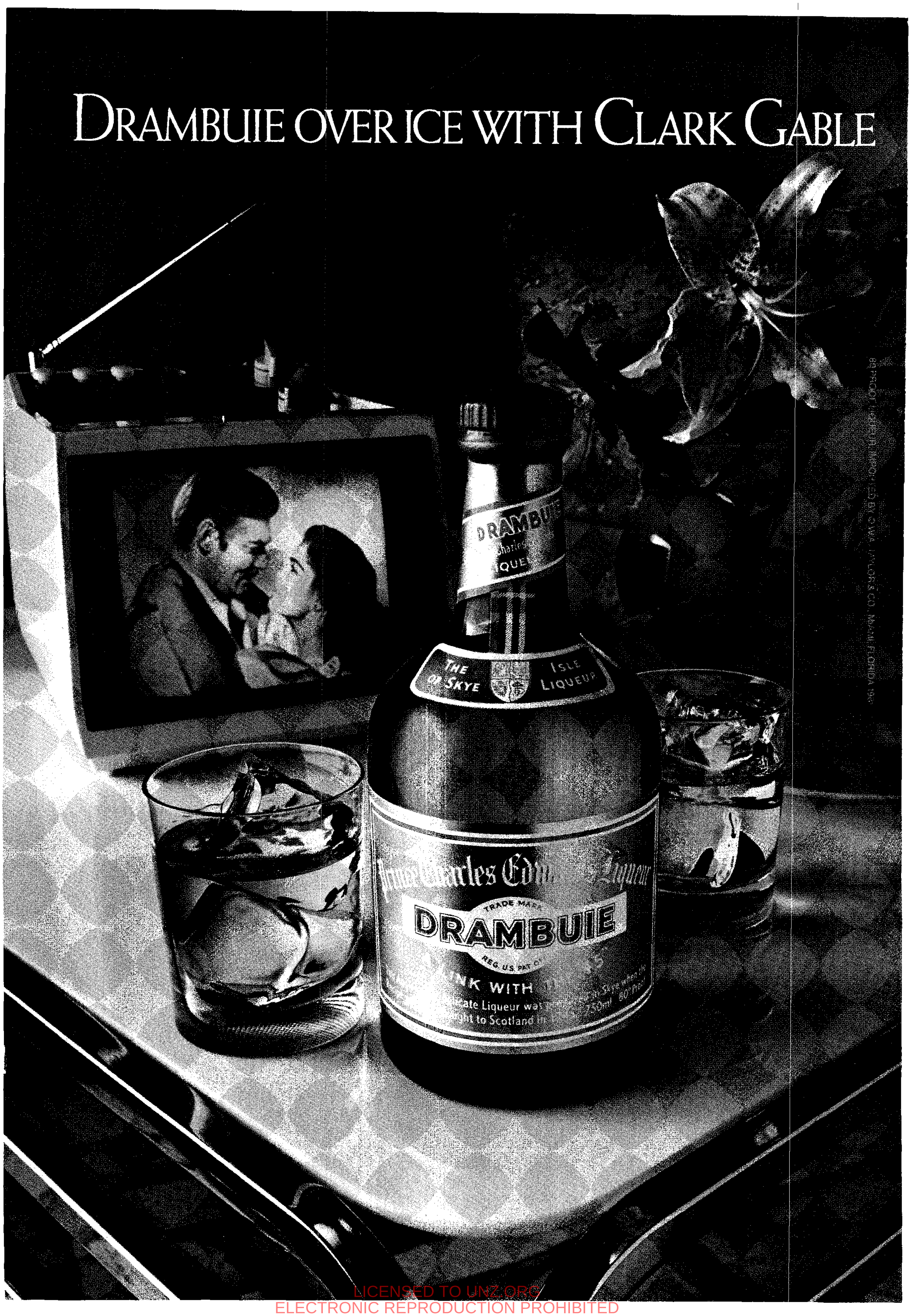
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necessary for sponsorship. With that stroke of good fortune and an Anglicized name supplied by an immigration clerk, Samuel Joseph Bernstein arrived in America.

The uncle's name had also changed, from Herschel Malamud to Harry Levy—Harry Levy presumably being easier for his Hartford barbershop customers to pronounce. That very year, he had taken a pretty young bride, the former Polly Kleiman, of Hartford, with whom he lived in marital, if childless, bliss until his death, in 1948. (They were the most contented, loving couple I have ever known—the reason being, I suspect, that they lavished on each other the affection and care that would have gone to their children if they had been able to have them.) With his new responsibilities and his struggling barbershop, Harry Levy was not yet flush enough to take on hired help; namely, his nephew Sam, the greenest of greenhorns. So Harry led the undernourished lad to the likeliest place for a non-English-speaking, unskilled immigrant just off the boat to start his climb up the American ladder—across Manhattan to the Fulton Fish Market. Harry himself had served some time at the fish-cleaning tables there just after he got off the boat.

The rank, slimy sheds along the South Street docks were the first stop for thousands of confused immigrant men from all over the world, who were simply handed knives, scalers, and shears and told to clean fish—no questions asked. The way my father described it (and he luxuriated in the telling), gangs of about ten men were posted around large metal-topped tables, each of which was under a chute. Thunder inside the chute signalled the imminent arrival on the table of an avalanche of sneering fresh fish—bass, flounder, cod, herring, mackerel, and an occasional starfish or other inedible that had slipped by the sorters on the docks—and with that splashy arrival the men attacked. They cleaned, trimmed, and scaled, cleaned, trimmed, and scaled, tossing the carcasses into ice-filled bins, which other drudges hauled away. (The haulers and the sorters were a cut above the cleaners, being greenhorns a little less green.) Just when the cleaners were handling their last fish—their skin, hair, and clothes permeated with fish blood, guts, and offal, their feet awash in similar slubber—someone would hose down the table, the thunder would sound again, and another deluge of fish would tumble upon them. So it went from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., six days out of seven, including Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath—all for five dollars a week plus a cut rate on schmaltz herring for lunch. (Sam existed on herring and black bread.) No holidays. No vacations.

It was backbreaking work—especially for a thin sixteen-year-old ex-yeshiva student from Beresdiv. In fact, it was gruelling even for some of Sam's burly Irish, Italian, and Slavic tablemates. Of this multifarious crew, Sam claimed that at one time or another Al Smith and Leon Trotsky passed through the fish-cleaning sheds, but I have found no supporting evidence for that part of his story. Perhaps they just visited. A far more likely tale concerned a Polish tablemate called Ted, who worked beside my father for a few months. They became fairly friendly, communicating in bits of basic Russian and whatever English they had picked up. They talked of the Old Country, politics, religion, the immigrant's lot. Then, one day, Ted disappeared. About forty years later, my father was sitting in his office, in downtown Boston, talking on the telephone and looking out the window. A window-washer moved along the outside ledge, strapped himself in opposite Sam, and proceeded to squeegee the glass. The two men stared at each other for a long time, until my father motioned to him to come inside through the window. He was, of course, Ted, and they renewed their friendship over lunch at Thompson's Spa, where Sam had the businessman's special every business day. Ted, my father reported, felt uncomfortable in the stiff, pristine, white-tiled restaurant—a "Yankee" spot if ever there was one, with all those bankers, lawyers, and merchants. The two men parted after lunch, and Sam never heard from Ted again, although they had exchanged addresses and promised to keep in touch. "Maybe it was for the best," Sam said. "He didn't feel right with me after the Fulton Fish Market."

Sam liked to call the Fulton Fish Market "my university." There was the arrogance of the self-made man implicit in the expression (the "I-went-to-the-College-of-Hard-Knocks" sort of thing), but in many ways he was right. At the glutinous fish-cleaning tables, he learned something approximating English; he heard feverish arguments for the Democrats, the Socialists, and the Anarchists; he realized that he was neither worse nor better off than the other poor greenhorns; and—the most important lesson of all—he discovered that anything could happen in this America. (He also learned how to clean fish as deftly as any man alive. Whenever we caught a bass or a pickerel in Sharon's Massapoag Lake, I was astounded at how neatly and swiftly he could eviscerate and scale it—tasks he performed with a glee curious in a man with a weak stomach and a dread of dirt.)

On the pungent, swarming lower East Side, where he lived at first in a rented curtained-off segment of a squalid tenement room, he was educated in other matters: how to live on five dollars a week (a dollar and a half for the piece of room, two dollars for food, fifty cents for clothes and sundries, and, without fail, a dollar under the mattress for savings); how to advance oneself through English lessons given at a workingmen's circle, along with a dose of left-wing politics; how to keep his religion alive in the tiny Orthodox synagogues on every street; and how to make friends. His lodgings were owned by some *landsleit* from the Korets-Beresdiv area, and the tenants were constantly changing. A new immigrant would turn up, get a job, and, before long, move on, perhaps to exotic Brooklyn or the Bronx, or even the untamed land across the Hudson River. The rented bed would barely be cool before an even newer immigrant claimed it. There were some good times to be had on Sunday—a balcony seat (for a few pennies) in a Yiddish theatre, or a stroll through the happy clamor and enticing smells of the street.

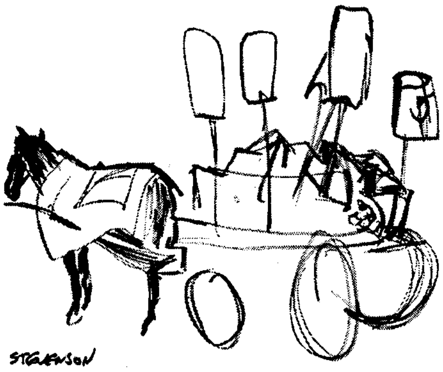
When Sam heard about a larger, more private room available across the bridge, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where some distant relatives lived, he moved. In Brooklyn, Sam fell in love. He met a dark-haired girl ("so pretty and beautiful" was how he described her), and he wooed her attentively. She liked to ride in horse-drawn carriages, and Sam obliged, spending a reckless amount of money on her fancy. How far their relationship progressed, how serious their intentions were I was never able to find out, even when he was in a nostalgic mood and seemed to want to talk about her. I once asked him the big question about the Mysterious Lady, as I had come to think of her: Was she Jewish? He refused to say, and I guess that was an answer. From faded photographs of Sam as a young man, I can imagine his having had some success with the Mysterious Lady. He was short but wiry, his muscles toned by long, hard labor, and, with his wavy auburn hair, his hazel eyes (unfortunately encircled by store-bought spectacles), and his strong features, he was not a bad-looking fellow—somebody with a future, perhaps.

Sam's ideal concept of the immediate future, during his first two years in America, was to win a solid civil-service position. He had long before observed that in Russia, though there were good times and bad for farmers, landowners, and professionals, one occupational group always seemed to be secure and well fed—the bureaucrats, the civil servants. Both in the Old Country and in the New, he had been particularly impressed by the postman, a functionary who commanded respect from everyone, was eagerly awaited each day, and provided an important service. So Sam spent as many hours as he could spare studying English in order to pass the post office's examination for an appointment as a letter carrier. In those days, political pull helped in gaining such appointments, but even if Sam had had the pull he wouldn't have had the job. Although he did well on the mathematics part of the test, he failed miserably at spelling (a lifelong deficiency) each time he took the examination. Finally, he gave up the idea of becoming a postman. As things turned out, that was a stroke of luck.

Before Passover in the spring of 1912—when Sam was thoroughly depressed by the cheerless toil at the fish-cleaning tables and by his failure as a potential postman—he received a letter from Uncle Harry inviting him to come to Hartford to celebrate the Seder. Harry also suggested that Sam might want to come to Hartford permanently, to work in his barbershop, which had successfully expanded into women's wigs and switches. Sam jumped at the chance, and took the train from New York to Hartford. He started at the bottom in Harry's shop, sweeping up hair clippings and sterilizing combs and scissors. It was certainly easier and better-paying work than cleaning fish, but it seemed to hold no future for him, since he hadn't the least inclination or talent to become a cutter of hair, like his uncle. But living in Hartford was pleasant. He was among family—the Kleiman clan that Harry had married into was large and gregarious—and there were good times and plenty to eat. Hartford was also a handsome cultural center, which could boast of a literary tradition including Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, but Sam saw nothing of that rarefied world. In time, he grew restless.

One day, a salesman from the New York firm of Frankel & Smith, purveyors of barber and beauty supplies, paid his regular call at Harry Levy's shop. He mentioned that the company's new Boston branch office was looking for an industrious young man to work as a stockboy. Advancement was possible if the young man was industrious enough. The salesman said that he had noticed Sam's attentiveness to his chores, and thought that Sam might be a likely candidate. Harry wanted his nephew to stay in Hartford, among family, but Sam had other plans. He took the train to Boston and got the job.

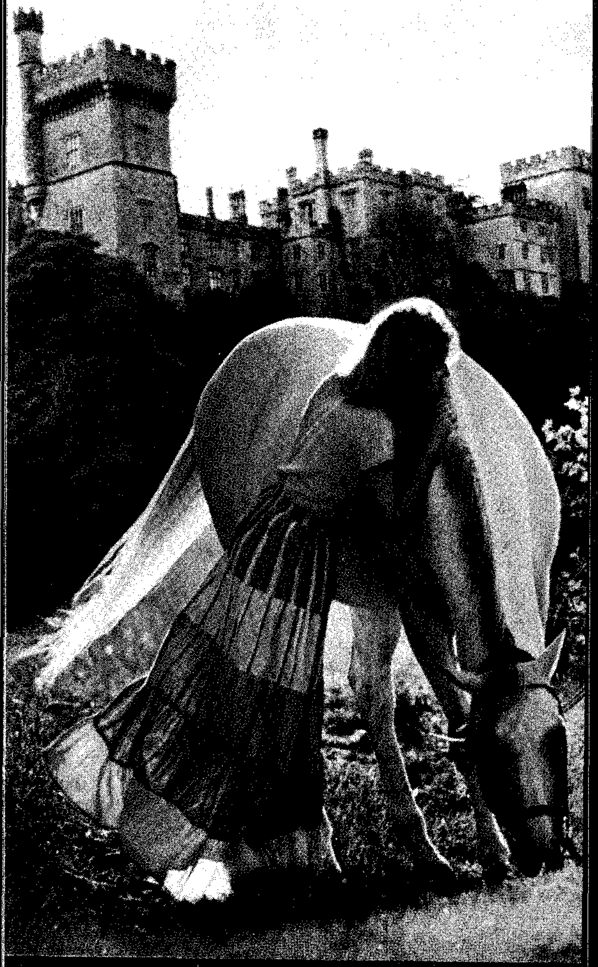
The Edward E. Tower Company, founded in 1861, was the leading New England barber-and-beauty-supplies establishment, but the Boston branch of Frankel & Smith was a comer—especially in the category of hair goods. The Frankel brothers—Berthold, Max, and Milton—weren't above taking advantage of a young greenhorn who needed a decent job. By Sam's account, he worked about as hard in the offices of Frankel & Smith, on Summer Street, in downtown Boston, as he had at the fish market, and wasn't paid much more. It was muscle labor, mostly—lifting boxes, sweeping up, cleaning shelves. Occasionally, he would be asked to help sort out hanks of human hair, imported by the firm from European and Oriental dealers, who paid impoverished foreign women a pittance for their shorn locks. The hair was then treated chemically and woven into wigs and switches for more solvent, and fashionable, American women. The Frankels were second-generation German Jews, well Americanized, and they had no particular sympathy for their Russian-immigrant coreligionist. In fact, given the sense of embarrassment that "cultured" German Jews felt toward Russian and Polish Jews then, it was surprising that they agreed to employ Sam at all. Perhaps they reasoned that they could get more than their money's worth out of his strong back and arms. What they didn't notice, apparently, was that Sam had a brain, too, and that he was slowly learning everything he could about the barber-and-beauty-supplies business.



Sam was living in yet another *landsleit* rooming house, owned by the Eisenberg family—this one in Chelsea, a scruffy, primarily Jewish section of North Boston, just across the harbor. A popular ditty of those days described the status of Chelsea. It went:

> I wouldn't live in Chelsea
> And I'll tell you the reason why:
> A man got hit by a bag of . . .
> peanuts,
> And that's the reason why.

Another Russian-immigrant lad also boarded with the Eisenbergs, and the two young bloods were ripe prey for Mrs. Eisenberg, who had three ripe daughters. The landlady offered her two boarders Lucullan feasts, which she claimed were prepared by one daughter or another, but such attentions, though they were appreciated, went for naught. Marriage was not immediately in Sam's plans. He was learning the beauty trade, saving his pennies, and devoutly worshipping his God in the small Chelsea Orthodox synagogues, which proliferated like those on the lower East Side. (Many of his earlier saved pennies, and dollars, had been sent to his sister Khaye, in Beresdiv, who saved them herself until she had enough money to leave for America, in 1913. She settled in Brooklyn, where she worked in a bridal shop, and she was known thereafter as Clara.) By 1913, Sam had his "first papers" for becoming a naturalized American citizen. By 1915, he



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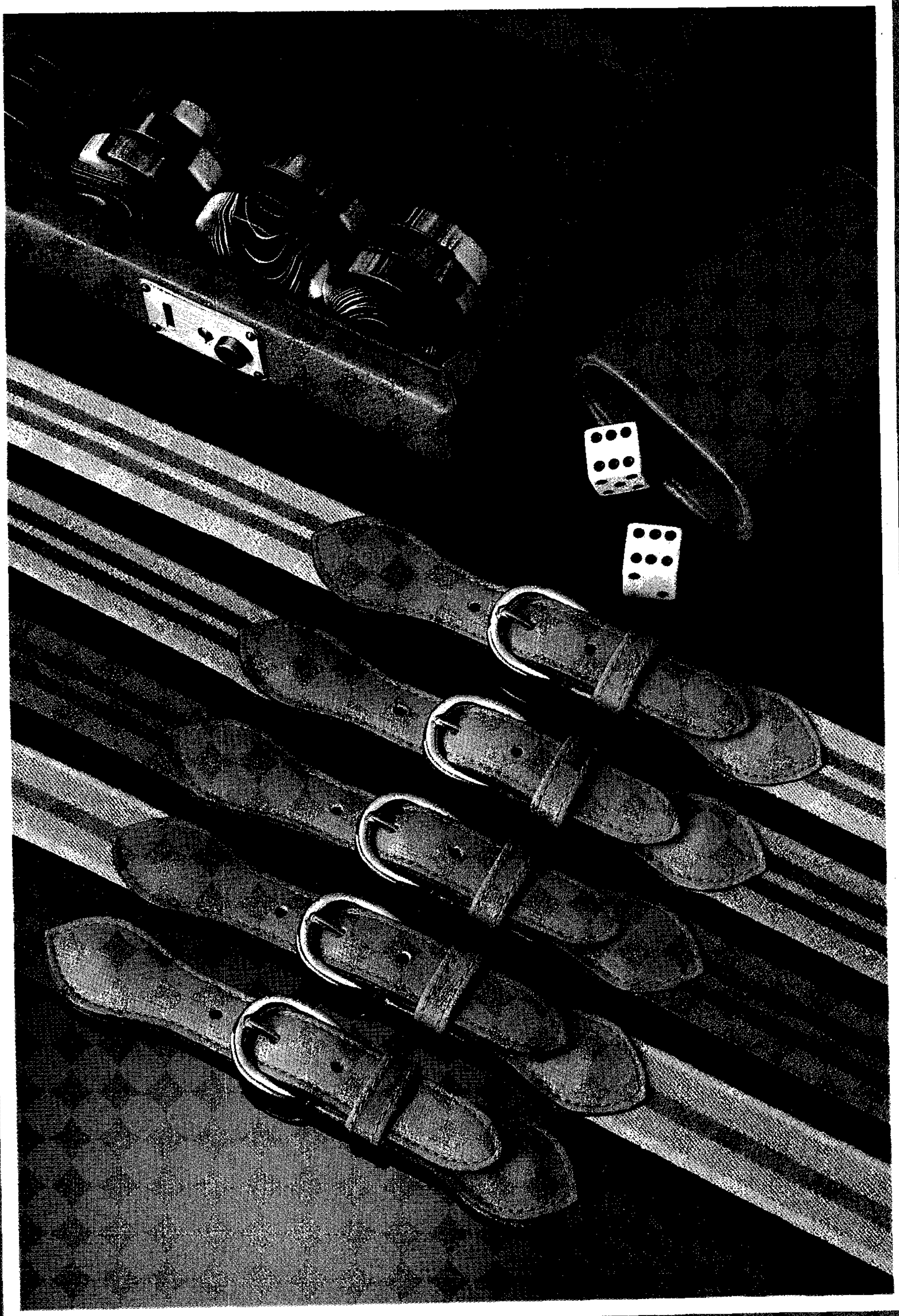

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was a bona-fide citizen—a momentous accomplishment for any immigrant—and he had been promoted by his bosses to hair mixer: the person who selects, treats, and combs over upright steel spikes the hair for a particular wig or switch. By 1916, he had a sizable nest egg put aside and a revived interest in Chassidism. He thought once again of becoming a scholar-rabbi—or, at least, a teacher—but the pull of the mercantile world was stronger. He was twenty-four years old in 1916, an American on his way up, and it occurred to him that he had no wife to stand by him. He liked the Eisenberg daughters, but not well enough to marry one of them. Still, a man of his ambition needed a good wife.

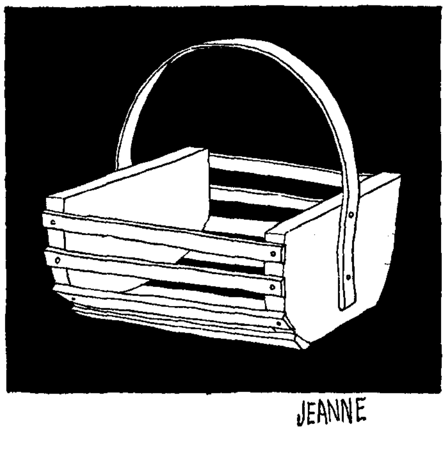
Sam's fellow-boarder had often spoken about some distant cousins who lived in the Merrimack River mill town of Lawrence, about twenty-five miles north of Boston. They were a large family called Resnick, and the oldest daughter was comely. One fall Sunday in 1916, he talked Sam into accompanying him on the long trolley ride to Lawrence.

THE crossroads city of Shepetovka, a day's walk south of the village of Beresdiv, was prospering in 1893. It sat beside a new railway line, and river traffic on the Goryn called at its piers. There were industries and busy markets, and though most of the houses in the city were cramped and crude, a few were sprawling estates, with iron gates and fine lawns and servants' quarters. The wealthier Shepetovkans were landlords and factory owners, and if they didn't encourage Jews within the Pale to work for them, they didn't discourage them, either. The Jewish population of Shepetovka was comparatively large, but it was confined to an inner-city ghetto.

Simcha Resnick and his recent bride, the former Perel Zorfas, arrived in Shepetovka in 1893, he to work in a fur-processing factory and she to raise children and help out with the family finances in any way she could. They both came from the Ukrainian town of Sudilkov; their forebears were ordinary people, no scholars or rabbis or legendary blacksmiths. The most memorable ancestor was Perel's father, Eliezer Zorfas; he was a charming teller of stories, which he collected through his work as a travelling metalsmith within the Pale. What Perel and Simcha perhaps lacked in distinguished family background they made up for in their zest for the present. Perel was a handsome woman, though chunky and slightly taller than Simcha, whose face was kindly and intelligent. They both liked tasty food, music, dancing, and the company of friends. Not Chassidim by any means, they were nevertheless religious. They were also desperately poor.

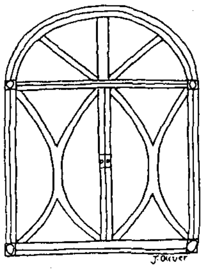
The newlyweds rented two shabby rooms in a house owned by a widow and her sons. While Simcha worked in the factory, Perel, the more enterprising of the two, started a tiny business by buying dairy products from farmers and selling them to her neighbors. She continued this basic commerce throughout her pregnancies. The first child died in infancy from the plague. The second, a girl born on the first day of spring in 1898, was luckier and healthier. They named her Charna, after Eliezer Zorfas's wife, who had died just the year before. Two more babies followed in rapid succession: Malka Leah, in late 1899, and Yosef, in 1902. It wasn't long before Charna, young though she was, became a surrogate mother to her siblings—especially after Simcha and his brother, David, went off together to America in 1903 and Perel remained in Shepetovka as the sole support of the family. For a father to leave his family behind when he emigrated to a better life was not uncommon then, the understanding being that he would soon be able to send enough money for his wife and children to join him. Things didn't always work out that way, however.

Although her mother warned her to stay away from the Gentiles' streets of Shepetovka, Charna liked to wander, sometimes with her little sister and brother in tow. Once, entranced by strolling street musicians, she toddled after them through the city to a park. She became lost and, exhausted, finally fell asleep on the grass. The next thing she knew, she was rudely collared by a czarist policeman, who dragged her home to a frantic Perel. The ensuing spanking didn't stop her wanderlust. She continued to follow musicians, and she would go swimming in the Goryn or stray into the busy marketplace, cadging sweets from venders—dangerous habits for a Jewish child. She was a bright and imaginative girl—so bright, in fact, that Perel hired one of her landlady's sons, a *malamud*, to tutor her in Russian and Hebrew. That was not ordinarily done for a daughter. Soon the tutoring became financially impossible, but Charna hid in the *malamud's* room and listened to the other students' lessons. When her sister was sick with diphtheria, Charna was sent to live for a while with relatives in Sudilkov. She was spared from diphtheria, but was later afflicted with what was generally called "consumption"—probably tuberculosis. She was coughing blood. A Russian doctor was consulted, and he said that Charna should eat black bread with slabs of lard as a sure remedy. If the prescription had been black bread covered with arsenic trichloride, it couldn't have had a more horrifying effect on her meticulously kosher mother. But the doctor insisted that if the girl was to survive she must eat large portions of rendered hog fat. So Perel went to the Gentile butcher and bought lard. (I like to think that she went in disguise and with an ancient Hebrew prayer of contrition on her lips.) She smeared the lard on black bread, coated it all with coarse salt (maybe that would somehow kosher it), and, when she was positive that nobody was watching, stuffed her oldest child with the strange, forbidden medicine. Amazingly, the medicine—or something—worked. In the fall of 1905, Charna was well enough to leave for America with her mother, sister, and brother and a cousin named Haskel. For almost three years, Simcha had been working as a wool handler in the textile mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts. From the five dollars a week he earned, he had saved enough money for their steerage berths and their sponsorship.



The voyage from Riga (there was no need to steal across the border, since no draft-age males were in the Resnick family) was a three-week nightmare. At first, Cousin Haskel was prevented from accompanying them on the ship, because he was too distant a relative, but the tough and resourceful Perel convinced the authorities that Haskel was really her son, and the trip continued as planned. Once on the open sea, they all wished that they had been turned back to Shepetovka. The waves were quaking mountains, and some people in steerage were dying. There seemed to be no end to the torture. Solid food was out of the question. The days and nights of wailing filled Charna's mind—especially her mother's continuous Yiddish incantation that they "overcome the sea, please let us overcome the sea." Then, to complete the nightmare, a cargo barrel broke loose and struck Charna's arm, breaking her wrist. All that her mother could do was bandage the wrist tightly and pray that New York City indeed existed somewhere. One day, the city skyline appeared like a row of fairy-tale castles, and they were herded ashore onto Ellis Island. The bleak, echoing halls, crammed with the frightened and the sick, were at least terra firma.

Hungry, her arm aching, a red tam covering her pigtails, her feet wobbling in outsize overshoes, Charna was at last able to swallow real food and sleep on a still surface. A doctor treated her wrist, and a man in a blue uniform gave her a new name—Jennie, his version of Charna. (Perel was renamed Pearl, Malka Leah became Elizabeth, and Yosef, of course, Joseph.) For Jennie, Ellis Island started to be an adventure. Simcha wasn't there to meet them, and they were detained for two days. What Jennie has recalled most vividly of those two days was her mother's rescuing a small boy from the immigrant's ultimate horror—deportation. The boy had travelled alone, and the examining officials on Ellis Island discovered that he was infested with lice. They assigned the hapless child to the deportation area, but Pearl managed to get hold of him and some naphtha soap first. She dragged the lad into a shower room, stripped him bare, and proceeded to scrub his body and his clothes until every louse had been naphthalized to death. The officials called out his name for deportation before his clothes were dry. Pearl quickly dressed him in the sopping clothes and sent him to the lineup, and there he was declared wet but liceless. He was permitted to enter America. "She performed a miracle," Jennie has said of the incident. (The boy grew up to become a successful insurance broker in Boston. In 1935, after decades of fruitless tracing, he finally learned the whereabouts of Pearl Resnick, but, alas, she had just died. He promised the family that he would sit *shivah*—a seven-day mourning period of abstinence and prayer—for Pearl, just as if he had been her son.)



Forty-eight hours later, when the adventure of the New World was wearing a little thin for Jennie, Simcha turned up to sponsor his family and gain their release. He, too, had been renamed by those capricious Ellis Island christeners—he was Samuel now—but they were all still Resnicks, a reunited family. They hugged and kissed one another, and then they boarded a ferry for Manhattan and the railroad station. The train ride to Lawrence took the rest of the day and much of the night.

Samuel Resnick was still a new immigrant himself, who could scarcely speak English, but he provided fairly well for his family. Although he had started working as a wool handler in the gargantuan red brick mills of the American Woolen Company, along the Merrimack River, his experience in the Shepetovka fur-processing factory had helped him advance to the position of weaver, which paid a bit more than the usual immigrant's salary of five dollars a week. Remembering the ingredients for a positive-black fur dye he had used in Russia, he experimented in Lawrence until he reproduced the formula. He travelled to Boston to try to interest some furriers in his dye. The furriers told him that nothing would come of it; then they proceeded to patent the chemical, stealing it outright. Later, Samuel found out about the theft, but, still the fearful greenhorn, he kept his anger to himself. A new immigrant did not bring legal action against established Boston merchants if he knew what was good for him.

The place that Samuel Resnick rented for his family was a five-room apartment in an old frame house on Oak Street, in the heart of a neighborhood crowded with Italian, Polish, Syrian, Armenian, Irish, and Jewish millworkers. Jennie has recalled it as "another Ellis Island"—especially the Resnick apartment, which was a kind of way station for newly arrived cousins and friends. "Sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and find a relative I had never seen before sleeping in my bed," she has said. "It was always open house on Oak Street." Besides Samuel, Pearl, Jennie, Elizabeth (soon called Betty), Joseph, Samuel's brother David, and the itinerant immigrants, an infant son, Louis (named, vaguely, after the deceased grandfather Eliezer), joined the family roughly nine months after the parents' reunion. (Haskel, the adopted son, had gone to live with closer relatives, in Chelsea.) "We were poor, but we never knew it," Jennie has said. "My mother was a wonderful cook, with always good things to eat on the table, no matter how broke we were. The people in the neighborhood got along, despite their different backgrounds, and everyone was nice to everyone else. Maybe the Irish weren't so friendly, but the Syrians would invite us to their weddings and whatnot, and I remember them sitting in a circle and clapping their hands all together. It was very exciting. And smack in the middle of every neighborhood activity was my mother. If somebody needed shoes fixed, she got the shoes fixed. When an Irish kid had the croup and almost choked on his own phlegm, she stuck her finger down his throat and got the phlegm out. She was the Good Samaritan. But we all helped each other. Who else would help us? There was no such thing as welfare."

For a while, Jennie had a childhood. She still helped Pearl with the household chores and acted as a second mother to the younger children, but she also found friends her own age to play with and to learn English from. The Resnicks' best friends were a family named Jacobs. One of the Jacobs daughters taught school in Lawrence, and she encouraged the Resnicks to educate Jennie. However, Miss Jacobs, mindful of their financial circumstances, advised them to register Jennie at City Hall and at the local grammar school as two years older than she actually was, so that she could start working in the mills when she was only twelve. The records would show her to be fourteen, the minimum age for child labor then. That was the accepted ruse among the poor of Lawrence.

Because Jennie could read and write, though only Russian and Hebrew, and because she quickly learned English from the street, as it were, she was placed in the fourth grade of a Lawrence elementary school when she was eight years old. She was promoted to the fifth grade, at the intermediate Tarbox School, where two teachers—

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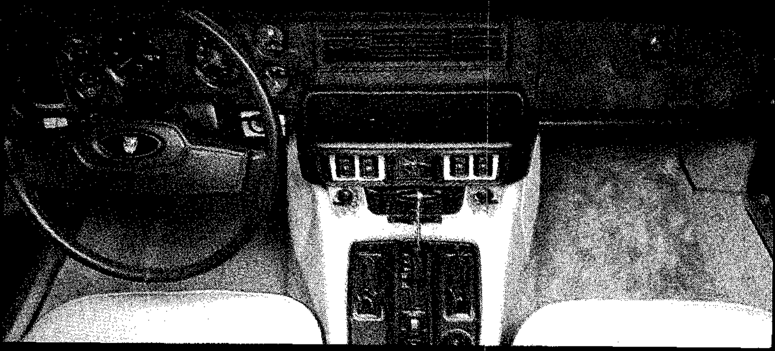

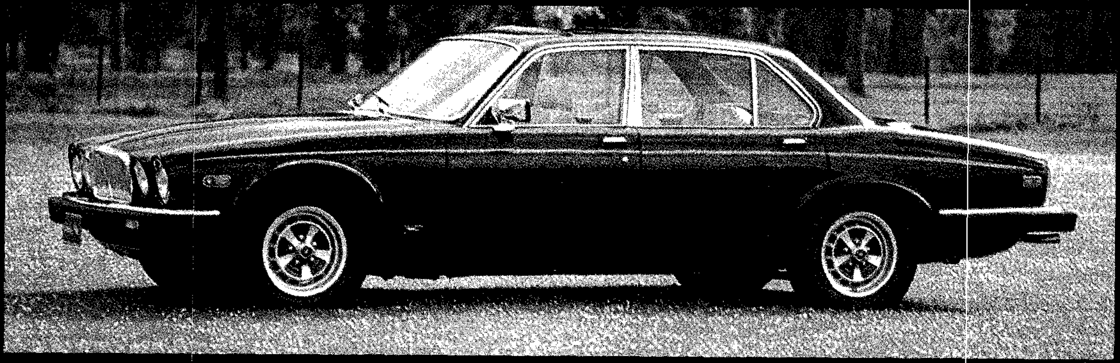

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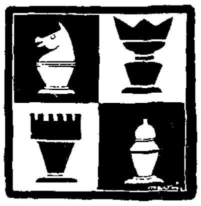
a Miss English and a Miss Lawlor—were impressed by her. Jennie, in turn, was so impressed by them that she decided to become a teacher herself, and to attend normal school after high school. For five years, she held on to that dream, studying whenever her chores allowed her some free moments. But by the time she was thirteen there were two more Resnick daughters—Bertha and Dorothy—and, with a household consisting of six children, a father who made ten dollars a week, a mother who had her hands full, and a lingering parade of destitute immigrant relatives, Jennie, the oldest child, was compelled to go to work. The textile mills were hiring fourteen-year-olds, and Jennie, according to the records, was fifteen. She left school and began work as a weaver's helper at the Arlington Mills, in Lawrence. Her childhood had ended.

She awakened at 5 A.M. every working day and helped her mother wash diapers and cook breakfast and feed the babies. Starting time at the mill was 6:30 A.M.; from that hour until 5 P.M. she wheeled wagons full of large thread spools to the weavers at their looms. "The sound of those machines going all day long was earsplitting," Jennie has said. "And you could hardly breathe for the dust in the air. It was freezing cold in the winter, and in the summer it was boiling hot. Most of the windows didn't even open. I remember how once, during a lunch break, I tried to open a window, so I could see outside. I couldn't budge it. So with my fingernail I scraped the dirt from the windowpane and looked out. I saw down below on a little bit of grass the Yankee owners and managers of the mill playing golf—practicing their putting or whatever—during *their* lunch break. Did that make me mad! There they were, the rich men, the bosses, playing golf while the rest of us—just kids, some of us—were slaving in the heat and the noise and the dirt, our fingers bleeding all over the place. And such terrible accidents, too! Later on, I used to read dime novels about those blue bloods, which we called them, and their lives sounded so glamorous that I wanted to be like them, to better myself. I even imagined that someday I'd be hobnobbing with them. The bitterness finally just went away." At the end of every working week, Jennie brought home eight dollars, which she handed directly to Pearl. With solemn ritual, Pearl handed her back fifty cents. "That fifty cents used to make me so happy—I can't tell you," Jennie has said. "It was just for me, to spend any way I wanted. I knew I was helping the family live better. It never occurred to me that I should deserve more than the fifty cents."

With the Resnicks' income nearly doubled, Pearl, who had developed an eye for real estate, bought a small house on Pine Street, in a thickly settled Syrian-Armenian district. What especially attracted Pearl to the house was that its ground-floor front could be used as a variety store—a potential source of more income through the sale of newspapers, magazines, groceries, and candy. She opened her store and enjoyed a modest success—especially selling ethnic foods. Her youngest child, Dorothy, was an infant, but the others were pretty much able to take care of themselves; indeed, Betty would soon be old enough to work in the mills, too, and Joseph already had a newspaper route. At first, the children were fascinated by their Middle Eastern neighbors' customs—the mashing of fish with almonds and herbs, the strange Levantine rites of life and death—but later they somehow confused the Syrians with the gypsies around Lawrence, and the fascination turned to trepidation. "Watch out or the gypsies will steal you!" became the parental threat—one that was carried over into my generation, by the way. My mother said later, "I began to feel funny about the Syrians, and that was long before Israel."



Jennie managed to find time to go to night school—a special three-night-a-week institution for young millworkers—and she relished studying English literature, French, and civics. Perhaps, she thought, she could still become a teacher. At one point, she left the mill to work in a Lawrence department store, at the women's neckwear counter, in order to have more hours free for her schooling, but the pay simply wasn't good enough. She returned to the Arlington Mills just in time for the notorious Lawrence textile workers' strike of 1912. The strike came about because of a Massachusetts law requiring mill hands (women and children specifically, but in effect everybody) to work no more than fifty-four hours a week, instead of fifty-six. The Boston owners responded by docking each employee twenty cents a week (the minimum wage was ten cents an hour), and thousands of American Woolen Company workers—among them Samuel Resnick—walked out. Soon the strike spread through the nine major mills of Lawrence, as twenty-seven thousand workers, representing a wide variety of nationalities and religious persuasions, were stirred to daring militancy by leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, such as Big Bill Haywood and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. To the old-line "Americans," the strike was an outrage, and they overreacted. The police and state militiamen were called out. For nine weeks, they battled the strikers, including women and children, and committed brutalities that shocked the nation. Everyone got into the act—radicals, politicians, clergymen, celebrities, anarchists—and soup kitchens, rallying areas, and first-aid stations sprouted throughout the city. The poet James Oppenheim was moved to write of the bloody struggle, "Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!" The immigrant strikers were both pitied as victims and deplored as thankless foreigners, but in the end they proved that they could be organized into a new force for social justice—that they were no longer just a passive labor pool. They won a ten-per-cent raise, an increase in overtime pay, and some fringe benefits; what was more significant, they awakened labor's consciousness across the nation. Capitalists never again viewed immigrant workers in quite the same light. That was the "roses."

The strike of 1912 had a devastating effect on the Resnicks. At the outset, Samuel left his job at the American Woolen Company, Jennie was out of work at the Arlington Mills, and Betty never got a chance to start toiling at the Wood Worsted Mill, in South Lawrence. The crucial issue for the Resnicks wasn't social justice; it was simply how to put bread on the table for a large family. Pearl's tiny variety store became the family's sole support, but during the labor troubles not many people in the neighborhood had much money to spend in variety stores. The Resnicks' sympathy was, of course, with the strikers, but that was as far as it went—just sympathy. No marching against the militia, no picketing outside plant gates, no carrying banners reading "WE WANT BREAD AND ROSES TOO." When things seemed truly desperate, Jennie heard that there were openings at the General Electric factory in Lynn, twenty miles to the southeast. Arrangements were made for her to stay with family friends there, and off she went to Lynn to make light bulbs. When I asked her once how she felt about working in Lynn while her former co-workers were on strike, she just shrugged. "I had to be a provider," she said. (During the Boston police strike of 1919, her brother Joseph was a full-fledged scab, hiring himself out to the city as an impromptu cop—probably with a shrug.)

After the strike, Jennie returned to her mill job in Lawrence. The pay was somewhat better and the workers had earned a new respect from the bosses, but acrimony remained in the air along with the fabric dust. Just as her childhood was iffy, so was her adolescence. She continued her strenuous routine as a weaver's helper, surrogate mother, and night-school student, hardly noticing that she was turning into an attractive woman, with flashing brown eyes, classic features ("like an Italian movie star," her sister Bertha once said), and a full, womanly body, unfortunately supported by those heavy "Resnick" feet. Her physical development, however, did not escape the notice of a Mr. White, a supervisor at the Arlington Mills, who promoted Jennie to a clerical job at ten dollars a week—the same salary her father was making. "Mr. White took a shine to me," Jennie has recalled. "He said he'd teach me bookkeeping, how to copy invoices—that sort of thing. He used to pet me this way and that—never too far, because he knew I wouldn't allow it. I was so naïve. I didn't know anything. Nobody told me anything. And he was a married man, too! Most of the girls in the office were Americans, not immigrants. The ones I used to work with became jealous; they shied away from me. 'What's the big idea?' they wanted to know. One of them, a Syrian girl, was really nasty jealous. She slapped me and called me a 'dirty Jew.' I never forgave her for that. And I never again liked Syrians so much." Jennie was fifteen—seventeen according to the records.

Perhaps Mr. White's advances stirred a sense of her own womanliness. Before long, she started going to dances on weekends, even to Canobie Lake—a forbidden spot, with a real band and a wide variety of patrons. She had a crush on a young Gentile mill foreman, and one night he asked her to dance with him. "I was so thrilled," Jennie has said. "Of course, my mother never knew. I managed to keep some things from her. You see, I wasn't thinking of myself as an immigrant anymore. I was a regular American."

Jennie may well have managed to keep some things from her mother, but Pearl knew a marriageable daughter when she saw one. The way out of poverty for a nice Jewish girl was to marry a nice Jewish man, who would provide for her. Thus it was in the Old Country; thus it would be in America. With this principle firmly in mind, Pearl announced in the fall of 1916, when Jennie was eighteen, that a Chelsea cousin and his friend, Samuel Joseph Bernstein, were coming to Lawrence to spend Sunday with the Resnicks. Pearl prepared a feast for the visitors, and a rather stilted first meeting took place between Sam and Jennie. "The two of them walked into our house on Pine Street, and I could tell right away that they both smack-dab fell for me," Jennie has recalled. "They looked like a couple of greenhorns. My cousin was handsomer and taller than Sam, but Sam wasn't so bad-looking, either. He still had curly hair, but he wore glasses. Right away, I didn't like his glasses, or his accent, and I didn't like his suit, because it had no belt in the back. Also, he wasn't wearing pointed shoes, which were the big fashion then, like the belted suit jacket. My best chum was there—Doris Smith, a beautiful blond Jewish girl who was from England—and the two of us just sat and giggled every time Sam talked. Finally, it got so bad that Doris and I left to go out to Canobie Lake, and the two fellows sat there with my mother and father. That was that."

But it wasn't. With Pearl's encouragement, the cousin and Sam made regular trips to Lawrence; in fact, they were invited to come on Saturday night and stay until Sunday night. Jennie continued to ignore them, heading for Canobie Lake whenever she could, but her parents were enthralled—especially with Sam, whom they found to be intelligent, ambitious, and blessed with a notable family in the Old Country. (The fame of the Bernsteins of Beresdiv was known even unto the Resnicks of Shepetovka.) Sam never failed to bring little gifts for the family—Jennie was in the habit of spurning *her* little gift—and he said flattering things about Pearl's cooking and housekeeping. With his potential father-in-law, he would sit for hours discussing the Bible, philosophy, and current events. They were both devotees of the Yiddish press. The chillier Jennie was toward Sam, the warmer were her parents.

After several months of this fruitless routine, both the cousin and Sam asked Pearl for Jennie's hand, each without knowing of the other's action. Pearl counselled them, separately, to have patience. Sam was the more tenaciously patient; the cousin dropped out of the marital sweepstakes after a few more weeks. Meanwhile, Pearl worked on her oldest daughter. "You'll be an old maid till your hair is gray," she told Jennie. "You're missing your chance. Sam's a good man with a good job. He's going places." Slowly, Pearl's browbeating had its effect. One thing about Sam that helped to sweeten his image in Jennie's eyes was his sense of humor. "He always had a good story to tell, and he always knew a joke," Jennie has said. "He made me laugh. There was that and the fact he was so persistent." At one point, she was even a bit jealous. Sam had invited the entire Resnick clan to his digs in Chelsea for an afternoon's visit. Mrs. Eisenberg, his landlady, presented a heavy table for the visitors and made sure that her three daughters were looking their best. In a loud aside to Sam during the meal, Mrs. Eisenberg commented that Jennie was "so thin she could be a consumptive." That overheard observation and Sam's obvious friendliness with the well-fed Eisenberg daughters distressed Jennie. She later asked Sam, with mock indifference, "Why don't you marry one of them? They're *all* nice-looking girls." Sam said—for the first time directly to Jennie—that he wanted to marry only one girl in the whole world, and her name was Jennie Resnick.

Still, Jennie wasn't prepared to say yes outright. It took a villainous ruse conceived by Pearl to make the engagement official. Sam had bought a modest engagement ring, which he gave to Pearl. Pearl, in turn, instructed Betty, who shared a bedroom with Jennie, to slip the ring on Jennie's finger while she slept. The next morning, Jennie awakened with the surprise of her life: she was engaged—and there was a real diamond ring on her finger to prove it. "To this day, I don't like surprises," Jennie has told me. "But I took Sam seriously after that. I figured he really wanted to marry me. Mother made an engagement party, and a wedding date was set before I even knew what was happening. I still went out dancing, though. Sam didn't like dancing. He had two left feet."

One large obstacle blocked their path to the altar. The First World War—up to then, mention of the Kaiser's name had occasioned only snarls and curses—became a real threat when the United States entered the hostilities, in the spring of 1917. That summer, just after Jennie and Sam's engagement was announced, Sam was drafted. He was given a patriotic leave of absence from Frankel & Smith, and, by chance, he was inducted in Lawrence and assigned for his basic training to Camp Devens, in Ayer, Massachusetts, only thirty miles to the southwest. As a motley troop of inductees marched down Essex Street in Lawrence to the station for the short train ride to Camp Devens, Jennie and her family screamed and cried when they spotted Sam stumbling along with the others. "I thought he was going off to war and I would never see him again," Jennie has said. "That's when I broke down." It was the first real element of romance to enter their relationship.

But Sam was not cut out to be a soldier—either in the czar's army or in Woodrow Wilson's. With commendable candor, he once told me how inept he was at close-order drill in the tent city that was Camp Devens. "I couldn't get the instructions straight," he said. "The sergeant would yell something, and everyone would know what he was saying except me. When it rained, the whole place turned into a pigsty and the tents fell down. Everything was outdoors. You shaved with cold water, you showered with cold water. I never had enough time to do anything right." (Almost forty years later, I spent the last few months of my two-year Army hitch at the same post. It was then called Fort Devens, and except that wooden barracks had replaced the tents things hadn't changed much.) For both Sam and the Army, the moment of revelation came on his first visit to the rifle range. Not even a pair of new, government-issue eyeglasses could correct his severe lifelong myopia. He was handed a Springfield rifle and told to shoot at a target. He missed so alarmingly that

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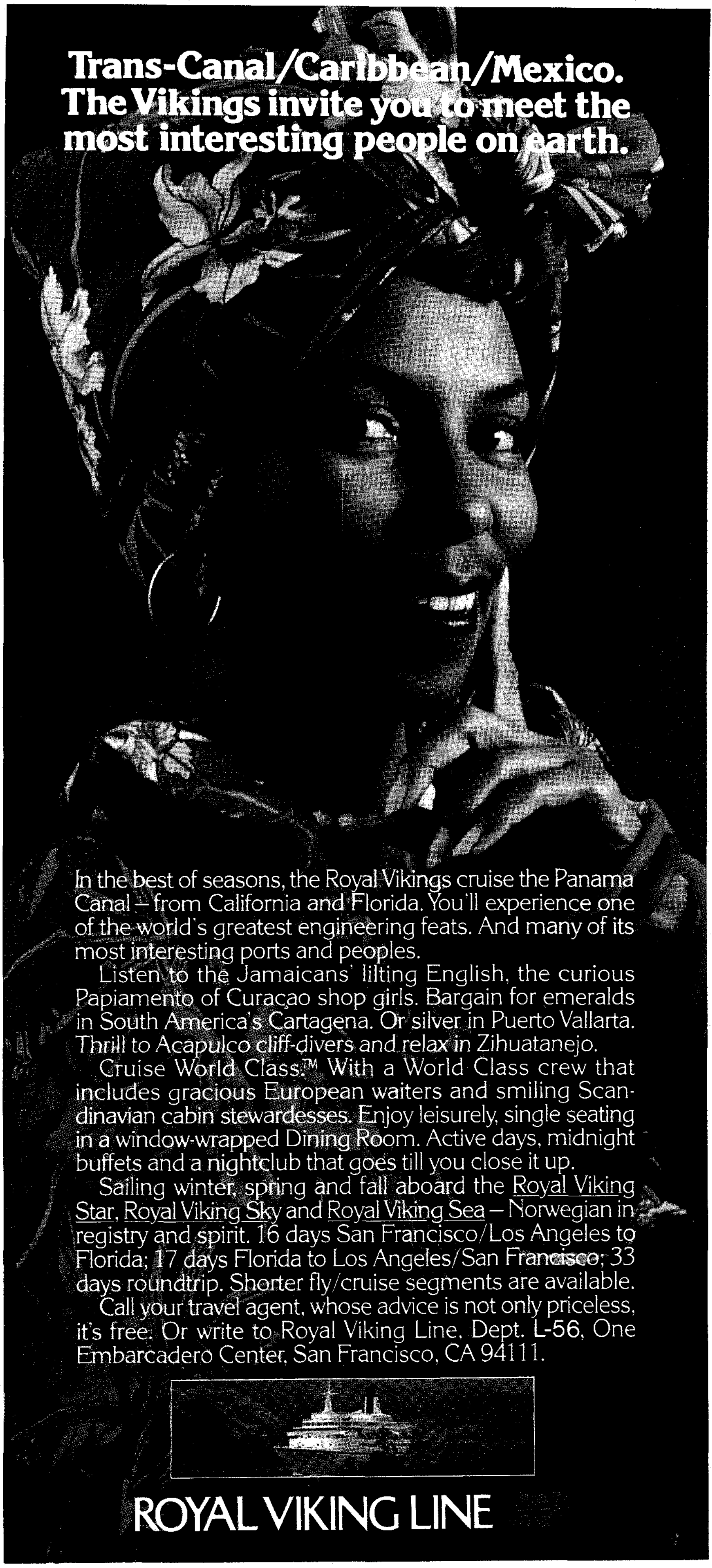

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he was relieved of further range duty. A more thorough eye examination by Army doctors followed, and before long he was relieved of all military duty. One Saturday night in the early fall of 1917, he returned unannounced to Lawrence and walked into the kitchen of the new Resnick house, on Juniper Street. Jennie squealed with joy and impulsively hugged and kissed him, in front of the entire family. He was an honorably discharged veteran.

THE only reliable news that Sam had of the family left behind in Russia was from his sister Clara, who had settled in Brooklyn in 1913. No letters had got through since the onset of the war, in 1914. The family's situation up to the time of Clara's departure had been fluid. Frustration with the czar's erratic autocracy had infected most classes and cultures, including the *shtetl* Jews, although Yudel and Dinah Bernstein had maintained their old ways and kept out of politics. If anything, sociopolitical events made Yudel and Dinah all the more determined to preserve their traditional life. Of their four surviving children, the two older ones had deserted them for America. Then, even worse, their young son, Shlomo, became attracted to the godless Socialist revolutionaries. Only their younger daughter, Sura-Rivka, was more or less stable and faithful. In 1920, Sam eventually learned, she met and married a good Jewish man named Srulik Zvainboim from the then Polish town of Mezhiritsh, about twenty miles from Beresdiv. The young couple moved across the border to Mezhiritsh and raised a good Jewish family of four sons—Mikhoel, born in 1921; Meir, born in 1924; Bezalel (another namesake of the legendary blacksmith), born in 1928; and Mendel, born in 1933—but their circumstances were harsh. Srulik, the burdened husband and father, had no trade, and provided for his family by doing odd jobs and occasionally receiving financial help from American relatives, especially my father.

Not until some time after the First World War did Sam learn much more about his brother. Shlomo had been too young to fight in the 1917 revolution, although his sympathies were with the Bolsheviks. He had continued to live restlessly with Yudel and Dinah in Beresdiv until 1922, when he illegally crossed the Polish border to visit Sura-Rivka in Mezhiritsh. He was depressed by what he saw there,

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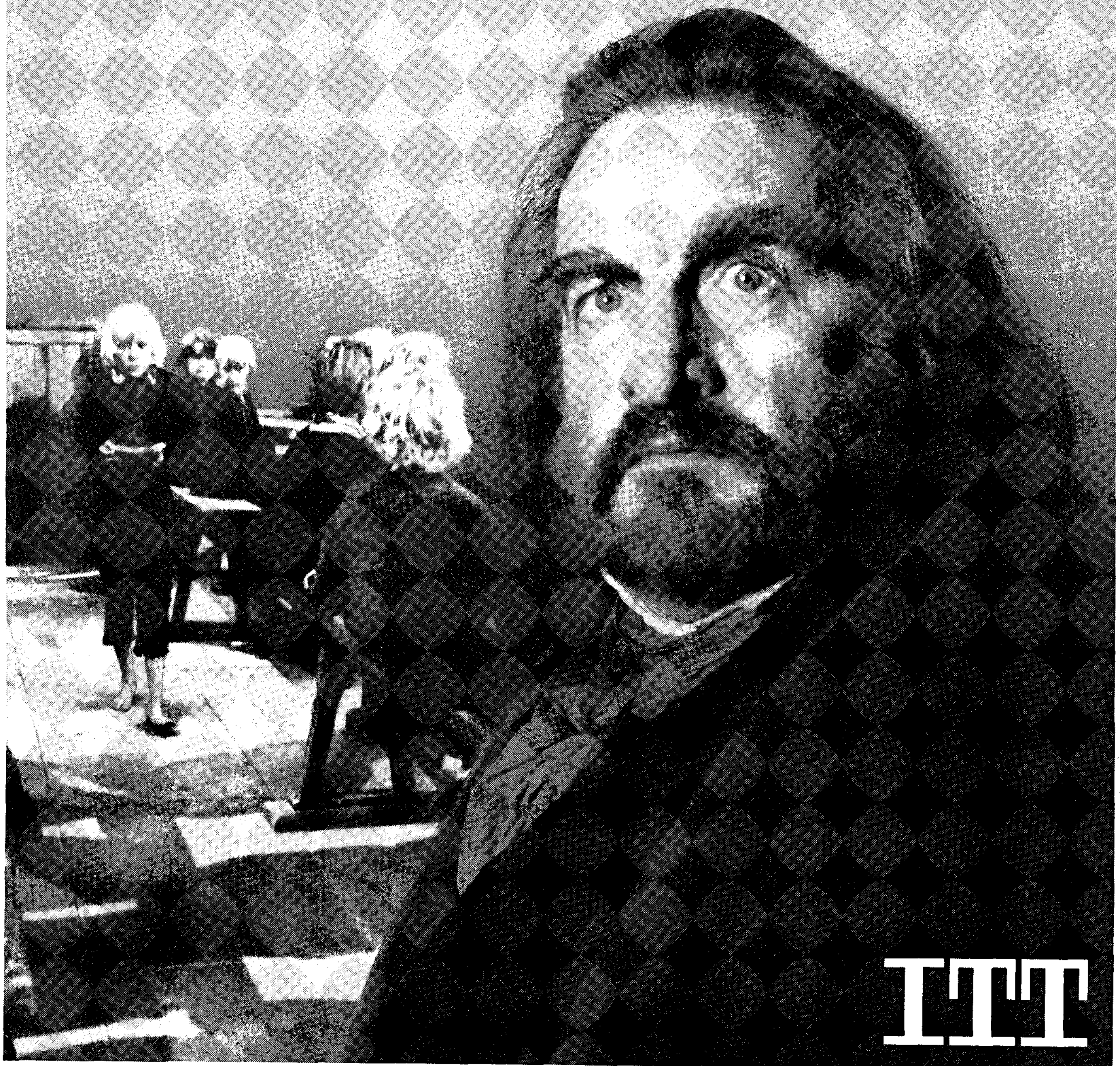

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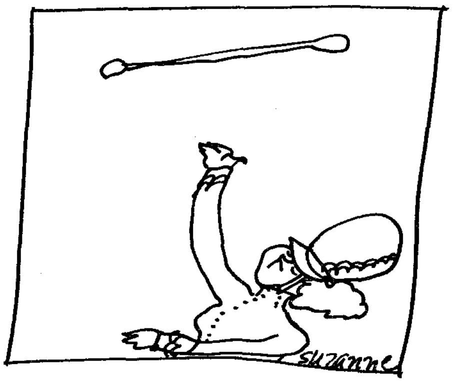
however, and returned to Russia determined to improve himself by studying for a profession. Changing his first name to the more Russian-sounding Semyon, he attended a workers' institute, toiled as a coal miner in the Donets Basin, and finally graduated from a mining school in Dnepropetrovsk, in the Ukraine. As an engineer at the coal fields near Moscow, he began a steady climb up the Party ladder—one of the young technocrats. During that climb, he married a Jewish Communist named Fanye, from his home town of Beresdiv, and, with an infant son, Aleksandr, they lived in a tiny Moscow apartment. Shlomo, who in 1908 had tearfully begged his older brother to take him along to America, had chosen another escape route from the ghetto. The two brothers had thrown in their lots with the two major opposing forces of the twentieth century—American capitalism and Russian Communism. In a sense, it was like those Civil War stories of two brothers—one in gray, the other in blue—facing each other on the field at Gettysburg.

THE date set for the Bernstein-Resnick nuptials was Sunday, October 28, 1917, and elaborate plans were made. The ceremony would take place at a small Lawrence synagogue, complete with *chuppa* (marriage canopy) and bearded Orthodox rabbi, and then the wedding party, including dozens of relatives and friends, would move on to the Resnick house, where one of Pearl's finest feasts would be laid out. The new house was an indication of better times for the family. Even though Jennie had quit her job just before the wedding, there were three other mill salaries coming in—from the father, from Betty, and from Joseph. And financially auspicious was Pearl's entry into the real-estate business with the help of a Mr. Kussel; her first transaction had been to sell her house and variety store on Pine Street and, with the profit, buy the larger Juniper Street house. The Resnicks were by no means well off, but they could comfortably treat their first daughter to a grand wedding, with an abundance of good things to eat, professional musicians to play, and plenty of guests to enjoy it all.

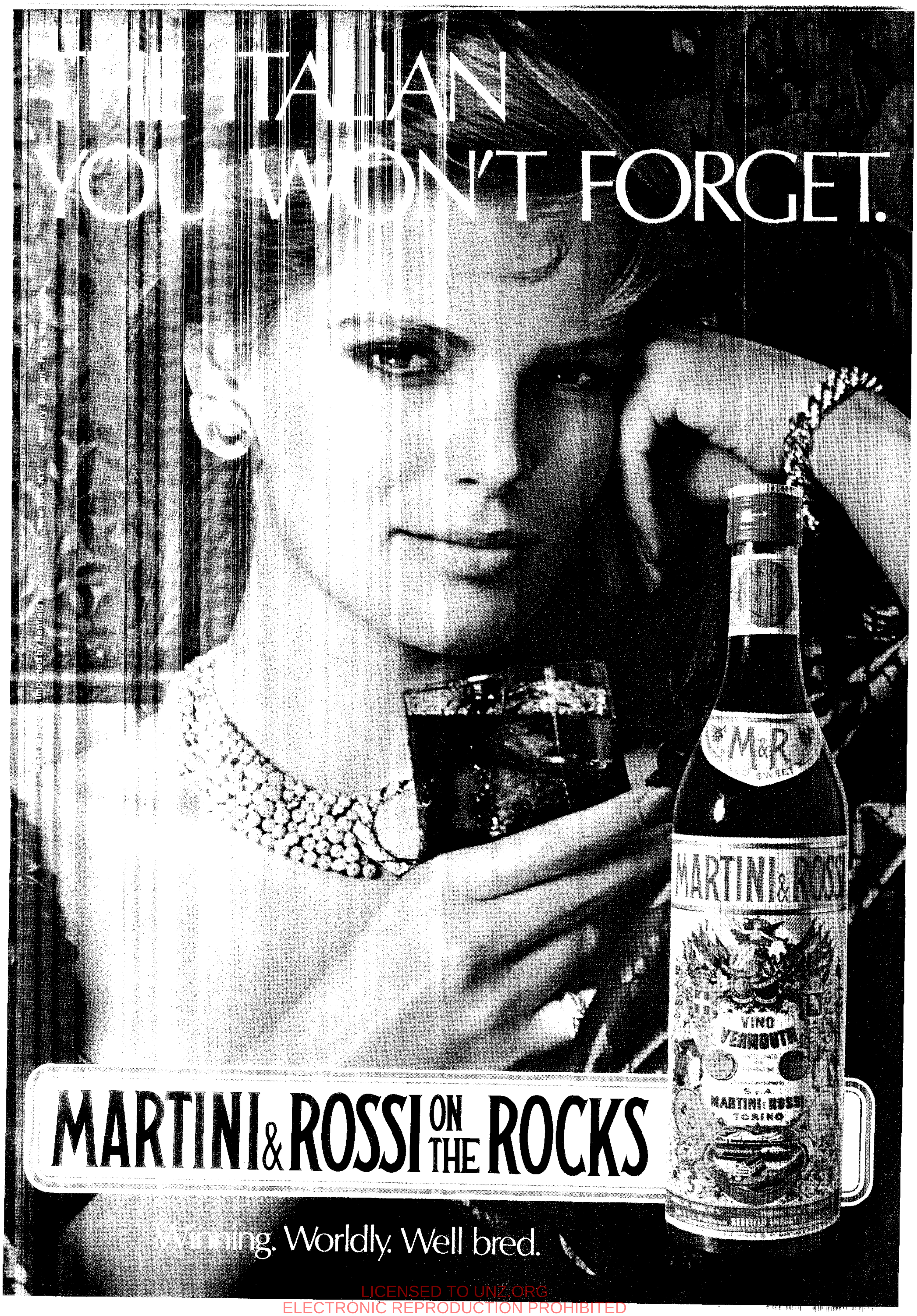
Pearl's preparations began weeks in advance. She bought Jennie's wedding dress, but she sewed dresses of pale-green voile for her other daughters, who would be the bridesmaids. Gallons of wine and a cordial called *parilla* (consisting of fermented dates, prunes, and figs) were manufactured in the cellar, and Pearl baked at her coal-fired oven day and night. Her daughters remembered her passing the long hours at the stove singing—one hand on her sizable hip, the other stirring a pot—everything from sentimental Yiddish ballads to snatches of operatic arias she had picked up. She hired two Polish women and a man to clean and boil scores of chickens in huge copper kettles, and on the day before the wedding, when all the food was finally ready, she declared the living room off limits to everybody, covered the tables with white sheets, and laid out the banquet. Her last words of advice to Jennie, a few minutes before the family left for the *shul*, harked back to Russian-Jewish folklore: "When the rabbi speaks, step on Sam's foot, and you will always be the boss." Her daughter did as she was told. Decades later, Jennie said ruefully, "How wrong could my mother be!"

After the ceremony, a milling crowd of invited guests and inquisitive neighborhood people gathered outside the house on Juniper Street. The excitement prompted a reporter-photographer from the Lawrence *Eagle-Tribune* to crash the party by climbing in through a bedroom window. Unfortunately, he was sent away by Jennie's brothers, so there is no graphic record of the event. But according to the testimony of everybody who was there it was a roaring celebration. The bride and groom, appropriately nervous at the start, relaxed during endless toasts to their health and happiness. Especially Sam. He liked to knock back his schnapps in the Russian-peasant manner—a small neat glassful down the hatch, no chaser—and soon he was attempting the *kazatsky* and the transported choreography of the Chassidim. (He may have had two left feet when it came to conventional dancing, as Jennie has said, but, given a little schnapps and some encouragement from one of those reedy bands at a wedding or a bar mitzvah, he was off—usually, as I recall, to the accompaniment of my mother's whispered "Sam, remember your ulcer.")



Late that night, the bloated, exhausted guests departed—except for some out-of-town relatives who were staying on at the Resnick house. Strangely, no arrangements for the consummation of the marriage had been planned for that night. The signal event would presumably be effected when the newlyweds honeymooned at a Boston hotel the following day. Jennie—a girlish nineteen, untutored, frightened—was just as happy to be assigned to her old bedroom, which she shared that night with her sister Betty and a visiting female cousin. Sam—perhaps less naïve and certainly more amorous—was given a bed in the room of Jennie's brothers, Joseph and Louis. Brother Joe, an independent fifteen-year-old and something of a practical joker, slyly informed his anxious new brother-in-law that Jennie would slip into the bedroom in the middle of the night and the two would be left alone. At the appointed hour, a dark figure stole into Sam's bed. The dark figure was Joe, not Jennie. Sam never quite forgave Joe for that prank.

The real honeymoon night was not much better, and surely less jocular. Sam had booked a room in the Essex Hotel, near South Station, in downtown Boston. For him, it was the height of available luxury and romance. However, the noise of the steam locomotives kept them both on edge. The next day, they moved into a rented room in Mattapan (he had judiciously given up his quarters in the Eisenberg ménage), and the marriage was at last consummated. The day after that, Sam returned to his job of mixing and weaving human hair at Frankel & Smith. Jennie began her tasks of cooking and caring for Sam, cleaning their flat, and learning the role of a proper housewife in Mattapan, then a predominantly Jewish working-class section of Boston. By the end of November, she was pregnant, and had a lot to discuss with the other housewives in the neighborhood. Meanwhile, Sam's new stability and his rededication to duty had so impressed his employers that they appointed him assistant manager, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. He may still have had the hayseed of Beresdiv in his hair, but there was no denying his worth to the firm. "Sam was working like a slave day and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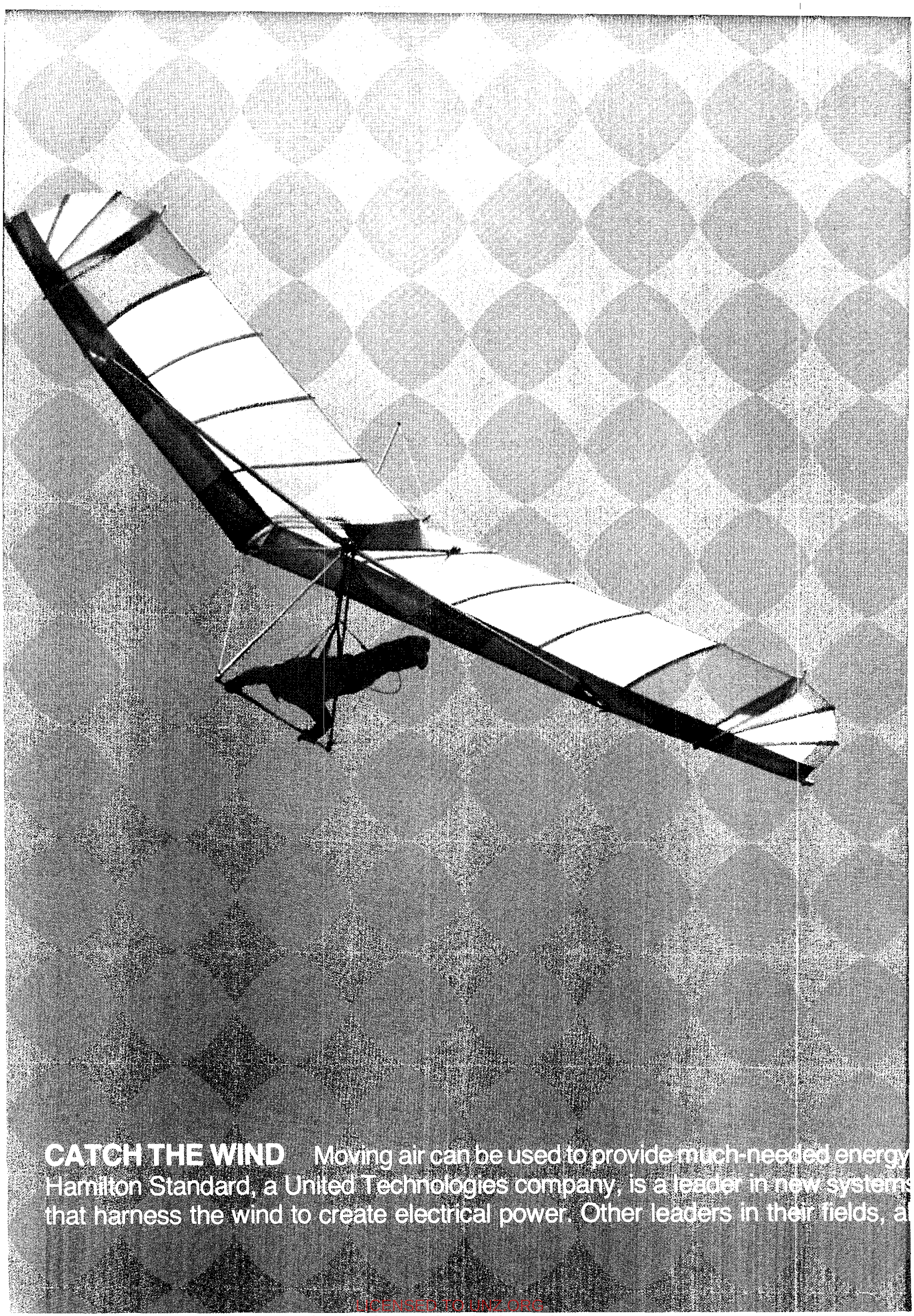

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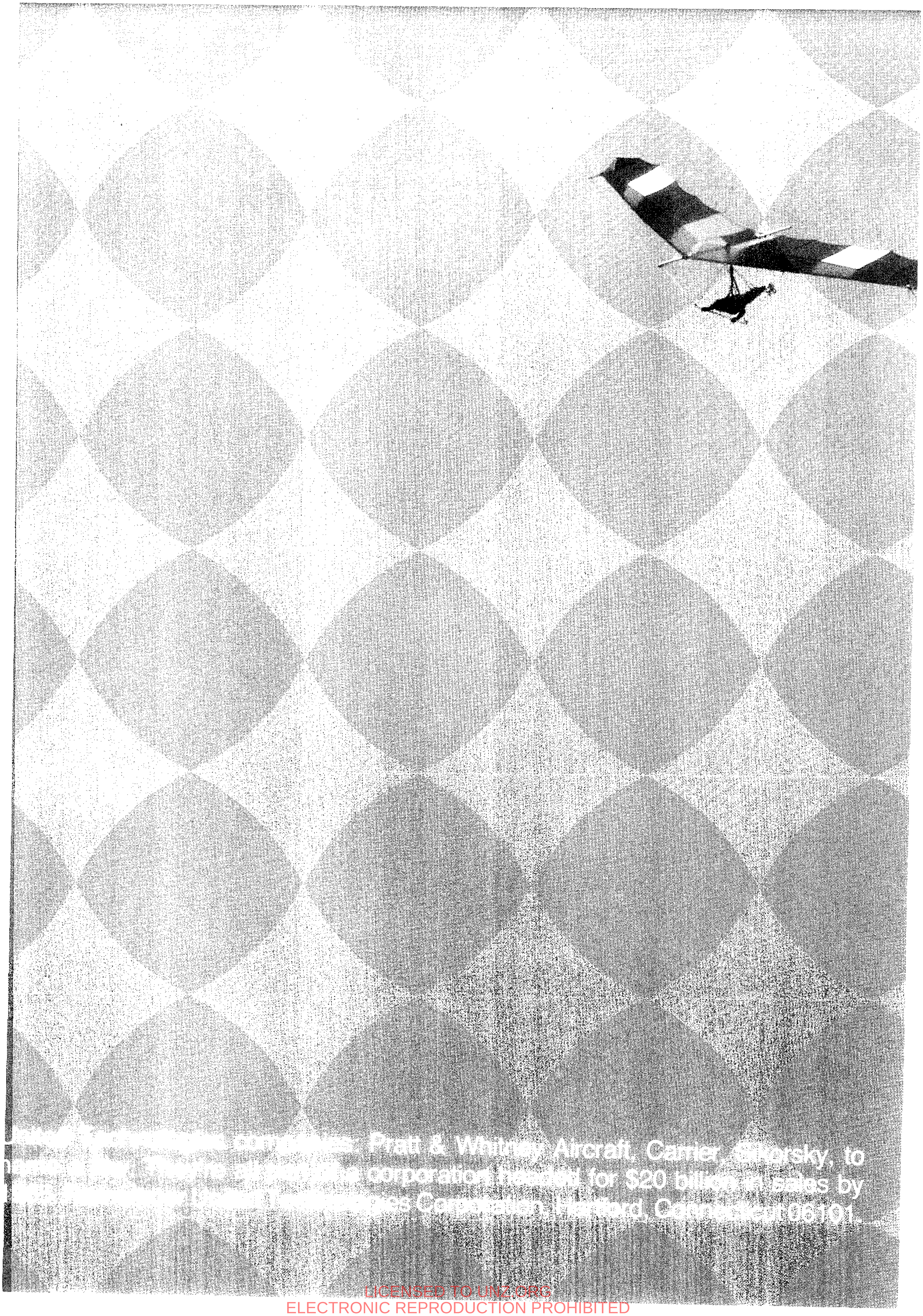

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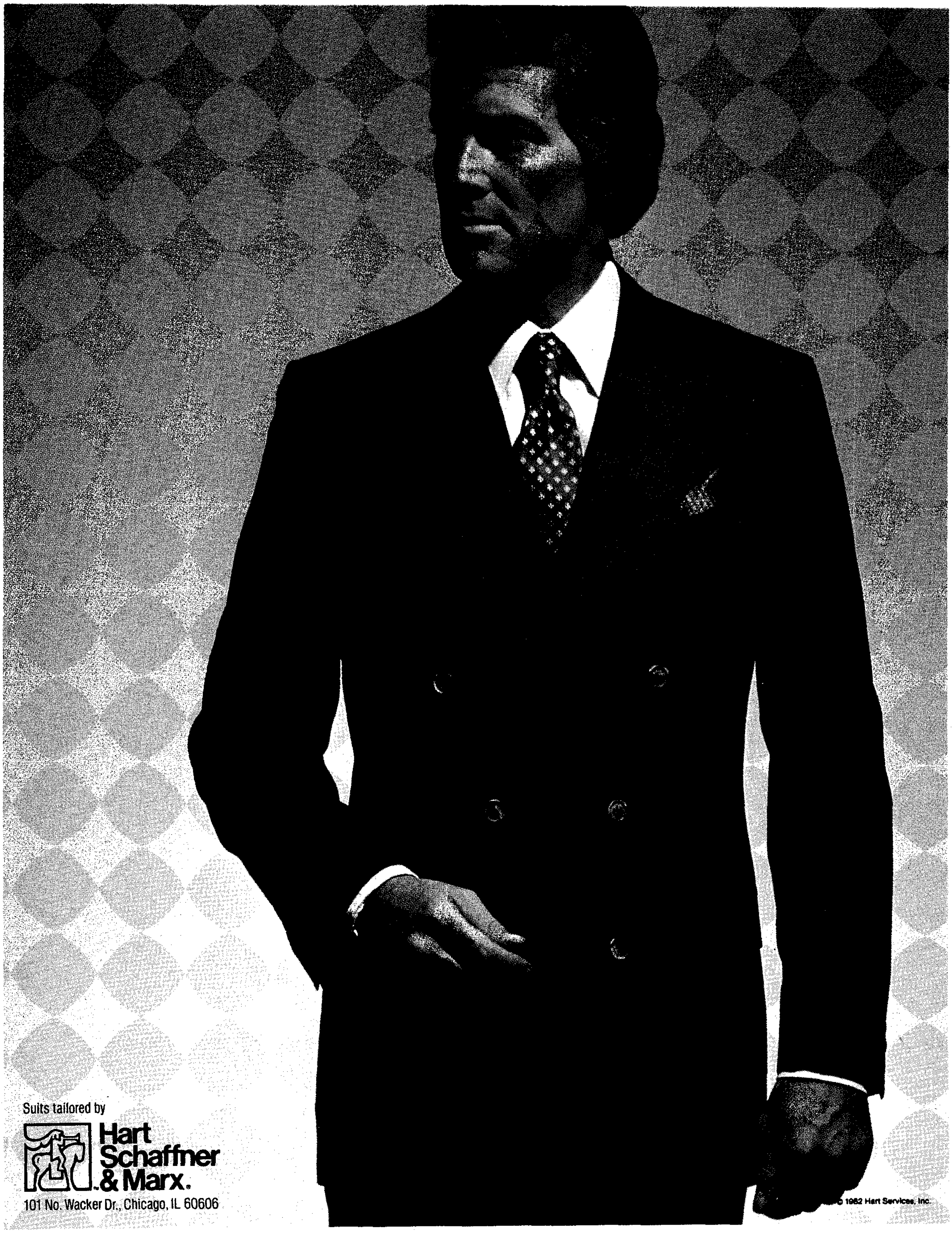

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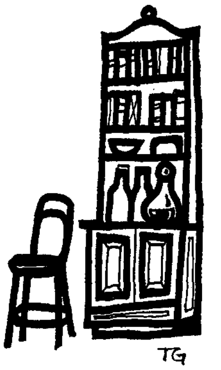
night, and I was getting big with the baby," Jennie has said. "It wasn't the way I'd imagined it from the books I read."

Before long, sharp differences emerged between them—differences in personality and in their goals, mainly. Since romance had not been a large element in their marriage, similar ambitions and mutual respect were essential to hold them together. But ambitions and respect were precisely the trouble from the first. In the broadest sense, it was the old Apollonian-Dionysian conflict. Sam was the driven, diligent Horatio Alger hero, willing to slave and sacrifice in order to better his lot. Also, he was an intellectual, albeit a parochial one, the descendant of noted rabbinical scholars; his avocational pursuits were concerned solely with the mind—Talmudic study, philosophical discussion, the science of business. The uses of the mind—education of any sort—were paramount to him. On paper, at least, Jennie was more "educated" than Sam. She had, after all, gone to night school and studied a variety of academic subjects, while Sam's formal education had never progressed beyond a few years at a *shtetl* yeshiva. Her schooling had been rudely curtailed by work in the mills, however, and her early marriage and impending motherhood had further turned her away from cerebral matters. Her chief interests seemed to be food, the small available pleasures of life in Mattapan, movies and their celluloid celebrities, romantic novels, the local Hearst newspaper, and gossip with her coevals. None of these things—with the occasional exception of food—held the slightest interest for her husband.

Increasingly, he grew contemptuous of what he saw as her dullness, her passive acceptance of the superficial and the second-rate. He contrived to blame the Resnicks for her condition. She was following the "Resnick" way of life—common and earthy. It was her fate, her curse. His earlier respect and affection for Pearl and Samuel Resnick had abruptly vanished. (Throughout their years together, domestic arguments inevitably ended with Sam calling Jennie "you Resnick, you," which was tantamount to saying, "You are dumb and ordinary." By implication, everything "Bernstein" was bright and exceptional. Needless to say, Sam's relations with the Resnick family deteriorated after his wedding day.) Jennie was incapable of being contemptuous, but she made light of Sam's consuming ambition, his penny-pinching, his Talmudic studies, his visits to "those rabbis." She was not quite out of her teens, and she felt stunted. She wanted to live, to dance, to experience things, but she was trapped in confining wifehood with a man who no longer made her laugh.

It was soon clear to both of them that their marriage had been a mistake, a mismating. In that time and circumstance, divorce was out of the question—a notion entertained only in mad dreams. You stuck it out, especially with a baby on the way, no matter what, for better for worse. Typically, Sam was hard at work in Boston when the baby was due. Jennie had gone alone to Lawrence late in August of 1918, to be with her family and to lie in at the Lawrence General Hospital. At three o'clock on Sunday morning, August 25th, she went into labor. Dr. Meyer Schwartz, the Resnick family physician and a neighborhood character, was notified, and he appeared sporting his trademarks—a crushed porkpie hat on his head and a well-chewed stogie in his mouth. He took Jennie and her parents to the hospital, where, shortly, a scrawny son was born. At Pearl's insistence, he was named Louis—like Jennie's brother, after Eliezer Zorfas, the father of Pearl. With a twelve-year-old uncle and his infant nephew both named Louis in the same household, confusion abounded, so the infant was called Leonard, which had been Jennie and Sam's preference all along. (Until the age of sixteen, he was known by his legal name of Louis to his teachers in school, while everybody else called him Leonard. At sixteen, he legally changed his name to Leonard at the Lawrence City Hall.)



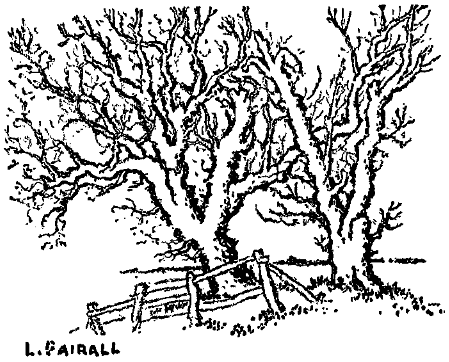
After Lenny's birth, the marriage improved somewhat. Samuel Joseph Bernstein had a son and heir, a creature in his own image, who would be possessed of a godly spirit, like all Bernstein males before him. He would be rigorously educated, would be given every possible advantage, and would follow the path to success that his father was hacking through the scrubland of American commerce. Sam redoubled his ambition and his efforts. Every extra hour of work was performed with his son's future in mind. And Jennie, still in Lawrence, had a new reason for living. Her son was the sole object of her love. Motherhood was her true calling. It occupied her every moment, especially since the boy was sickly from the start—colicky, asthmatic, and occasionally convulsionary. ("A weak chest, like his father," Jennie often said of him.) The Resnicks adored their first grandchild, and Jennie was proud. She has remembered Pearl calming the wheezing, colicky baby in a big maple rocking chair for hours at a time while the rest of the family tiptoed about and helped with the diapers. Sam came to Lawrence whenever he could get away from the office. When the baby was deemed strong enough to travel, Sam took his wife and son back to Mattapan.

Sam's hard work and faith in the future paid off. Before the son was a year old, the father was appointed manager of Frankel & Smith, and the family moved to a bigger, more comfortable apartment, in Allston, near Cambridge. Pennies were still pinched, but they were saved for a new reason: Sam was determined to put aside enough money so that he would be able to open his own business one day. He would continue to tolerate indignities from his bosses (even as a manager) in order to earn and learn enough to be their competition. His stinting on the family budget and his late hours at the office aroused new resentment in Jennie, however, and in 1920 a bitter argument brought about the unthinkable: Jennie left Sam's bed and, with her son, went home to Lawrence and mother. Sam immediately followed, demanding that she return to Allston with him, but she refused. For two weeks, Sam stewed alone in the Allston apartment, each day thickening his conviction that "those Resnicks" were a cabal conspiring against him. Actually, it was Pearl who convinced Jennie that she should go back to Sam. To sweeten the reconciliation, Pearl bought them a set of fine linen.

Within a year, the young family had moved again—to Revere, a seaside area just north of Chelsea—and another argument led to a second separation; this time it was Sam who left the house. Lenny's first clear memories occurred during the Revere period. Their apartment, just above a tailor shop, was in a large house owned by the Zion family. Two Zion sisters, Ruthie and Nettie (whom Lenny, just three, called "Uttie-Nettie," as if they were one person), were extremely solicitous of Jennie and her son, helping them through a difficult time when the father had apparently moved out. One afternoon, though, their solicitousness flagged, and Lenny was left alone. He decided to experiment with the bathroom-basin taps. He climbed up onto the sink, carefully plugged in the stopper, and turned on both faucets. Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, he discovered that he couldn't turn them off. The basin overflowed, and the water seeped down into the tailor shop, drenching several suits. "There was hell to pay," Lenny has recalled. "It was a very traumatic experience—the panic of not being able to shut that water off. Of course, it never occurred to me to pull out the plug. I was just too young." But perhaps the hell that was paid, along with the damage bill to the tailor downstairs, brought Sam back to the fold. In any case, father and mother were reconciled, and soon the family moved again, to Courtland Road, in Mattapan.

A lot happened while they lived in the two-family frame house, on that unpaved Mattapan street. For one thing, Jennie became pregnant again. On October 3, 1923, she gave birth to a daughter—who was named Shirley Anne, after, in a way, Anne Shirley, the heroine of the popular novel "Anne of Green Gables," which later became a film starring Jennie's favorite movie star, Anne Shirley. The birth coincided with another momentous event for the family: Sam gave his notice to Frankel & Smith and opened his own place of business, at 111 Summer Street, in downtown Boston. Enough pennies had been pinched, enough knowledge of the hair-goods-and-beauty-supplies trade had been gleaned, and the critical moment had come at last. "It was rough going from the start, a struggle," Jennie has recalled. "He had this little place on Summer Street, with just a few people working for him. There were more downs than ups, but then some of the customers of Frankel & Smith who liked him came over, and things looked a little better. His old bosses were mad when he left, but when they saw he was getting some of their customers they wanted him back in the worst way—at triple his salary, anything, if he would only come back. But no, not Sam. He loved to be on his own—independent and stubborn. That was the story of Sam—independent and stubborn. I had my hands full with Lenny, who was starting school and was still sickly, and with Shirley, just an infant. But Sam had *three* children. His own business was like another child."

One of those few people employed by what had been named the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company was Abraham Malamud, who as an eight-year-old boy in Korets had watched his first cousin Sam disappear down a road one day on his way to Rovno and America. They had corresponded over the years, and Sam had convinced Abe that his future lay in the New World. But when Abe was ready to leave Korets, in 1921, both the American immigration rules and the Russian emigration laws were tighter. Abe was nevertheless resolved. Leaving six brothers and sisters behind, he dodged the Soviet authorities and made tracks for Warsaw and Danzig. In Danzig, he was told that the best route to America was via Cuba, where, after a year's residency, one could apply more expediently for immigration papers to the United States. During his year in Cuba, Abe supported himself by filling a wooden box with notions and sundries and peddling the wares on the streets of Havana with the cry "Look in the box!" in both Spanish and English. (Those four words were just about all the Spanish and English he knew, or had to know, for several months.) With the income gained from his humble hawking, he travelled first to Florida, then to New York City, and, finally, to his Uncle Harry Levy's house, in Hartford. There Abe and Sam—who had come to Harry's house with his wife and son—met for the first time since 1908. Sam, who was then still the manager of Frankel & Smith, offered Abe a job as a hair mixer. With good humor and perseverance verging on saintliness, Abe performed that task under Sam's commercial roof for more than fifty years. (My father used to say, as if he were revealing a Biblical miracle, that Abe—a devout, diminutive, gentle man with a mustache that barely concealed a slight harelip—opened and closed the office unfailingly every single business day. Then Sam would correct himself: "No, once he had a hernia operation and he missed three days in a row.") For reasons that elude everybody concerned, Sam persuaded Abe to change his last name to Miller, shortly after he took his cousin into his new business. Perhaps he thought that a name meaning "teacher" was not proper for the mercantile world.



"Besides Sam, there were three of us on Summer Street," Abe Miller has recalled. "A secretary for the books and invoices, a hair-goods salesman, and me. For a long time, no money came in, so we all had to operate on a shoestring. I lived in a little room in the South End. I wasn't married to Annie yet, so I could just get by. Sam worked so hard. We all did. We believed he could make it. Then business picked up a little when the beauty salons became popular and the women were changing their hairstyles. Pretty soon we were doing more business in beauty-parlor supplies than in wigs and switches." Indeed, wigs and switches were doing poorly when Sam opened his office doors. He later wrote to an associate, "In 1923, the hair market collapsed and I was out. I discussed the situation with Mr. Tower"—Russell B. Tower, Sam's "Yankee" idol and the president of the long-established Edward E. Tower Company—"and he suggested that I go into the beauty-parlor-supply field, and offered to help me with the necessary stock." Sam never forgot that act of generosity by a competitor. He revered the sterling old New Englander, and whenever an example of gentility and integrity was called for in our family conversation, we all knew that it would be Russell B. Tower.

Much of Sam's Horatio Alger climb up life's ladder was a result of good timing and good luck. The beauty-supplies business had come alive during the First World War years, when the popular dancer Irene Castle (who with her husband, Vernon, created the one-step, the turkey trot, and the Castle Walk) bobbed her hair. Her fame was such that it instantly became the rage for American women to bob theirs. Many men's barbershops were hurriedly converted into "beauty salons," which were outfitted by "hair companies" like Frankel & Smith. (Harry Levy's barbershop in Hartford was one of those converted, and was renamed the Claire Beauty Shoppe.) The rage continued into the nineteen-twenties, and was prolonged by the radical flapper hairdos and the appearance of something called "the permanent wave," imported from England by a German exile named Speckermann. Speckermann had invented the Frederics Permanent Wave Machine—a monstrous device that hung from the salon ceiling and sprouted tentacles of wires leading to heating elements, which, when applied to the victim's hair with chemically treated pads, effected a more or less enduring curl. This process was sheer torture for the women; in some cases, it was downright perilous. However, in the mid-twenties a new Frederics machine was designed—lighter, more tolerable, and mounted on a movable pedestal, so that the salon customer had less of a feeling that she was the subject of a mad scientist's experiment—and this development meant that a beauty shop could permanently wave several clients' hair at once with comparative ease.

At first sight, Sam recognized the advantages of the improved device, and he succeeded in outbidding all his Boston competition for the exclusive New England franchise. The orders for the new machines came in a torrent, some from salons hastily established just for the permanent-wave craze. "One day in 1927, I didn't have a nickel to my name," Sam used to say. "The next morning, I went into the office and it looked like every salon operator in New England wanted a Frederics. I couldn't handle all the orders with just a few people working for me, so I had to hire salesmen and secretaries and bookkeepers and shipping clerks and stockboys, all in a couple of days. I suddenly had money in the bank, credit everywhere, a name for myself—just because of Frederics. It was what you call the American dream coming true." Indeed it was. Before long, he had rented two floors of an office building at 480 Washington Street, and since hair goods also started to boom, he soon commanded a staff of fifty employees—including two of Jennie's sisters, Bertha and Dorothy, who worked as hair weavers.

Sam's American dream came close to becoming a spectacular American fantasy a few years later, when a young salesman named Charles Revson paid a call at his office. Revson represented a New Jersey cosmetics company that specialized in nail polish, but he intended to go into business

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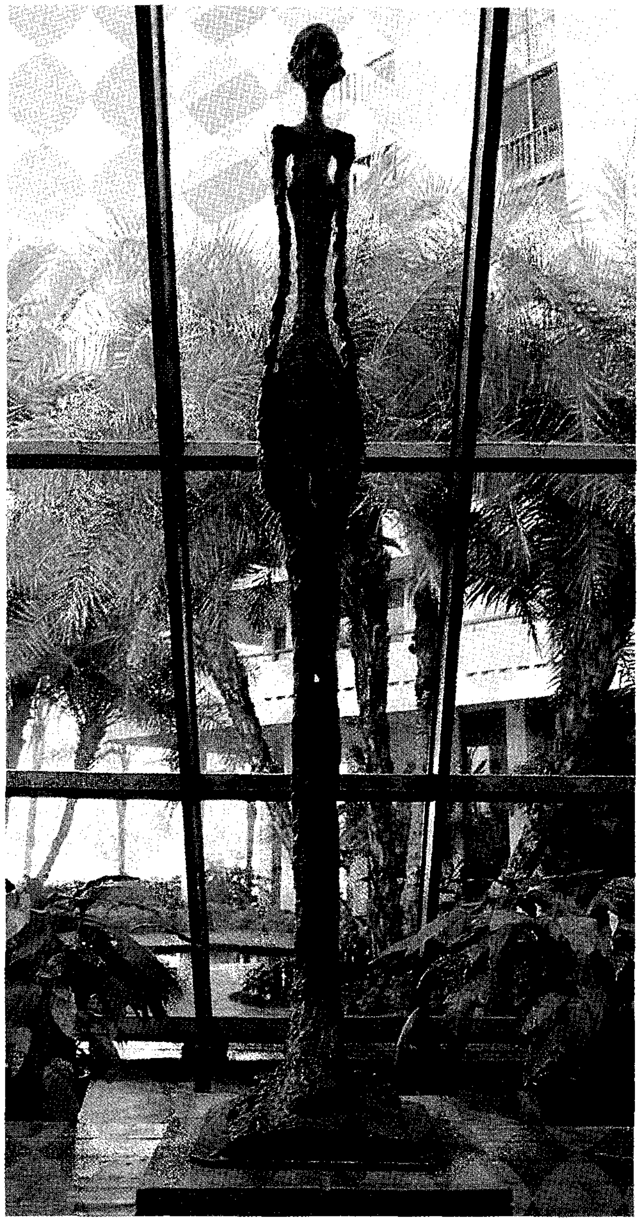
for himself, bringing out durable "cream enamel" for the nails in different opaque colors. (Up to then, nail polish had been transparent and rather unstable.) He needed five hundred dollars to buy more chemicals for cooking up his concoctions, on a kitchen stove. If Sam would make a five-hundred-dollar investment, Revson would sign over a third of his inchoate business. What did a smart fellow, a comer like Sam Bernstein, have to say about that? Well, Sam Bernstein's face grew as red as the contents of one of Revson's bottles. When he was capable of speech, he shouted at Revson (whose name could be loosely translated as "rabbi's son"), "You're making American women into whores! You're painting their nails so they'll look like two-dollar whores! Get out of my office!" And so Revson left, angry and unchastened. Soon thereafter, he and a more sagacious, if less moralistic, backer named Charles Lachman founded Revlon. We Bernsteins have often amused ourselves by speculating on what our fate might have been if Sam had come to own a third of the Revlon Corporation. (One way or another, Revlon continued to haunt the Bernsteins. Sam's business suffered a bit in the thirties and forties because he wasn't able to acquire the profitable Revlon line of beauty supplies. Sam's moralizing changed with the times; Charles Revson's memory remained keen. Finally, though, in the nineteen-fifties, Revson let bygones be bygones and gave Sam the Revlon line; actually, it was good business, since Sam's company had become the biggest in New England. Then, in 1959, my sister, Shirley, who had been the producer of a television quiz show, "The $64,000 Challenge," was called to testify before a House committee on quiz-show rigging. Labelled "GIRL TV FIXER" in a *News* headline and "MAESTRO'S KIN" in a *Journal-American* banner, she disclosed in an affidavit how she was forced by the show's sponsor to try to control particular contestants' abilities to answer questions correctly, depending on whether or not the sponsor liked the contestants. The sponsor of "The $64,000 Challenge" was Revlon.)

For Sam and Jennie, prosperity in the late nineteen-twenties brought with it Americanization, assimilation, upward mobility, material pleasures, grand plans. First on the agenda was moving to bigger quarters. The two children needed their own rooms; Jennie needed a better kitchen; Sam



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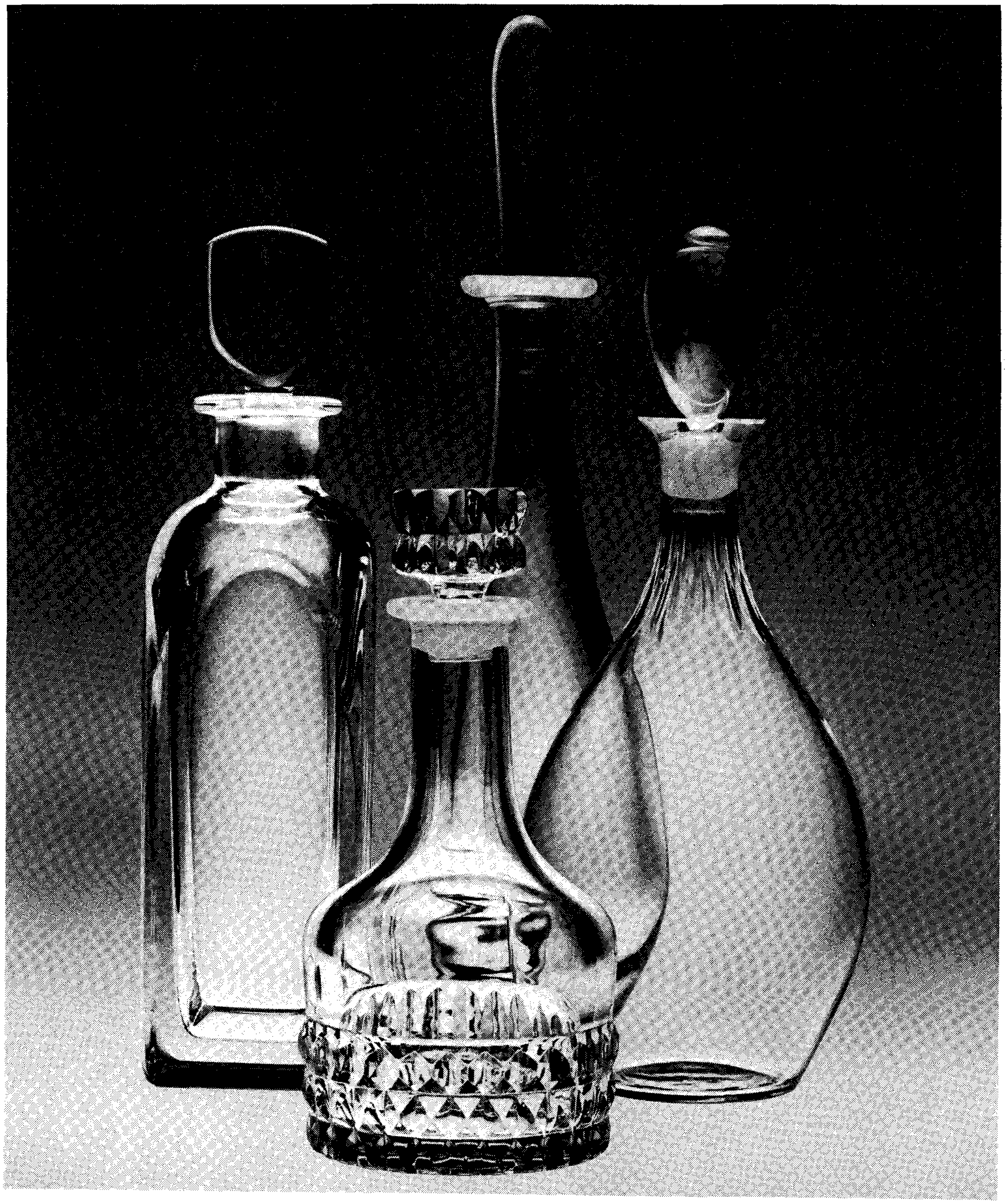

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needed a quiet place for his Talmud reading and periodic brooding. The route for upwardly mobile Boston Jewish families then was from the ghetto of Chelsea or Mattapan or Dorchester to the cleaner, tree-lined streets of Roxbury and then—if the money kept coming in—to the finest prize of all, a house of one's own in Newton or Brookline. (Back Bay, Beacon Hill, and the more stately suburbs of Wellesley Hills, Needham, Winchester, and Dedham were still the exclusive territories of established Gentiles.) Even with a swelling bank account, Sam hesitated to make the giant leap to Newton or Brookline. He was no longer pinching pennies, exactly, but he didn't quite trust the economy, either. He may have been the only Republican voter in America then who didn't own a single share of stock except in the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company.

So for a six-year period, starting in 1925, he moved his family to increasingly commodious apartments in Roxbury: Abbotsford Street, Crawford Street, Brookledge Street, Schuyler Street, and, finally, Pleasanton Street. The frequent transplantations nearly drove Jennie crazy—especially the one to Crawford Street. Jennie had supervised the move to the apartment and had most of the furniture in place by the time Sam arrived at his new home from the office. He was scarcely inside the door when, to his horror, he saw a cockroach crawling up the wall. The man who had suffered through the filth of a *shtetl* farm, steerage across the Atlantic, fish-cleaning sheds, immigrants' tenements, Camp Devens, and countless other affronts to his sense of hygiene had at last had enough. He was a man of some means now, and he would not put up with a cockroach in his house. He refused to sleep even one night in that apartment. He ordered the movers to reload the furnishings. The lease was broken, and a cleaner place was found, on Brookledge Street.

Those were intense growing-up years for the children *and* the parents. Just as Lenny and Shirley were discovering themselves as individuals, Jennie and Sam were learning new things about the glories of the good life. Jennie was allowed charge accounts at Boston department stores. Substantial furnishings were acquired—substantial enough to endure for decades in various houses. There were outsize beds of mahogany and maple, overstuffed sofas and chairs in nappy flower patterns, a sepia drawing of the Grand Canal, one of the ever-popular "Egyptian" tapestries, a genuine Oriental rug, and the inevitable red cut-glass bowl full of wax fruit. In the apartment on Schuyler Street, in 1928, Aunt Clara deposited her ancient upright piano, which was to have a profound effect on Lenny. Sam joined one of the older Conservative synagogues in America, Temple Mishkan Tefila, which in 1925 had been reëstablished in a Parthenon-like white granite structure on Roxbury's Seaver Street, facing Franklin Park. His new status seemed to draw him away from the tiny, crude, sexually segregated Orthodox *shuls* of his past. Now he could take his family with pride to a place of worship the equal of any cathedral, with a choir, an organ, a reserved pew, a rabbi named H. H. Rubenovitz, who gave sermons not only in English but in Oxford-accented English, a cantor who could have been an opera singer, and a first-rate Hebrew school to further his children's sense of their heritage. His children's secular education took place at the William Lloyd Garrison School, an archetypal Boston institution where development of the mind and of manners was not to be trifled with. One learned and behaved at the Garrison School or else. Sam, as a man of consequence in the beauty trade, attended business conventions and shows in New York and Chicago, rubbing elbows with the captains of that particular industry. And as a symbol of his true arrival he bought outright an automobile—a Ford touring car.

Like thousands of other American husbands and fathers, Sam acquired a new freedom—mobility—with his Ford. At first, he tentatively used the car on Sunday afternoons for excursions to "the country"—a term meaning anywhere just beyond the Boston city limits. When he was a little more confident behind the steering wheel, he attempted weekend trips to Hartford, to visit Uncle Harry and Aunt Polly. The drive from Boston to Hartford in those days was a wearying one, lasting at least four hours when Sam was driving. The easiest part was down the Worcester Turnpike, or Route 9—what Sam always called "the No. 9 Road." (He thus prefixed every major highway, giving each road a kind of hierarchical importance.) From dingy Worcester on, through the towns along "the No. 20 Road" and other such lesser routes, it was slow and tedious travelling.

Once the family reached Hartford, however, with its warm and outgoing relatives, everything was pure joy. The Levy house, on Greenfield Street, and the Kleiman house, on Eastford Street (where Aunt Polly's family lived), were regularly filled with people, food, music, and laughter. There were Jake and Josie and Nathalie and Nathan and Maurice Kleiman, and two Beckys ("Becky from the country" and "Becky from Meriden"), and a dozen other distant cousins and close friends. For Lenny, especially, Hartford was the Nirvana of his youth. One reason was the immediate release from the tension in his own household and its replacement by fun and ease. "The Hartford folks seemed like the healthiest, least neurotic people," Lenny has said. "Uncle Harry and Aunt Polly were saints, and the others were wonderful characters. In a diary I kept when I was a kid, I made an entry about a Kleiman girl I met there, and it said at the end, 'There's no girl like Nathalie.' Josie, Nathalie's sister, sang like a bird, a sort of coloratura, and she was a musical influence on me. And, of course, there was Uncle Harry's old wind-up Victor phonograph, with records of Rosa Ponselle singing arias and Frank Munn singing 'I Want to Go Back to Michigan' and Frank Crumit singing 'I Wish That I'd Been Born in Borneo.' Hartford was an aesthetic experience. The evenings usually ended with a riotous game of penny ante at a big round dining-room table, with Aunt Polly's high-pitched shriek of laughter rising above everyone else's. I loved to lie in bed listening to all that laughter downstairs. Hartford was one of the few places where Jennie and Sam could almost relax."

On the road home to Boston, however, the tension would return—in great measure because of Sam's hair-raising driving habits. He held the steering wheel in a strangulating grip at its lowest point, his palms up and his knuckles white with the sheer effort of holding on. It seemed impossible for him to turn the wheel with that grip, but he managed to, somehow, almost always to the right. If in doubt, Sam would turn right—a habit that tended to carry him in ever more confusing circles when he was lost in, say,

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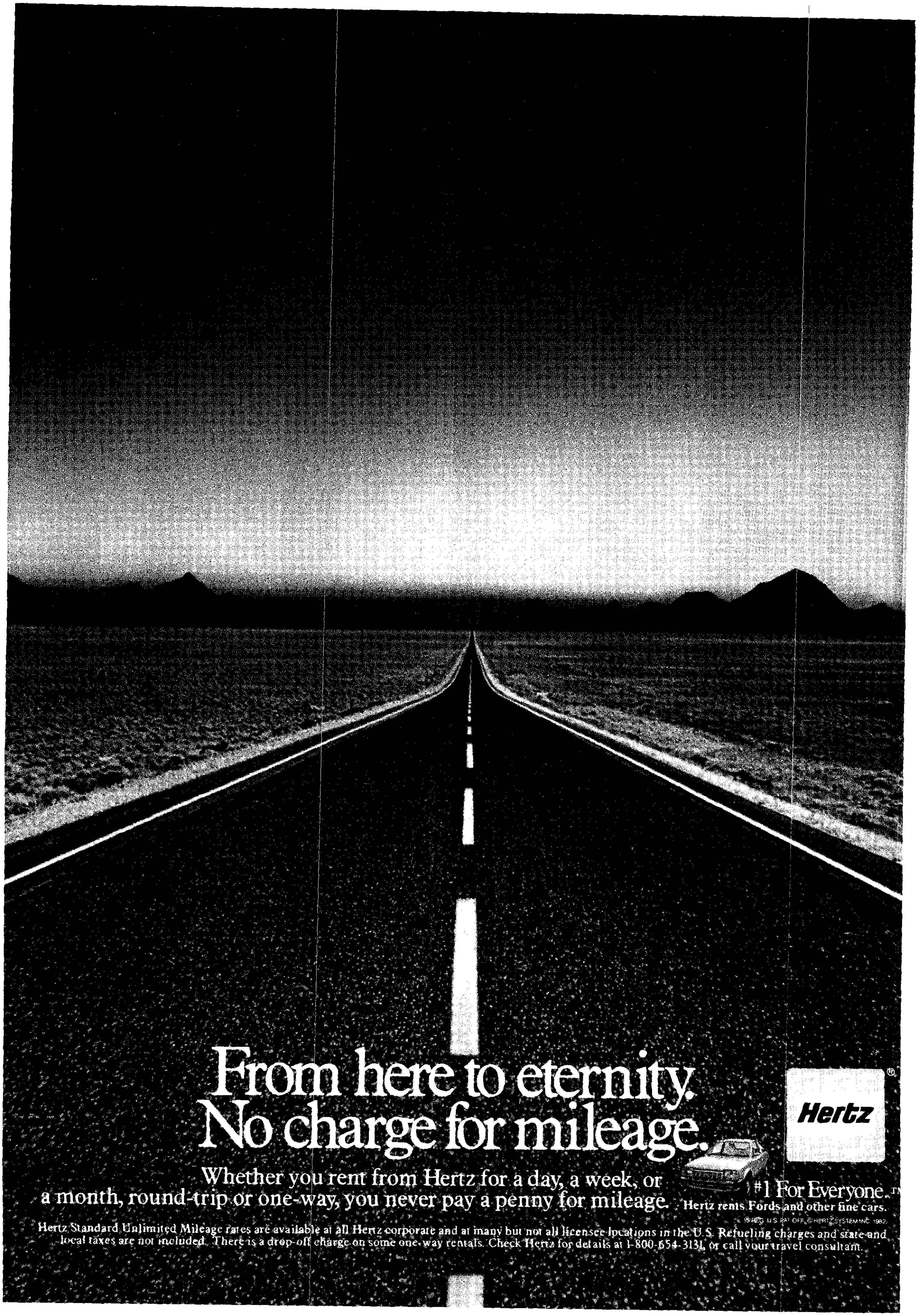

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Sturbridge. He drove with infuriating slowness, probably because of his poor eyesight and lack of oneness with mechanical things. The cacophony of horns behind his car was a constant embarrassment. Miraculously, he had few accidents. One of the few, on a return trip from Hartford, was potentially serious. The car skidded on wet pavement and flipped over on its side. The passengers escaped with nothing worse than cuts and slight shock. Another mishap involved only a tangling of bumpers, but it is nevertheless memorable; in fact, it is Lenny's favorite story of his youth. Sam had plowed into the rear of another Ford, locking bumpers, and both drivers got out of their cars to inspect the damage. The other driver, a towering black man, claimed that his fender had been dented as well, whereupon Sam grew angry and argumentative. As their roadside debate became more heated, Sam muttered a Yiddish curse and said something disparaging about black people operating cars. The black man squared his shoulders, held his fist an inch from Sam's nose, and shouted, "You shut up, you goddam Irishman!"

STRANGELY, the onset of the Great Depression and its attendant suffering brought even more prosperity to Sam and his family. Since he had owned no stock except that in his own company before October of 1929, he had no worthless certificates to burn thereafter. And since he was a scrupulous saver of excess funds, the dollars in his account at a sound bank doubled and tripled in buying power. Most contrary of all was the way the Depression affected the beauty business. One would think that the first frivolous item to be excised from any family's skimpy budget during hard times would be a visit to the beauty salon. However, many women who had, say, twenty dollars to spend would use half of it for food and the other half for a perm. It was Sam's theory that female vanity accounted for this odd fiscal behavior, along with the morale-boosting effect that sessions at the salons had on depressed women. Of course, some hairdressers were pinched by the economic situation, and salon bankruptcies were fairly common, but Sam extended credit, at no interest, to all customers he trusted, and he thus rescued many of them from disaster. Decades later, I would meet by chance some aging Massachusetts salon owner and she

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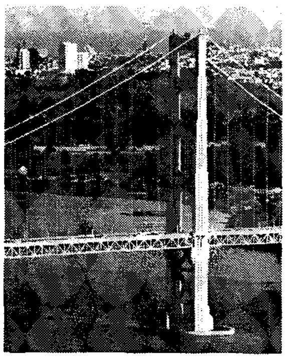

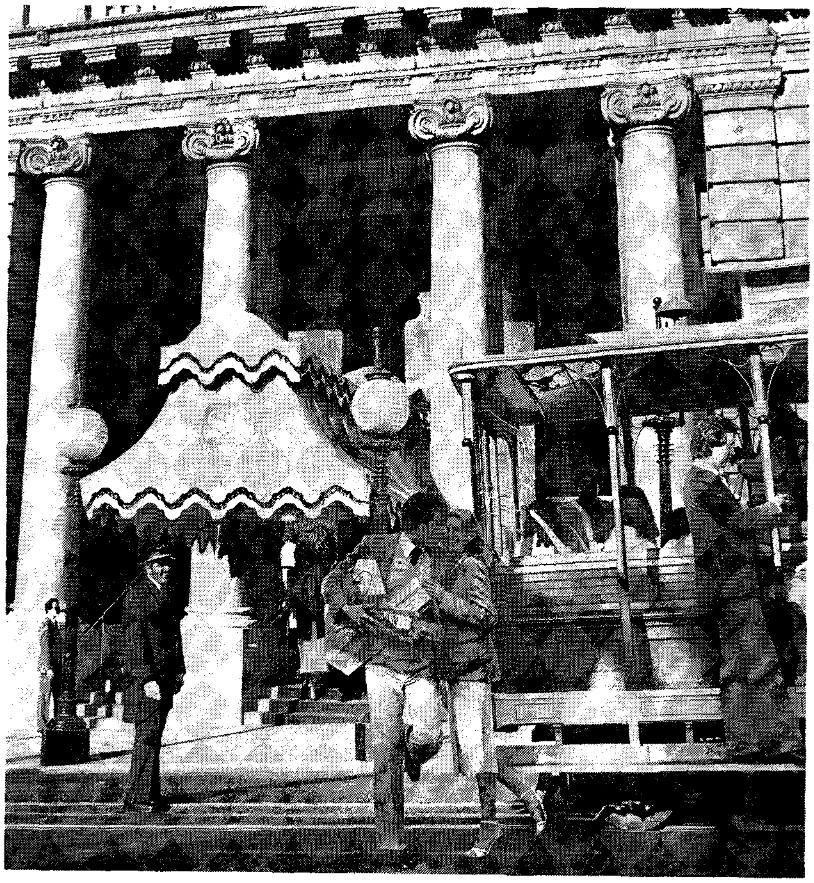

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would say something like "Oh, you're Sam Bernstein's boy. I wouldn't be in business today if it wasn't for your father. He saved my neck during the Depression." These unsolicited encomiums occurred often enough to make my father rather heroic in my eyes. Sam himself was ambivalent about hairdressers, though. (He was ambivalent about everything, for that matter.) While he joshed and flattered them, as any good jobber would, he reserved his respect for a precious few—those he thought were reasonably intelligent. "Hairdressers are ignorant women," he was wont to say—especially after a rough day at the office or at a beauty show. "They carry on like a bunch of two-dollar whores. All they think about is drinking and playing around with my salesmen. They can't hold on to a dime. They don't even read the *newspaper. Stupid women!*" *In a way*, his opinion of these hairdressers formed his more general view of womanhood. Whenever some female (hairdresser or not) had crossed him, he was apt to bellow "Woman!"—after she was out of earshot. Many of the "Woman!"s I heard from Sam were directed at my mother.

The growing Bernstein fortune, flying in the face of a smashed economy, emboldened Sam to strike out for the grand prize—a house of his own. Actually, he went one better and made plans to build *two* houses—a "winter house" on Park Avenue in suburban Newton and a "summer house" on Lake Avenue in the country town of Sharon. In 1931, when the family was living in a comfortable rented house on Pleasanton Street, in Roxbury, and had the services of a full-time maid, Sam came home one night with a Mr. Waters, an architect. Mr. Waters spread out some blueprints on the dining-room table—one roll for a red brick mansion in Newton, another for a red-shingled cottage in Sharon. The family stared at the plans in fascination. Construction, Mr. Waters said, could start whenever Sam wanted, since so many carpenters and masons were out of work and available. The family could be settled in both houses in a year's time. Lenny and Shirley have recalled that they had never seen Sam happier. He would soon be the owner of *two* houses! And just twenty-three years earlier he had been feeding the chickens in Beresdiv. Imagine! Jennie was somewhat less excited by this sudden bounty. It meant that she would have to move for the sixth time

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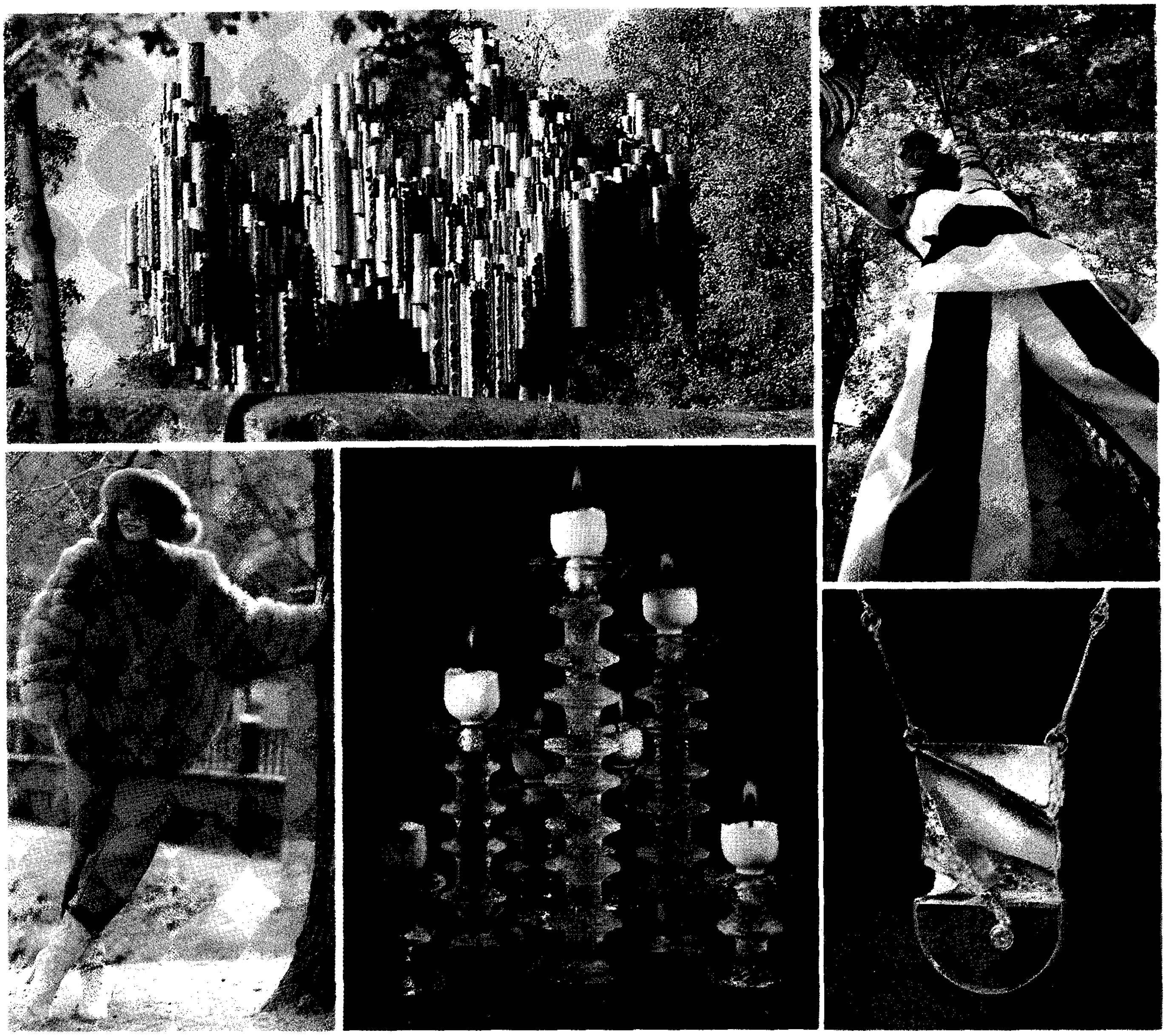

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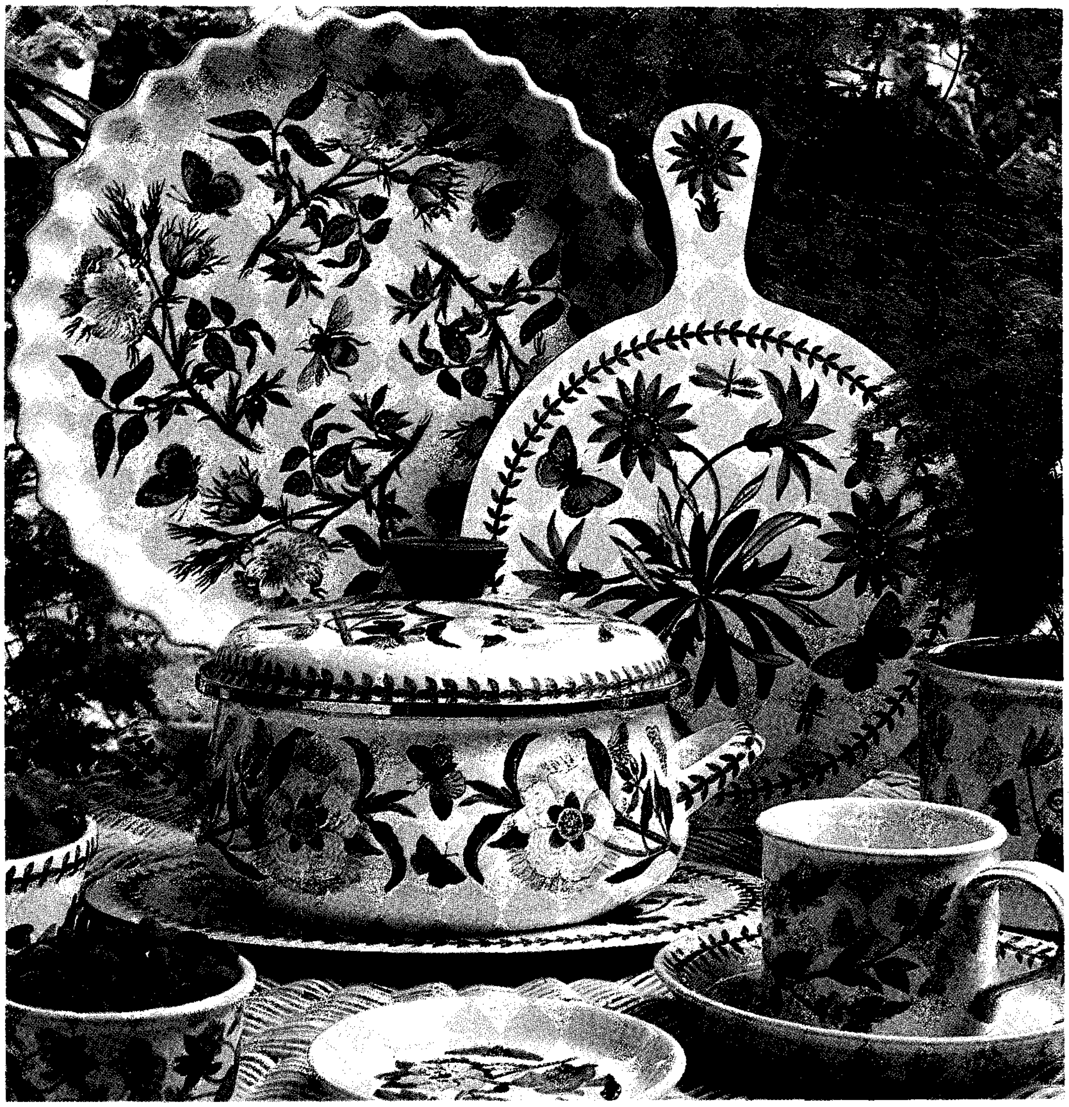

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in five years. Besides, she was thirty-three and pregnant again, the baby due at the beginning of 1932. At least, there would be plenty of room for the new baby.

Contradictory feelings about the prospect of another child nibbled away at the fragile marriage. A couple of years earlier, Jennie had found herself pregnant and, without telling her husband, had arranged with a shady doctor in Dorchester to perform an abortion. That impetuous decision, an act of panic, filled her with guilt and fear over what Sam—still quite Orthodox in his religious beliefs, if Conservative in his temple membership—would do if he ever learned of it. He apparently never did, but the guilt and fear continued throughout her 1931 pregnancy. As far as Sam was concerned, he wanted another child, preferably a son, but he was experiencing grave doubts about his ability to govern a family. Lenny, in particular, showed signs of rebellion, with his consuming love of music (an alien and unproductive vocation if ever there was one) and no apparent interest in the beauty business. Shirley, only eight, was closer to her brother than to her father. They and their mother seemed to be another cabal against him and his principles, like the Resnicks. Perhaps a third child, another son, would be more like his father.

While Sam was generally ecstatic over the building of his two houses, he had, in effect, shot his wad on these enterprises, and worry about the fiscal future occasionally increased the tension in the Pleasanton Street house. One Tuesday morning, during Jennie's last month of pregnancy, they were all having breakfast in the kitchen. Tuesday was Bank Day at the Garrison School (students were taught the virtue of thrift by depositing some change in a classroom "bank"), and Shirley asked her mother for a quarter, as she had done just about every Tuesday of the school year. Jennie referred the request to Sam, who suddenly erupted in fury, shouting that all anybody ever wanted from him was money. He picked up a milk bottle and threatened to smash it. Jennie fled to the room that was to be the nursery, and slammed the door. This further infuriated Sam, and he tried to follow her, but Lenny spread-eagled himself against the door, defying his father and protecting his pregnant mother. Shirley screamed, burst into tears, and then ran to the "cold room." (Every Bernstein residence had

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a "cold room"—an extra room that was never heated in the winter and was used as an occasional bedroom and as a place to hide.) At last, Sam, morosely embarrassed, calmed down and left for the office. But the effect of the Bank Day incident was traumatic—especially for Shirley, who felt that she was the cause of the whole ruckus. "It was the only time I remember him as physically violent," Shirley has said. "Usually, it was just deep silences and brooding."

The day I was born—in the early-morning hours of Sunday, January 31, 1932—Shirley and Lenny were left in the care of the maid, Agnes, as Sam rushed Jennie to the Evangeline Booth Hospital, in Boston. Agnes told Lenny that his parents had left for the hospital, and then offered to give him explicit instructions in the original biological act that had brought about their abrupt departure. "Up to then, I had difficulty in finding out anything about sex, beyond street talk," Lenny has said. "It was never discussed in the house, naturally. We had no books on the subject. I was crazed with curiosity. I would look up 'childbirth' in the Jewish Encyclopedia, the only encyclopedia we had at the time, but there wasn't much to learn from that." Agnes was another matter. However, Lenny was resolute—and terrified. Just as well, because soon after Agnes's offer Sam returned home from the hospital, awakened his children, and proudly told them that they had a baby brother. Lenny, who was in the middle of his first year at the Boston Latin School and had just that week been studying the poetic function of alliteration, suggested that the child be named Burton, since it went well, alliteratively speaking, with Bernstein. Sam and Jennie had already decided upon Bezalel as my Hebrew name. Burton seemed close enough to it, so Burton it was. For some reason, neither Lenny nor I was given a middle name.

The particular half-acre lot in Newton upon which Sam chose to build his dream house came into his possession through his friendship with Ben Marcus, a fellow-member of the Mishkan Tefila congregation. Mr. Marcus had long since made his Roxbury-to-Newton move, and he convinced Sam that he should buy the lot next door to his own. But that parcel of land was narrow, without room for a decent driveway. Don't worry, Mr. Marcus told Sam—we'll share my gravel driveway. It sounded

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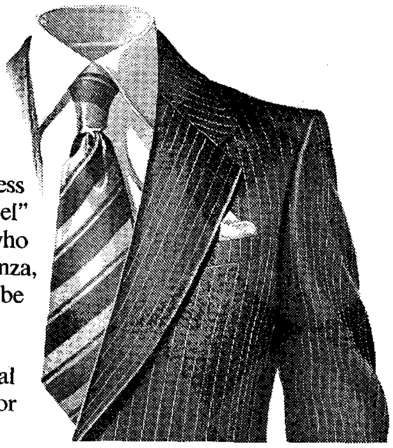

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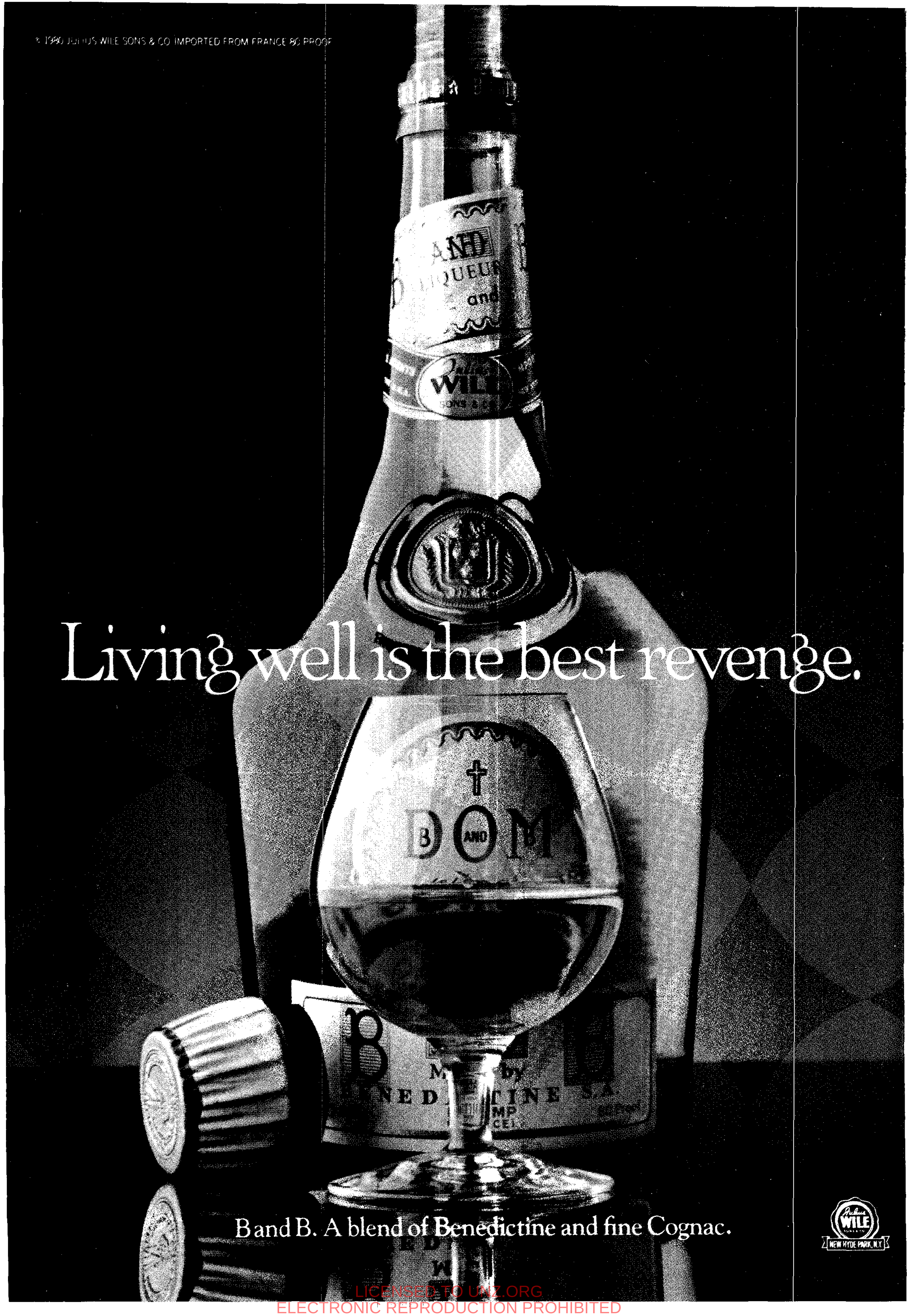
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equitable, but shortly after our great square mansion had been completed and we moved in, in 1933, the common driveway triggered a Bernstein-Marcus feud that lasted for eight years. The arguments over who should shovel snow from the driveway and who should replenish the gravel and who had let whose car block the right-of-way became so intense that Sam and Ben stopped speaking to each other. Although they attended the same weekly services at Mishkan Tefila, in Roxbury, they refused to ride to the temple in the same car. With deliberate timing (and much peering from behind curtains to see who had gone to his garage first to back his car out), they left separately for Roxbury, just minutes apart. Occasional shouting matches occurred when, by accident, they confronted each other in mid-driveway. After the 1938 hurricane, a major debate raged over a fallen tree. Their bitterness extended to what was known as "*shul* politics"—the wrangling over petty matters in the administration of the temple and the selection of its officers. The feud was so bad in the late thirties that Sam forbade members of his family to have any contact whatever with the Marcuses. This edict was especially disagreeable for Lenny and me. Lenny was entranced by Grace, the older Marcus daughter, who was a poet, a pianist, and an intellectual; I was in awe of Sumner, the Marcuses' only son, who constructed crystal sets and battery-operated intercoms. Both of us finally ignored Sam's stern prohibition. I discovered ways of sneaking into Sumner's basement workshop, and Lenny found places to meet Grace and discuss Oscar Wilde's poems.

The gravel driveway happened to be the setting for the first experience I can remember clearly. When I was about two years old, I was given a tiny tricycle for maneuvering about a grassy play area behind the garage. Once, when neither my mother nor the maid was looking, I decided to emulate my father and go for a spin on the road. I got as far as the paved incline leading from the driveway to the street and, losing control, tumbled onto Park Avenue just as a truck passed, missing me by inches. There followed in rapid succession a howling of brakes, a white-faced truck driver, a screaming mother, a hysterical maid, alternating threats of punishment and embraces of comfort, and, finally, the scrubbing of my scrapes, cuts, and bruises with laundry soap and hydro-

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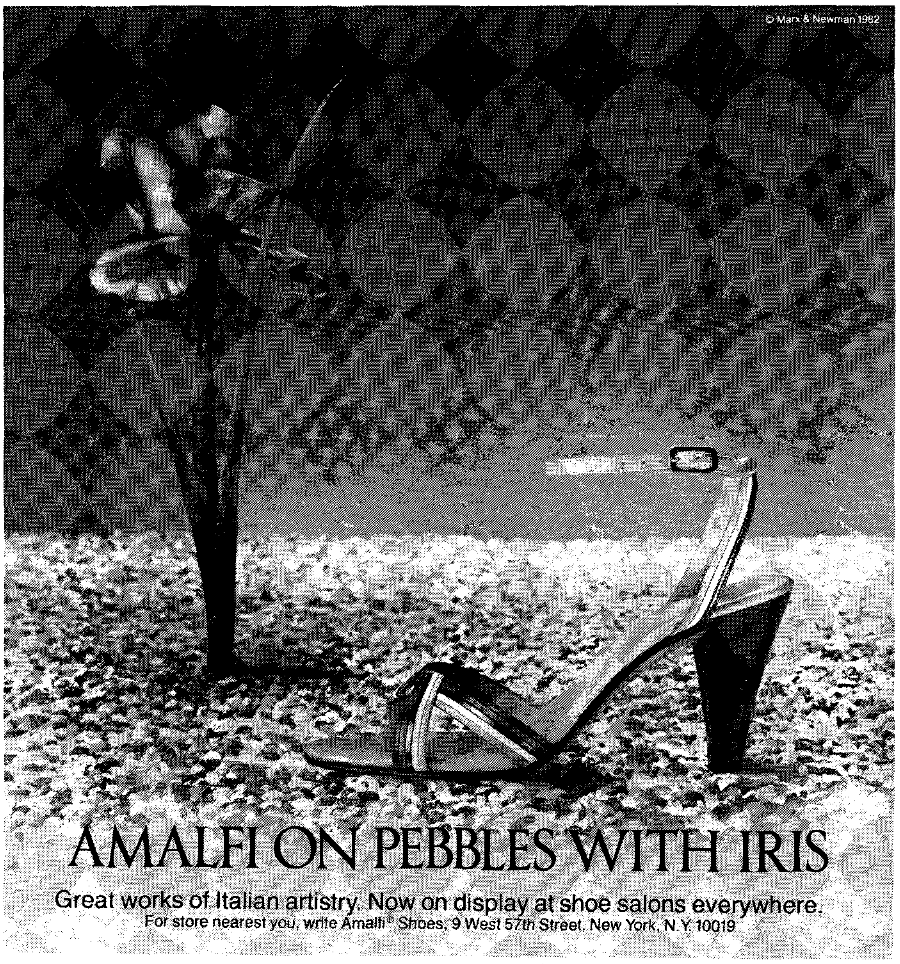
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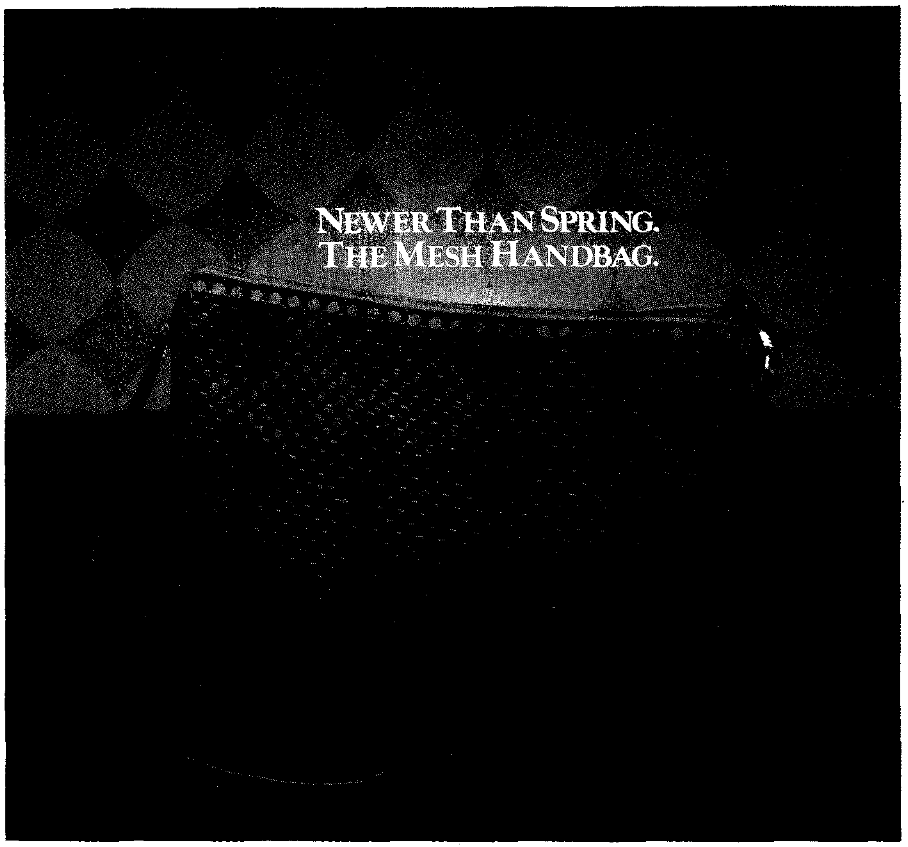
Newton in the thirties was a country suburb—especially the undeveloped section we lived in. Despite the happenstance of the truck passing just as I spilled onto Park Avenue, little traffic rumbled by. In my early years, much of that meagre traffic was horse-drawn—Hood Milk delivery drays, sidewalk snowplows pulled by steaming ponies, even private rigs. The area was, in the main, both genteel and Gentile. Broad meadows shaded by stands of first-growth beech and oak were not uncommon. Most of the houses along the gaslit streets were old, gracious, well landscaped, and inhabited by moderately rich Protestants. A few Jewish families had settled there in the twenties, and as more could afford the upward move from Roxbury their numbers grew, and they became a sizable minority of the population. Our house was neither old nor gracious nor well landscaped, but it was large—"an ark of a house," my mother called it when she was faced with furnishing its ten sprawling rooms. Red brick on the outside and stucco-walled on the inside, it was constructed as sturdily as a bunker, and its bleak façade sometimes reminded visitors of one—more often, though, of a W.P.A. post office. It contained servants' quarters, a spacious kitchen, a pantry, a living room, a dining room, a library (Sam's retreat), several bedrooms (including a master bedroom for Jennie and Sam) and bathrooms, a huge walk-in attic, and (the most fun for me) a maze of a cellar, with a trunk room, a mysterious laundry room, and wondrous machinery, including a laundry chute big enough to hold a plummeting child. What the house lacked in charm it made up for in luxurious space—something exiles from ghettos valued above anything else.

IN my parents' circle of friends, there was a generally accepted economic hierarchy. The low man on this fiscal totem pole was the one of whom it could be said, "He doesn't have two nickels to rub together." That unfortunate was the worker most seriously hurt by the Depression, barely surviving on odd jobs and handouts from relatives. Slightly better off was the man who "makes a living"—that is, gets by, feeds his family, and pays his bills when he can. Just above him was the "salary man," who held down a steady job. (A "government man" was a salary man with a more secure civil-service job, not dependent upon patronage.) Next was the fellow who was "in business for himself." He could actually be making less than the "salary man," but at least he was his own boss—a position commanding respect. When things went well for the person in that category, it was said that he "makes a *good* living" or is "comfortable." Then came the "professional man"—doctor, lawyer, teacher, clergyman (not an artist, however)—who fully deserved every penny he made, because he lived by his wits and talent. At the top end of the totem pole, in rising order, were the "a-dollar-means-nothing-to-him" man, the "he-has-money-to-burn" chap, the "well-to-do" fellow, and, at the very pinnacle (uttered with naked adoration), the "wealthy" gentleman. The word "rich" was never used. When you had truly made it in America, you were "wealthy."

During my childhood, I suppose we vacillated between "makes a *good* living" and "well-to-do," although it was rarely said of Sam Bernstein that "a dollar means nothing to him." In the thirties, we had all the appearance of being well-to-do: the Newton house, the Sharon house, the substantial furniture, a Packard sedan, a Plymouth Roadster with rumble seat, a long succession of maids, and, for a short time, a West Indian butler-chauffeur-factotum named Zeno. But Sam never really let himself go monetarily. A man better suited to the world of business would have taken his profits and reinvested them; he would have risked capital, expanded, diversified. At the apex of Sam's success, he took only two modest flyers. He opened a branch office in Providence, and closed it about six months later when the manager and certain cash receipts disappeared. The harsh lesson he learned from that experience, he said, was to supervise everything himself and trust no employee completely—except, of course, the virtuous Abe Miller. On the other occasion, he hired a chemist to concoct various beauty-salon products, which he would patent under the house label Avol Laboratories. Only one product survived Avol's brief tenure—a white shampoo called Fome, which was sold for many years, in gallon jugs, exclusively to hairdressers.

Sam had the wisdom to know that he was not a born businessman and had succeeded in commerce because of good luck and hard work, not because



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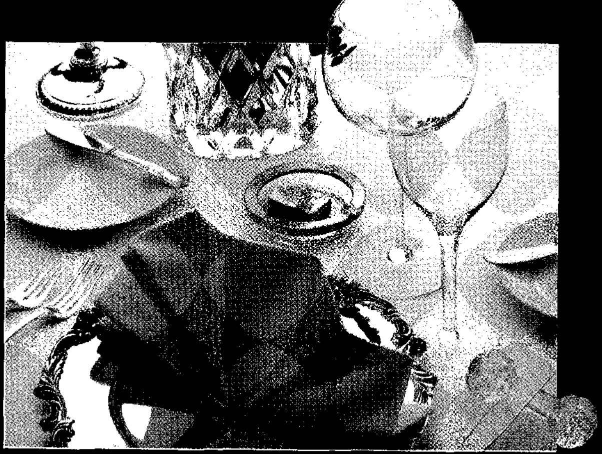

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of mercantile genius. As rewarding as the Frederics bonanza had been, it would not last forever, he reasoned. (He reasoned correctly. The cold-wave-permanent process came in around 1940 and replaced the cumbersome Frederics machines. The machines still flourish in hair-styling shops in China, however.) Would whatever replaced Frederics or human-hair goods or the latest bob fad in the erratic beauty business be profitable? Probably not. Better save for the rainy day, when reserves might be needed just to stay solvent. So the more money he had, the more he feared losing it—an attitude that was perhaps born in the Russian *shtetl*.

Once the euphoria of the new material possessions had waned, marital fights over money erupted again. In no way did Sam worship the golden calf—far from it, in fact; he took Biblical strictures against greed very seriously—but money itself emerged as a symbolic excuse for expressing his dissatisfactions with his marriage, his in-laws, his wife's friends, his children's alien way of life, his own dilemmas. It is no coincidence that in Lenny's short opera "Trouble in Tahiti" the husband and wife—named Sam and Dinah—bicker over money as a starting point for deeper quarrels. In the opening scene, Dinah sings, "Oh, by the way, my money's run low," and she and Sam are off on another hopeless domestic battle. And Dinah's suspicions about an affair that her husband allegedly had with his secretary, Miss Brown, spring from a biographical incident. The malevolent wife of one of my father's employees once telephoned Jennie to hint that Sam was sleeping with a woman who worked in his office. It wasn't true—if the thought had ever crossed Sam's mind, it would have been obliterated by dread of a wrathful God and of possible disclosure—but the mean tale reduced Jennie to sobbing and depression and renewed squabbling with Sam.

The money battles usually began with requests by Jennie for cash beyond her weekly stipend for household needs. Her timing of these requests was, at best, insensitive. She would ask him for an extra twenty dollars while, for example, driving him in the early morning to the station at Lake Street, from which a rackety orange trolley would hurtle him along, and finally under, Commonwealth Avenue to Boston. This tactic would spark a sullen, breast-beating dialogue, followed by an electric silence, which would

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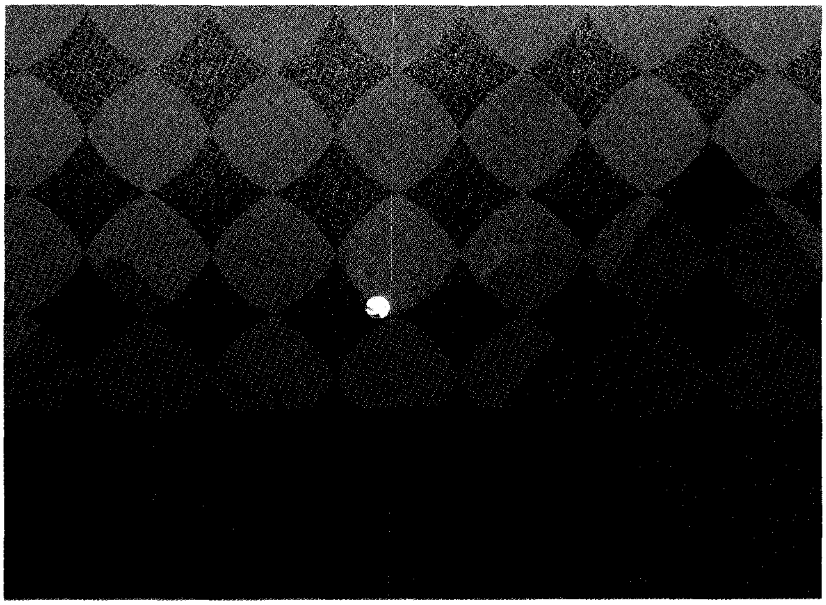

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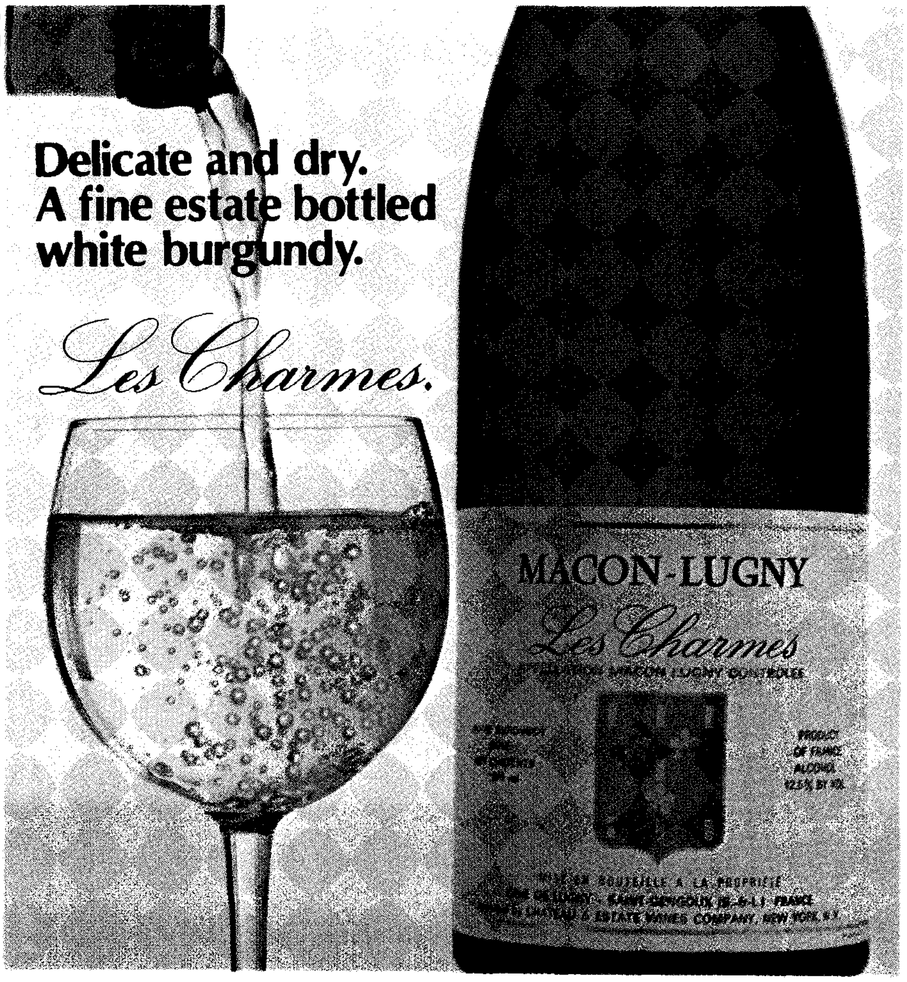
sometimes last for days. But if her approach was heavy-handed, her motive was selfless. The extra twenty dollars (or ten or five, or whatever she could scare up) was put in an envelope and sent to the Resnicks; most of them had left Lawrence, because the mills and Pearl's real-estate business were hit hard by the Depression, and had resettled in Dorchester. Their musty railroad flat, on Dorchester's Angell Street, housed Pearl, Samuel, Betty, Bertha, Dorothy (all three daughters unwed), and a scruffy dog, Prinny. (Joseph and Louis had families of their own and were earning modest livelihoods in Lawrence by junk dealing and engraving, respectively.) Bertha and Dorothy continued to work in Sam's wig department, and Betty sold scarves behind a counter at Stearns', in Boston.

The Resnick parents ran a tiny mom-and-pop candy store on Blue Hill Avenue, just around the corner from their apartment. The nickels and dimes that came in from this enterprise were scarcely enough to pay the rents on their apartment and store, but for me the place was a child's fantasy come true. Crammed into the narrow cubbyhole were shelves, racks, and glass-fronted counters holding newspapers (including Yiddish, Polish, and Russian journals), magazines (from *Photoplay* to *Superman*), cheap toys like sparklers and cap pistols, bread and some canned goods, and a seemingly limitless inventory of penny candy—crumbly halvah and stale, brittle spearmint leaves being my favorites. A sweating red-and-white ice chest emblazoned with the Coca-Cola legend contained every imaginable brand of soda pop ("tonic," we called it in Massachusetts)—even birch beer and Moxie. I was given the run of the store and allowed to claim any toy, comic book, or sugary edible within reason, for which my mother trebly reimbursed her father. My visits to the dream world on Blue Hill Avenue were also rewards for behaving bravely at Dr. Isadore Finkelstein's office nearby. Dr. Finkelstein was our family physician—he had delivered me at the Evangeline Booth Hospital, and some years later he removed my tonsils while I lay chloroformed on our Newton breakfast table—and since I tended to catch colds easily, I was taken every few weeks to "Dr. Finky" for inoculations called "cold shots." The cold shots did no good whatever (neither did my father's command "Button up your neck!"), but if I didn't cry when the hypodermic needle went into my arm my grandfather's candy store was mine to possess. I seldom cried. And it was in front of that wonderful store that, in the autumn of 1936, I saw Franklin Delano Roosevelt speed by in an open limousine, on his way to a campaign stop. There was opportunity for just a glimpse of that smiling, godlike figure in the center of an earsplitting motorcycle escort, but the exultant crowds along Blue Hill Avenue stayed around, cheering and discussing the visitation, for an hour after the President had passed. "That he would come to Blue Hill Avenue!" my grandfather said. "Isn't that something!"

Like the other working-class Jews in that throng, the Resnicks were among the oppressed of the Depression. My father, however, didn't quite see things that way. To him, the Resnicks were lazy and unimaginative, and wasted what they had. Wasn't it enough that he had married their oldest daughter and was supporting her in style, and was employing two other daughters and sending his in-laws checks in emergencies? (He didn't know about Jennie's weekly envelopes, or about our castoff clothes and shoes that went to Louis's and Joe's families.) He was still irrationally blaming the Resnicks for all things dumb and ordinary, and for his marital difficulties. The Resnicks' troubles grew steadily worse. One summer day in 1935, Jennie received a phone call at our Sharon house. After a long conversation, she walked into the kitchen and stood sobbing over the sink, her tears dripping freely into the drain. Alarmed, I asked her what was the matter, and she said, "Grandma Pearl had a shock"—her euphemism for a stroke. Since I had often been warned against sticking my fingers or odd implements into electric sockets, I assumed that my grandmother, who should have known better, was guilty of that dangerous error. (It was a long time before I touched anything electrical again.) Pearl's stroke had left her paralyzed on one side and unable to speak, and—since everyone in the Resnick family worked and could not look after her during the day—this meant that she would have to be put in a nursing home, and Sam would have to foot the bill. He dourly obliged, but his responsibility didn't last long. On

August 25, 1935 (Lenny's seventeenth birthday), she died. It was a catastrophe for the Resnicks. Pearl had been the close-knit family's prime mover, its source of spirit and survival. Her husband was irreparably wounded by her death. He continued to run the candy store, but without enthusiasm. His children cared well for the kindly, warm old man, and Jennie sent more envelopes than ever, but life without Pearl was not the same for him. Almost six years later to the day, he, too, died.

IT seemed that the more success and security Sam acquired during the Depression, the more he was a casualty of his personal depression. All his old dilemmas were exaggerated, perhaps because he had more leisure time to stew about them. He suffered through the quandaries of his youth again, only now they were magnified by adulthood. What was his real role in life? Was he a businessman or a man of God? If he was truly a pillar of Boston commerce—like that magnificent Yankee Russell B. Tower—why couldn't he feel and act like one? Sam tried. Lord, how he tried! He joined the Pine Brook Country Club, in the belief that proper gentlemen of commerce should play golf (like Mr. Tower), occasionally taking a business-day afternoon off for a round on the links. But it turned out that Sam felt guilty about leaving his office early unless he was ill. Saturday was his Sabbath, which meant no golf, and somehow on Sunday he could rarely rouse himself for the drive to the club. Besides, he was inept at golf—at all active sports, for that matter, except, perhaps, stick-hurling. His membership in Pine Brook lapsed after a year or so. He built a clay tennis court on the Sharon property, but he was content just to watch his children and their friends play—content, that is, until watching the mysterious game bored him silly. And even before he moved to swanker offices—in the Blake Building, on Temple Place—in the early nineteen-thirties, he unfailingly lunched at the Temple Place Thompson's Spa, the preferred restaurant of Mr. Tower and dozens of other distinguished Boston merchants, bankers, and lawyers. He lunched on its bland, wholesome food for twenty-five years; then, one cataclysmic afternoon, he discovered a burned match in his rice pudding. He left Thompson's Spa never to return. Thereafter, he ate at Schrafft's, a similarly Yankee



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restaurant, near his office. On special occasions, such as important business lunches, he dined at the Locke-Ober restaurant, a Boston culinary landmark, but the rich food there upset his delicate stomach. He knew that, try as he might, he would never be a convincing Yankee trader.

But, then, if Sam was not inherently a businessman, was he truly a man of God? And, if so, what kind? With his new status, Sam had deserted the Orthodox *shuls* and become immersed in the almost Protestant milieu of Conservative Mishkan Tefila. However, something deep within Sam made him uncomfortable there. An inner voice seemed to warn him that Mishkan Tefila wasn't the real article—that the pure faith of his fathers lay in traditional Orthodoxy. Every so often, this inner voice badgered him into attending the ultra-Orthodox Crawford Street Synagogue, where the women sat upstairs, and the men, almost invisible in their prayer shawls, keened loudly, and not one syllable was cut from the lengthy liturgical services. These visits both purged him and, in the end, repelled him. True, he felt closer to those traditionalists, but he could not bear the airless, narrow world they represented—the world he had fled in 1908. And Crawford Street was no place for him to take his family. A profoundly religious man, he felt at home in neither sect. The third possibility, Reform Judaism, with its hatless congregants, was absolutely out of the question.

Maybe Sam was more an intellectual Jew—a scholar rather than a devout participant. He never stopped studying the Talmud, and he sought the company of learned professors and rabbis. Yet what practical use could he make of their learning and their microscopic analyses of the Law? It was far too late for him to become a scholar-rabbi. The mystical call of the joyous Chassidim, with their total commitment to their faith, was both more uplifting and more entertaining than the dry hairsplitting of the scholars, but it was almost impossible to be a confirmed Chassid in twentieth-century Newton, Massachusetts, and also be the head of a modern American family. The swirling religious conflicts I observed in my father when I was a child were distilled for me then by his paradoxical rules for *kashruth*, the Jewish dietary laws. Food in our house had to be strictly kosher. Outside the house, we could eat anything we wanted—fried clams, broiled lob-

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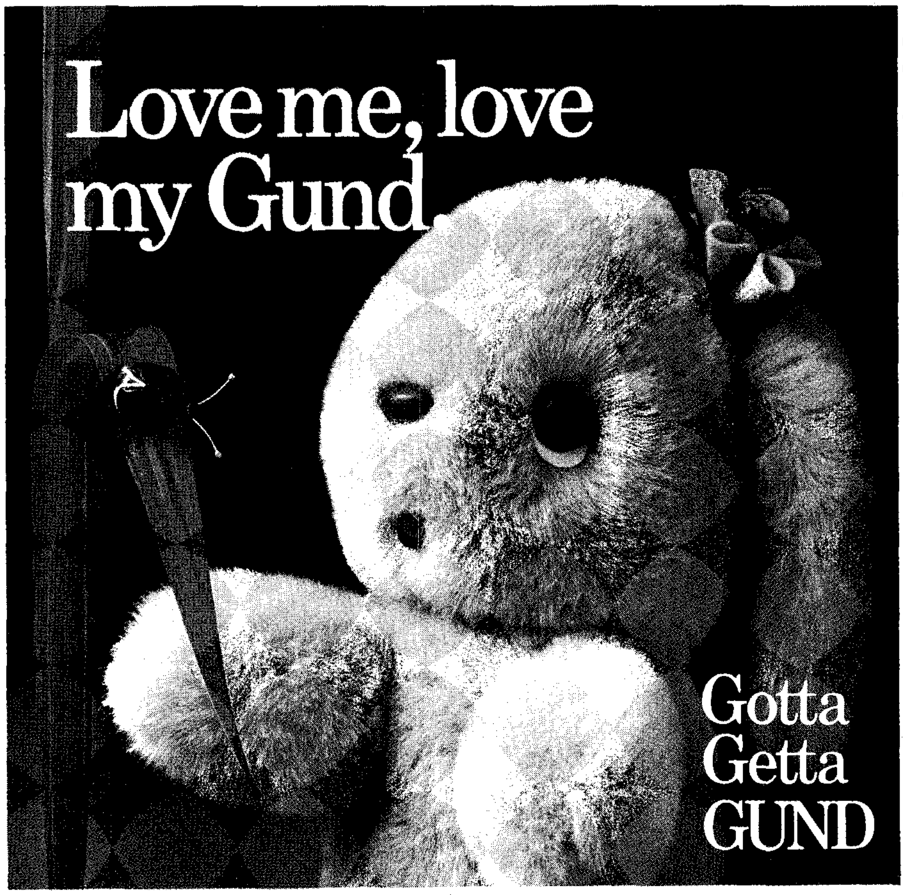

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sters, bacon and eggs, anything. It made no sense to me then; it makes no sense to me now.

When Sam's quandaries simply became too much for him, he would sink into dark periods of melancholia. We could usually tell that these attacks of gloom and despair were coming on as soon as he walked in the door after a long day at the office. With hardly a word of salutation, he would remove his eyeglasses and his wristwatch, take the loose change from his pockets, deposit everything on the living-room mantelpiece, and pace back and forth on the Oriental rug until dinner was ready. Just before he sat down at the table, he would pour himself a shot glass of good Scotch, knocking it back in his customary Russian manner—neat, quick, with a small grunt. Except for Lowell Thomas's newscast, dinner then passed in almost total silence, everybody's aim being to get the meal over with as soon as possible. Still brooding, Sam would return to the living room for more concentrated pacing, not even attempting to read his books or the newspapers, as he ordinarily did after dinner. At precisely ten o'clock, he would go for a twenty-minute walk. By ten-thirty, he would be in bed, without having said good night. "During his depressions, he felt so unloved, so isolated, so estranged from us all, it fed his melancholia," Shirley has said. "It made me frightened. I never knew whether he might whirl on us."

We were all frightened, and we all learned to steer clear of him during these bad spells, hoping they would pass in a couple of days, which they frequently did. On those occasions when they didn't, nobody was as frightened as Sam himself, and he would then try his own remedies. One of his cures was to check himself into a sanatorium in nearby Stoneham, run by the Seventh-Day Adventists. (During his stays, he nimbly resisted their proselytizing and took comfort in their observance of Saturday as the Sabbath.) The massages, the steam baths, the scrupulous regimen, and the medical attention available to him at Stoneham did him "a world of good," he used to say. He would arrive home in a slightly manic state—full of humor and droll stories, and ready to take on whatever life offered. So it was with his other panacea—a winter cruise to the Caribbean or Florida, on which he would sometimes take Lenny but never Jennie. The sea air also did him "a world of good," and so did the "get-

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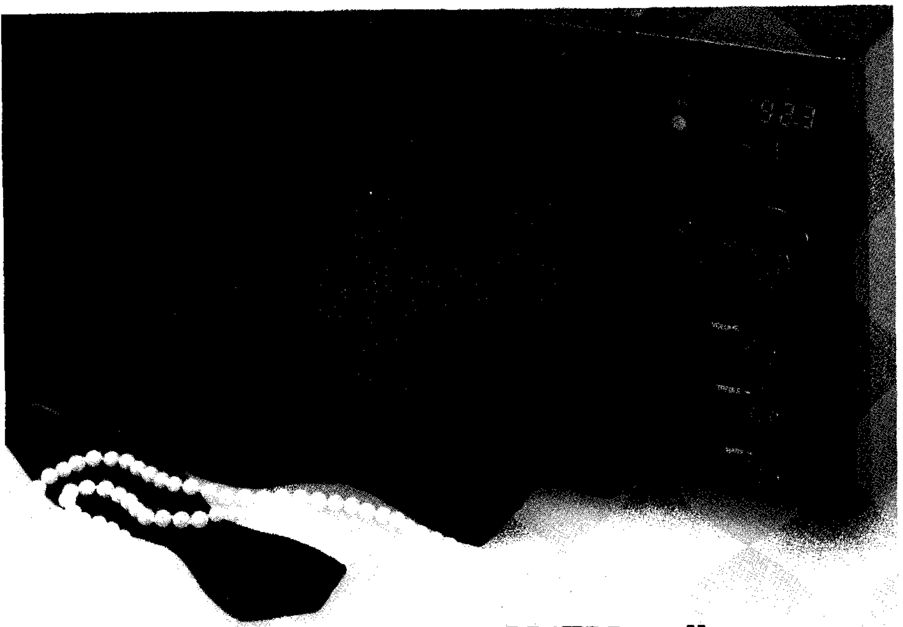
ting away from it all”—meaning the corrosive contradictions of his life.

Jennie was of little help to him in sorting out and softening his dilemmas. Whenever she tried to talk things over with him, the discussion would end in snarls, slammed doors, and long silences. Increasingly, her concerns centered on her children (especially Lenny and his music), movies (Anne Shirley was still one of her favorite stars), thick romantic novels (such as “Anthony Adverse”), and the companionship of her sisters and what my father called her “*yachna* friends.” (A *yachna* is a *yente* to the tenth power, which is to say a virago of the coarsest type.) Her best friend—and the one Sam disliked most—was Bessie Zarling, a widow who lived in a dreary Roxbury apartment and was crushed by her burdens. Since visits to Bessie Zarling were often combined with visits to “Dr. Finky” and the Resnick candy store, I witnessed several of Jennie's sessions with her friend. Their meetings would invariably begin with the once attractive woman opening her apartment door just a crack and then, as she let us in, blinking her large, rheumy eyes until tears welled, and announcing, with a ponderous sigh, “Oh, Jennie, I feel so blue.” Bessie was a *kvetch*, a chronic complainer. When it came to the question of who was feeling bluer, she consistently won out over Jennie. Her beloved husband had died long before his time; there were problems with her children; her income was less than satisfactory; the plumbing was deficient; the neighbors made too much noise; her gallbladder was acting up; and so on and on. If my mother submitted an emotional complaint (I was supposed to be playing in another room, but I overheard everything), Bessie lost no time in relating a far more tragic story. With this curious exercise, she provided a kind of safety valve for Jennie. No matter how bad things might have been for Jennie at home, things were always worse for Bessie Zarling.

THE astounding rise of Adolf Hitler, the Nazis' persecution of the Jews, and the inevitability of war in Europe intensified my father's spells of depression. He read the news dispatches from Germany and listened to the grisly broadcasts of Hitler's speeches (and, from Detroit, Father Coughlin's radio exercises in anti-Semitism) with the sullen fascination of a condemned man. Sometimes Sam



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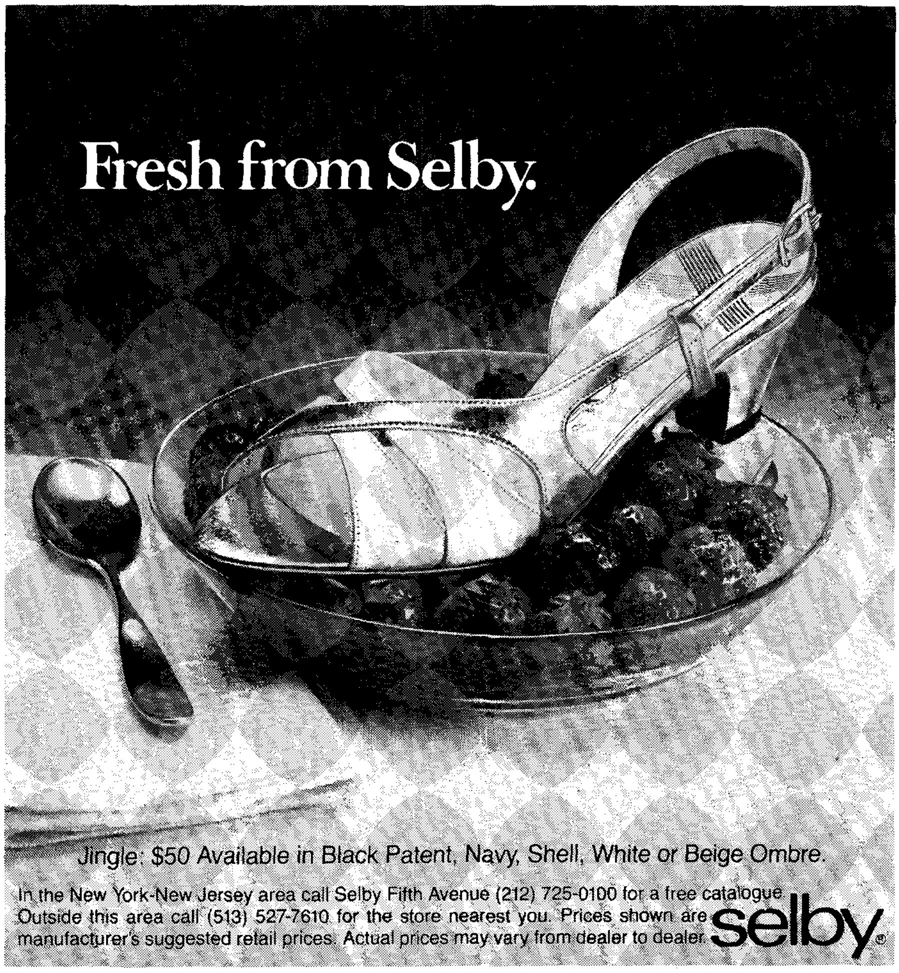
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would want to discuss the grim events of the day with his family—or lecture on them at Sunday-afternoon dinner—but as a rule particularly bad news would plunge him into another brooding silence. What we didn't fully understand was that an entirely new and frustrating conflict was erupting within him—one that was literally a matter of life and death: Should he take immediate steps to bring his close relatives still living in Russia to America and safety?

The potential danger to his brother, Shlomo, or Semyon, was not great. The brothers had attempted a fitful correspondence during the twenties and thirties, and Sam knew that Shlomo was as secure as any Communist functionary could be. In his few letters to Sam, Shlomo made it clear that he was living in adequate circumstances with his wife and young son, that he was enjoying the rewards of being a professional man in the workers' paradise, and that he would not trade his station in life for any other. (He also made it clear that it was not wise for Sam to write to him on stationery with the Samuel Bernstein Hair Company letterhead.) So Shlomo would not leave Russia, and neither would their sister Sura-Rivka. Sam learned that she was still living with her husband, Srulik Zvainboim, and their sons in Mezhiritsh, which after the Soviet-German Nonaggression Pact of 1939 was annexed as a part of the Russian Ukraine. Although Sura-Rivka Zvainboim was considerably lower in the Soviet scheme of things than Shlomo, she was content to live out her life where she was. Of Sam's closest relatives, then, only his aged parents, Yudel and Dinah, still making do in Beresdiv, were left for him to fret about rescuing.

And fret he did. The essential element in his newest dilemma was raw guilt. Sam sensed that, in spite of the Nonaggression Pact, Yudel and Dinah would be prime victims of the Nazis; the pact would probably not hold up, and the Jews of the Ukraine would ultimately meet the same fate as the Jews of Germany and Poland. His parents' best chance for survival was to get on a neutral ship and sail to America as soon as possible. But would they be happy in America? They were old, and unchanged in their *shtetl* ways even after living under Communism for twenty-two years. Their presence would be a burden to him and a constant reminder of everything he had escaped from. But they were his father and mother, after all, and he possessed the power to give them life, just as they had given him life. He had the money and the influence to bring them to America; he knew from an exchange of letters that they would be willing to come. The only thing preventing their emigration was his own selfishness, and that inescapable truth made him all the more guilty.

At last, a solution presented itself. His sister Clara, who was divorced from her second husband and was operating a bridal shop in Brooklyn, offered to look after Yudel and Dinah if Sam would arrange for them to leave Russia. Clara would put them up in an apartment among their own in the Orthodox Brooklyn community of Williamsburg, far enough from Massachusetts so that Sam would see them infrequently. It seemed a workable arrangement. In the winter of 1940—while the British and the French were waiting uneasily for the Germans behind the Maginot Line, and the Russians were breaching Finland's Mannerheim Line—Sam contrived his parents' escape. They would travel from Beresdiv to Moscow, and then take a train to Leningrad, where a ship under neutral colors would bring them to New York. Once Sam had concluded these complex plans, it was as if a black storm cloud over his head had suddenly evaporated.

The immigration agency that handled this itinerary informed Shlomo that his parents would spend a short time in Moscow before they sailed for America. The apostate son, who had rarely seen or communicated with his parents since he left home, agreed to put them up in his apartment. The reunion in Moscow was tense but polite. It was the first time that Yudel and Dinah had ever been outside the Ukraine, and they were cowed by the great city and by the absence of Jewish tradition in Shlomo's household. Shlomo and his wife, Fanye, were uncompromising Communists, who had denied every remnant of their past. The old parents had lived long enough under the Soviet system to accept the situation, however grudgingly; the lack of mezuzahs on the apartment doorposts, the nonexistence of a single prayer book, and Shlomo's faulty Yiddish and Hebrew were loathsome to them but vaguely understandable. One profanation, though, was utterly unacceptable. Yudel suspected that five-year-old Aleksandr, the son of Fanye and Shlomo, was

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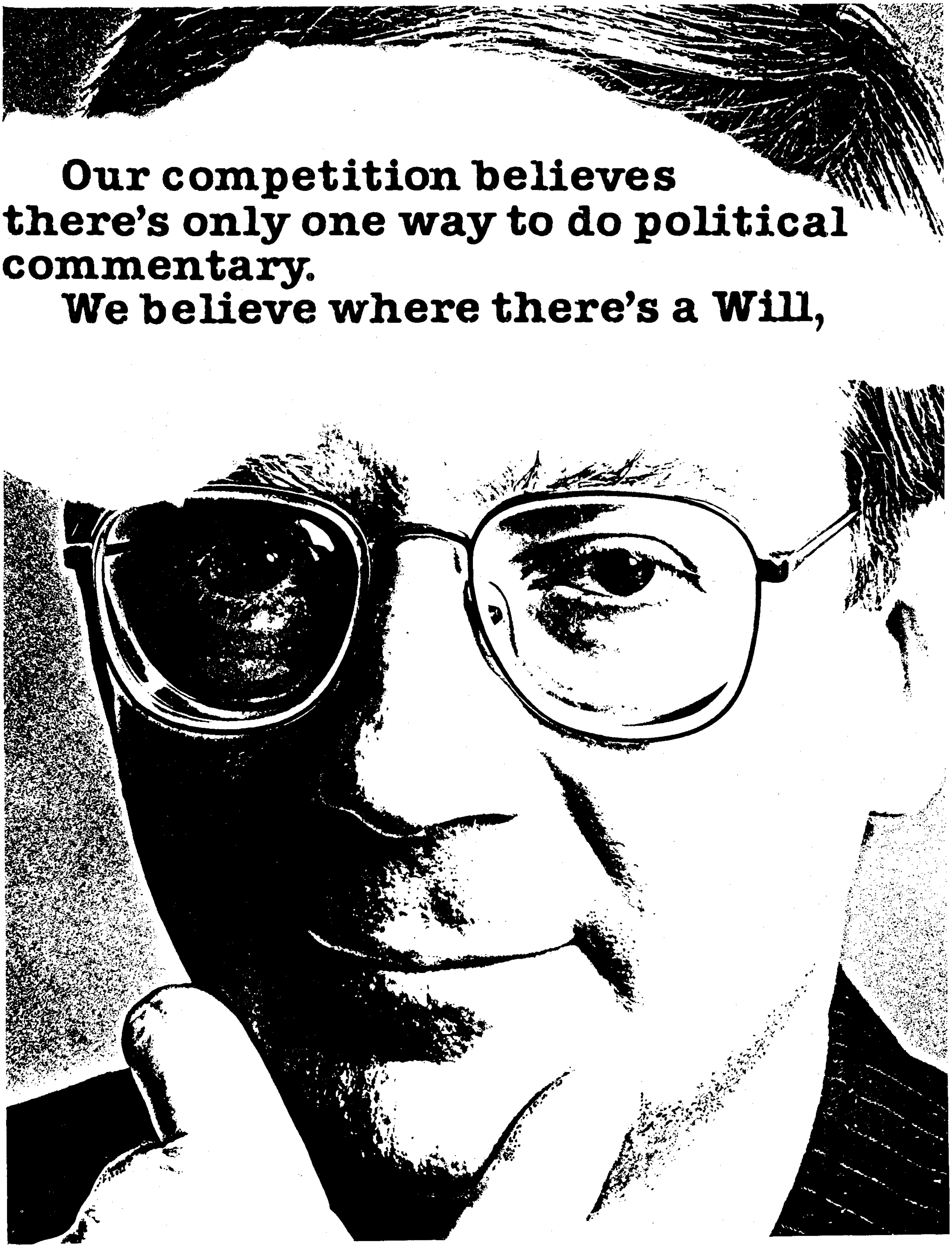

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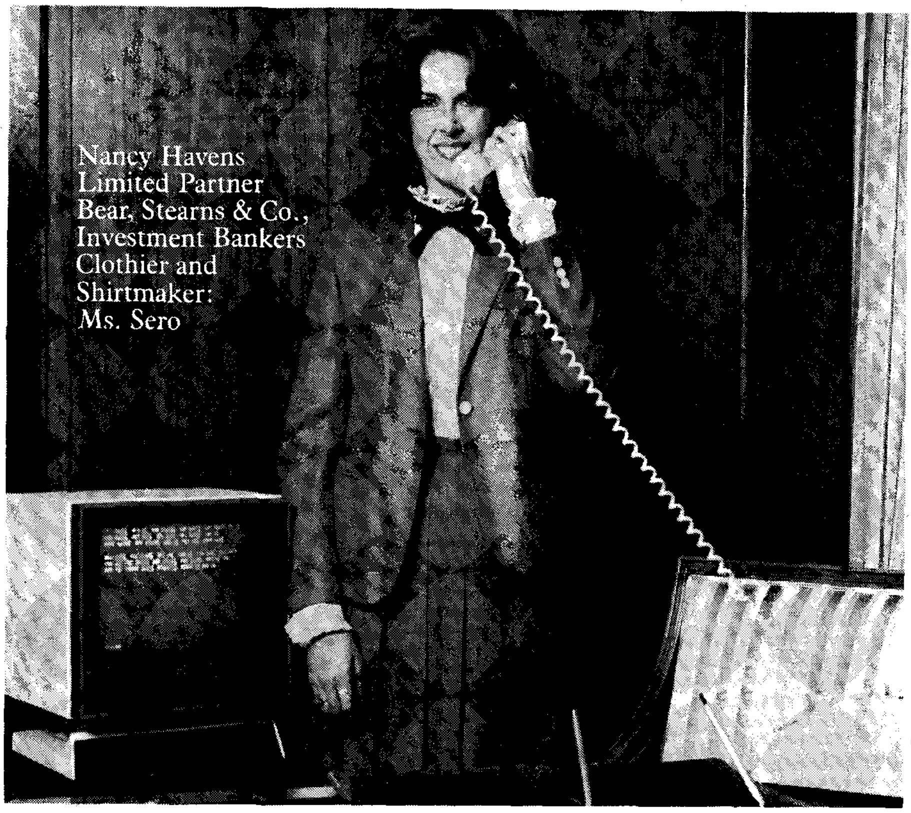

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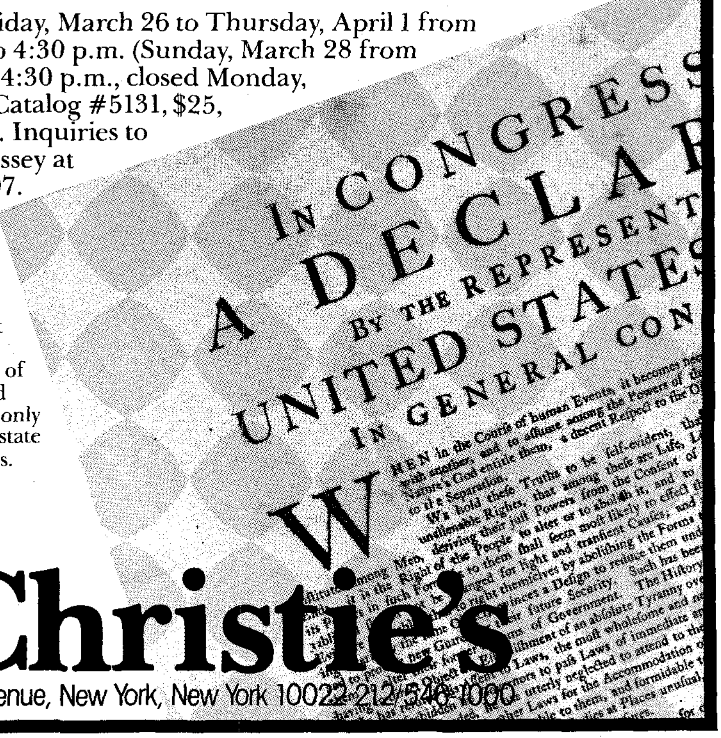
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uncircumcised, for this was the case with many sons of younger Russian-Jewish Communists. On the morning of the scheduled departure for Leningrad, Yudel could stand the suspense no longer. Alone with the boy in the apartment's kitchen, he managed to confirm his darkest suspicion. Without a second thought, he took a small carving knife and performed the circumcision rite then and there. When he and Dinah finally left for Leningrad, shrieks and curses followed them out the door. According to my father —who, with shaking voice, told me the story two decades later—they were lucky to get out of Moscow alive. The son and the father had disowned each other.

When the time came for Sam to greet his parents at the dock in New York—his first meeting with them in thirty-two years—he realized that he couldn't face the moment alone. Clara and some Brooklyn relatives would welcome them to Williamsburg, but Sam was the logical person to welcome them ashore after their voyage across the Atlantic that winter of 1940. Oddly, he did not ask Uncle Harry (Dinah's brother) or Abe Miller (Dinah's nephew) or Jennie or Lenny to accompany him on this emotional mission; instead, he asked Shirley, then a senior at Newton High School, to go with him.

"Daddy invited me to go to New York with him, which was a very big deal for me then," Shirley said years later. "We went by boat, from Rowe's Wharf in Boston through the Cape Cod Canal and down to New York Harbor. It was very exciting—a great trip with my father. I had never been on a real ship before. The war in Europe was a faraway and unreal thing for me, and so was the idea of my Russian grandparents. Maybe that was the reason he chose me to go with him—I was somebody he wouldn't have to discuss the situation with too much. I don't know.

"Anyway, we stayed overnight in the Hotel New Yorker, which was pretty fancy in those days. It was a businessmen's hotel, mainly, and Daddy used to stay there during his conventions and beauty shows in New York. I was really impressed. The next morning, we went down to a pier in Manhattan. I noticed that the closer we got to the pier, the whiter and more jumpy he became. He was terrified, actually, and I asked him what was the matter. He said that he hadn't seen them since he was sixteen,

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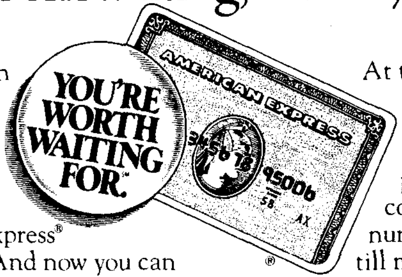

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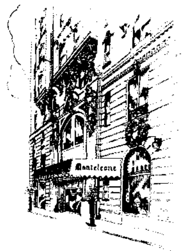

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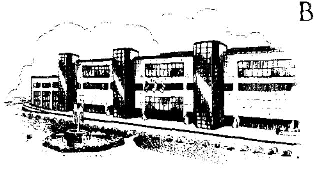

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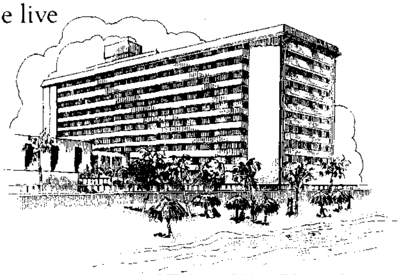

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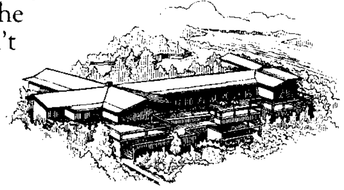

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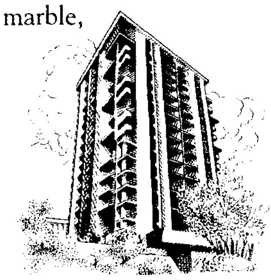

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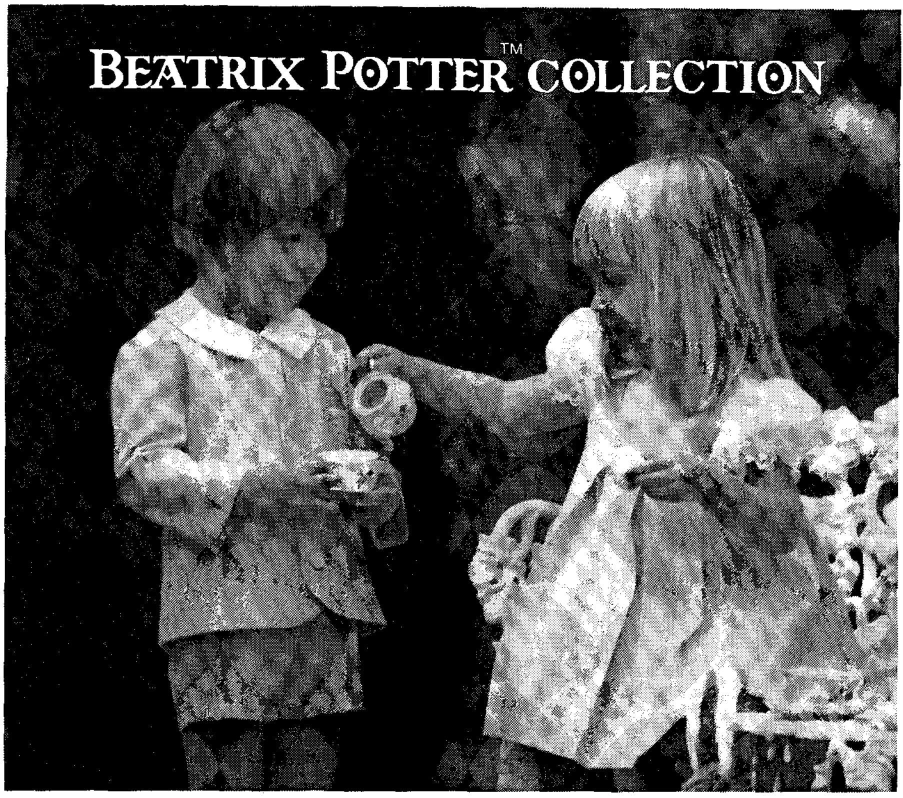

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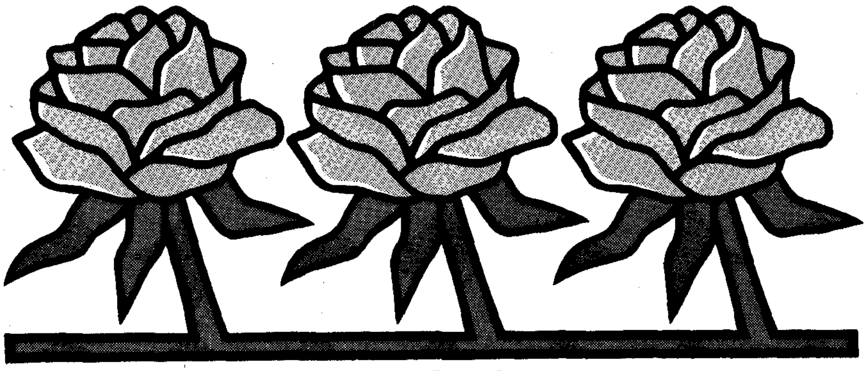

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and he was frightened. Now, *that* was an impossible thing for me to grasp. I could barely conceive of Daddy's even having parents. The ship came in and tied up, and we stood near the gangplank. I think it was a Dutch ship. A lot of refugee types came down the gangplank, some of them rather elegant, all of them thrilled to be there. Daddy was searching every face like a man possessed. Suddenly, he spotted a little bent and bearded man with a high astrakhan hat on his head. It was a shock for Daddy. He remembered his father as a large figure, the way all children recall their parents after a long separation. But here was his father, bent over and shrunken. Beside him—and this was the big surprise—was a small, dainty, blue-eyed, alabaster-skinned woman wearing a babushka. She was so *little.* I could see that she had these enormous hands, which didn't seem to go with the rest of her. I was, of course, fascinated but not really involved. Daddy looked as if he were going to faint. Then there was this incredible scene: embraces, crying, a jumble of Yiddish. Since I didn't understand a word they were saying, I kind of tuned out and just stared. I must have been quite a sight to them. They probably didn't know what to make of their granddaughter, with her American clothes and her ignorance of their language. They were so tired and bewildered. It turned out that they had eaten hardly anything on the ship, because the food wasn't kosher. They just ate some eggs and bread and drank tea—a lot of tea. They lived on tea. After they went through customs, we took them and their baggage by cab to Brooklyn, where Clara had fixed up an apartment for them. In the cab, Daddy tried to talk with them about the intervening years, but there was too much to say and anyway they were too exhausted to say much. Dinah seemed so gentle and sweet. She just stared at me and smiled. She was not at all what I had imagined her to be. It's strange that I felt no great sense of family connection. They were from another planet, as far as I was concerned."

Sam settled his tired, tempest-tossed parents in their Williamsburg apartment, and, satisfied that they would be well cared for by Clara, the Brooklyn relatives, and the Orthodox community there, he lost little time in taking Shirley back to Boston. The emotional strain of the reunion was too much for him. He assumed that his parents would be happily transplanted to Williamsburg, where there was a synagogue on every block and Nazis were nowhere to be seen. He had done his filial duty. Before he and Shirley left, he saw to all their financial and physical needs, including new, sturdy clothing for the winter.

One item of apparel—a heavy woollen overcoat with a linen lining—was bought immediately as an essential replacement for the old man's thin caftan, which he had worn from the moment he left Beresdiv. However, Sam had forgotten the Biblical stricture against the mixing of species—such as flax yarn and sheep fleece—and Yudel was gracious, or shocked, enough not to remind him of the abomination. Yudel simply put the offending garment away in a closet and refused to wear it, no matter how cold the weather. Because he distrusted the plumbing fixtures in his apartment, he bathed in public baths operated by a local Orthodox center, as had been his custom in Beresdiv. On a particularly frigid day not long after his arrival in America, he returned home from the public baths with a hacking cough and a high fever. A doctor diagnosed his ailment as pneumonia, and suggested that he go to Beth Moses Hospital, nearby. Yudel adamantly refused; hospitals were as foreign to him as everything else in Moscow and New York City. For several months, he lay ill in a large bed, his shrinking body covered by a down-filled comforter. One of our young Brooklyn cousins, Blanche Brenner, was regularly brought to the apartment to visit him. "Long before they moved into Williamsburg, we heard so much talk about the great man and his wife coming to live in the neighborhood," she has recalled. "We were all told how learned and revered he was, a true man of God. We were so in awe of him that we tiptoed around the apartment, so he wouldn't be disturbed in his praying and studying. Even though he was small, he looked to me like a Biblical figure—like what I imagined God to be. Then he became sick, but, even wasting away in that big bed, he still looked like God."

Dinah—the *mima* (a variant of *mume*, or aunt), as she was generally called by her more distant relatives—was another story. As her husband's condition grew worse, the old woman who had seemed to Shirley so gentle and sweet turned into a harridan. She blamed America and its entire population for Yudel's plight—especially those Americans who were nearest and

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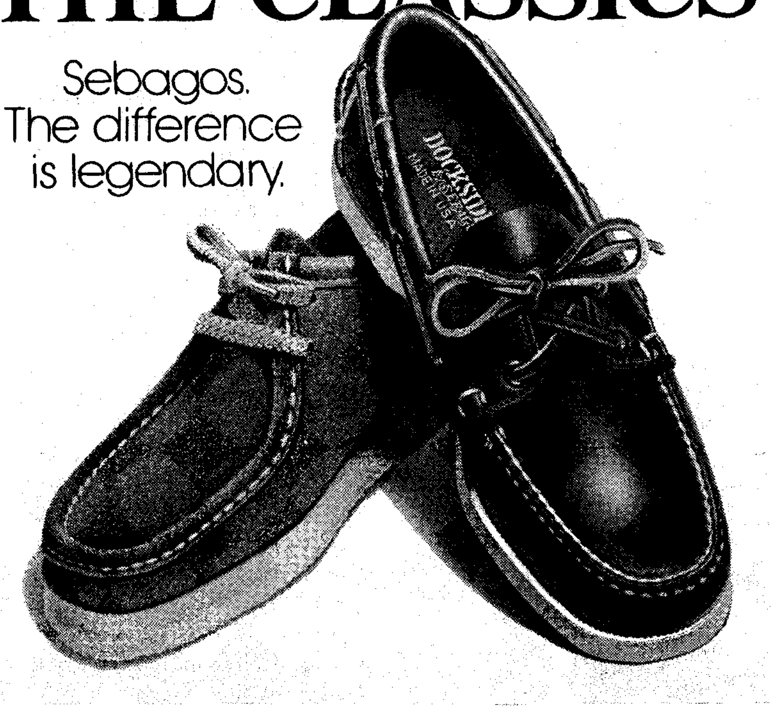
dearest. She and Yudel were the innocent victims of a grand conspiracy. No one was spared her denunciations—least of all her son Shmuel Yosef, who made several unexpected trips to Brooklyn to look after his parents. In her mind, both her sons were thankless creatures. And even Clara was unsympathetic, always insisting that Yudel go to a hospital. Finally, in the summer of 1940, Yudel lapsed into a coma and was rushed to Beth Moses Hospital, where he died within a few days. The guilt that Sam had exorcised by bringing his parents to America returned in triplicate as a consequence of their arrival. His father was dead because of a cross-cultural misunderstanding, and his mother was inconsolable, praying fervently to return to Beresdiv. At last, there was nothing to do but bring Dinah home to his family.

It was an impossible situation from the first. We were still at our summer house in Sharon, where we always stayed until Labor Day. When Sam alerted us by telephone to Dinah's imminent appearance, he also issued a rigorous set of instructions: meticulously clean the spare attic bedroom for her; double-check to make sure that there wasn't so much as a crumb of *tref* (forbidden impurity) anywhere in the house; warn Shirley and her friends not to wander about in their bathing suits (a display of bare female flesh was as bad as *tref*); provide a special set of dishes; stock up on Swee-Touch-Nee Russian-style tea (which she drank in copious amounts); ban Lenny's piano playing on the Sabbath; and nail a mezuzah prominently to every single doorpost. (We had just one, on the sill of the front door.) The last commandment was the most difficult to fulfill. Mezuzahs weren't for sale at the Sharon hardware store. A special rush trip was made to a religious-articles shop in Boston in order to buy the necessary encased parchment scrolls, which were then nailed even to closet doorposts. Since the weather was oppressively hot and humid, Jennie bought some sleeveless light cotton dresses for her mother-in-law.

Dinah's arrival in Sharon took on the proportions of a state visit by Winston Churchill. My family—indeed, the whole Lake Avenue community—was scrubbed, sanctified, and purified when Sam drove up in his Oldsmobile, his mother next to him on the front seat. Of my first meeting with her, on that hot August day of my ninth year, I remember mainly an inability to communicate anything at all. The dainty woman with an iron will motioned to me to approach her. I obeyed, stiffly allowing her to kiss and hug me, and listened to her stream of questions in Yiddish, none of which I was able to answer. I was paralyzed. She called me Bezalkele—an affectionate diminutive of my Hebrew name—and thereafter the sound of that name on her lips sent me into a small panic. However alien she was to me, I am sure that I was positively extraterrestrial to her. I couldn't speak any of her languages, I ran around bareheaded, I never read a prayer book, I swam in the lake most of the day, and I flirted with cute Elaine Golden, who lived just down the street. My sessions with my grandmother—usually after dinner—would end with Dinah heaving sighs of disappointment at her worthless, heathen grandson. Soon we learned to steer clear of each other.

A similar lack of connection existed, in varying degrees, between Dinah and the rest of the family. I had never seen my father so consistently distraught. Lenny and Shirley also had trouble communicating with her; they tried, in desperation, sign language, Latin, French—anything. Only Jennie seemed to strike up a tenuous friendship with her, helping her bake challahs (braided loaves of egg bread) and allowing her to inspect every nook and cranny for traces of impurities. When Dinah wouldn't wear her cool cotton dresses, because they were sleeveless (and so permitted the bare flesh of her arms to be seen), Jennie cheerfully sewed in what I called baseball players' sleeves. But it was clear that the uneasy arrangement could not last. The house was in disarray, and Dinah's reproachful sighs and harsh complaints were driving my father to search for new escape routes. Three disparate generations were under one roof, and the cultural collisions were horrendous.

An incident took place one night a few weeks after Dinah's arrival that just about put the cap on the situation. She had gone to sleep in her attic bedroom but awakened in the middle of the night fearing that she had neglected to kiss the mezuzah before entering the room to retire. In the dark, she rose to correct her probably imagined oversight and fell down the attic stairs, just outside the doorway, breaking her arm. The Sharon doctor was called, but Dinah refused to let him see her bare arm, despite her pain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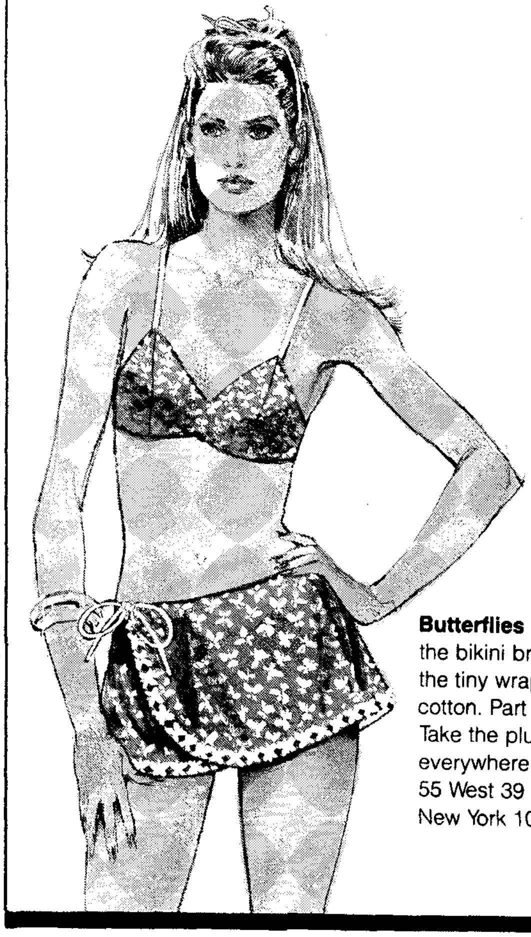
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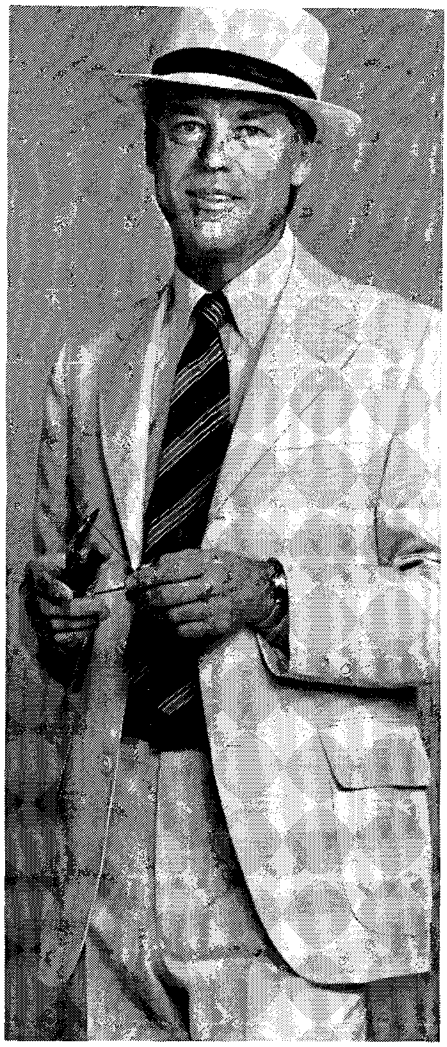

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and my father's frenetic entreaties. As luck would have it, the doctor, George Hochman, was the son of our community's rabbi, Isaac Hochman. After much negotiation, a compromise was achieved: if Rabbi Hochman himself would appear and verify that the doctor was indeed his son, and if the doctor could set her arm without observing her bareness any more than was necessary, Dinah would comply. The rabbi obliged, and his son put a splint on her arm. As far as Dinah was concerned, my father was to blame for the incident. That was the last straw. The next day, he arranged to have the *mima* move in with Abe Miller and his wife, Annie, who were living in Roxbury. When Dinah had left, Sam said, "I forgot how big this house is."

For Annie and Abe, life with their *mima* was what Annie, in her usual direct fashion, called "a Gehenna—a hell." All through the Second World War, Dinah stayed with the Millers, taking over their rooms and their lives. "Nobody could come to visit, because she had to have the living room all to herself," Annie has said. "By her, nothing was kosher—not even the chairs. She put newspapers all over my furniture to make them kosher. I was her slave: special big prunes she needed for her cooking, and I had to run out and buy them; pounds of butter and sugar for her cakes she wanted when they were rationed; her washing had to be done just so. Everybody was trying to poison her, she said. I showed her that the food she was eating was the same I gave to my children, but, no, she was being poisoned. She had to make her own food to eat it. For this, Sam was paying me forty dollars a month expenses. No money was enough to take care of the *mima*. Finally, I got sick. The doctor said my pulse is fast, my blood pressure is high, I'm shaking all the time, so Sam puts her into the old people's home."

At the Hebrew Home for Aged, in Dorchester, Dinah continued to raise hell. Moris Citrin, the director of the home, was regularly on the telephone to Sam with an old or a new complaint about Dinah's behavior: she had escaped by cab to the Millers' apartment in the middle of the night; she had accused another woman of poisoning her tea; she had washed a photograph of Yudel with soap and water, and when it streaked and faded she insisted that somebody had put a hex on her. At one point, she struck up a friendship with a distinguished old widower,

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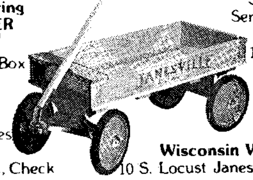

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a Mr. Levine, and there was some talk of a second marriage for both of them. Hopes ran high until Dinah concluded that she wouldn't be able to sit next to Yudel in Heaven if she remarried. Despite Mr. Citrin's frequent threats to evict her, she lived at the home—or, occasionally, at our house or the Millers'—until 1956, when she died, at the age of eighty-three. She was buried next to her husband, in the Bernstein family plot at the Mishkan Tefila Cemetery, in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, sixty-five hundred miles from Beresdiv.

DURING the war, neither Dinah nor anybody else in the family was able to learn the fate of those relatives still in Russia. From the news dispatches, however, one could hazard a grim guess. My father kept a map of Europe on a wall, with pins of different colors marking various armies' advances and retreats. In the summer of 1941, the black pins, representing the Nazis, were well inside the Ukraine; the red pins, the Russians, were retreating east toward Moscow. I remember that one day my father told my mother he had just heard on the radio about a fierce battle fought in Shepetovka, which was described by the newscaster as "an important railroad junction." Though she knew of no close relatives still there, the news brought tears to her eyes. If Shepetovka fell, the *shtetls* nearby would be overrun easily. We were reasonably sure that Shlomo and his family would be safe in Moscow, but what about Sam's sister Sura-Rivka Zvainboim and her husband and sons, and the Malamuds of Korets? If the stories of summary executions of Polish and Russian Jews were true, they wouldn't stand a chance. Feared and despised though Hitler was in 1941, nobody could bring himself to believe that the stories were absolutely true. Such total evil was impossible—beyond human invention or perception. Since there was no way of communicating with Sura-Rivka, the hideous thought was put aside. But as the war plodded onward it grew increasingly clear that she and the Korets relatives were casualties of the Holocaust. No one ever said so, exactly, but it was silently and resignedly understood. Sura-Rivka was just a cloudy memory to Sam—she was only eight when he left Russia—but at times he would talk about her lovingly. "She was so small, with blond braids and pretty blue eyes," he would say. "She didn't

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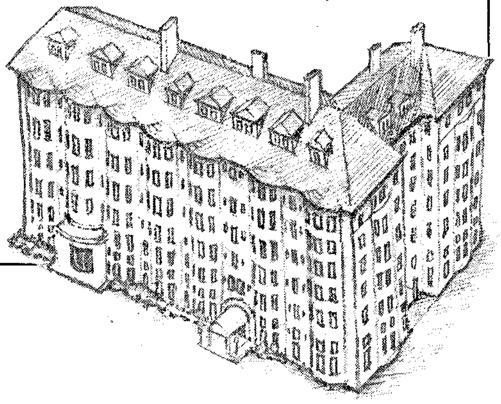

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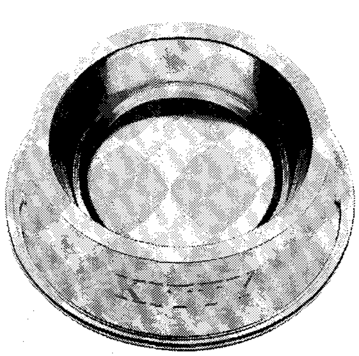

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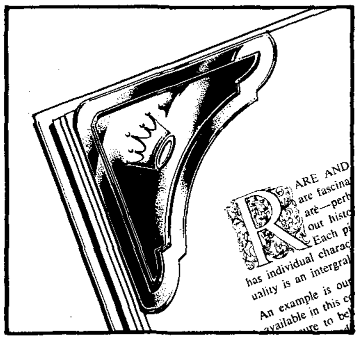

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understand why I was leaving the house. I never really explained it to her."

At the end of the war, a letter arrived from Shlomo. He and his family were alive and well in Moscow. Sura-Rivka, as we feared, as we knew, had not been as fortunate. She, her husband, and three of their sons were murdered by the Germans about fifteen months after the Ukraine invasion. But—miracle of miracles—their oldest son, Mikhoel, had survived. Through later correspondence and from other sources, my father and I learned more about the miracle. Special S.S. units, the dreaded Einsatzgruppen—rather than the regular Wehrmacht—had been sent into the heavily Jewish areas of the Ukraine for a specific reason: so that there would not be the slightest hesitation about murdering every Jewish man, woman, and child encountered. No exceptions. The Einsatzgruppen performed as had been expected. On the holiday of Succoth, five thousand Jews of Mezhiritsh—including Sura-Rivka, her husband, and their three younger sons—were herded into a brick factory outside the town and machine-gunned by the Nazis. However, Mikhoel had long since fled the area. At the time of the invasion, Mikhoel had just graduated from the Mezhiritsh high school, and, defying his parents' wishes, he, with some friends, left home on foot for eastern Russia. In a recent letter, Mikhoel wrote me:

> Father and mother tried to persuade me not to leave home: "If the time has come to perish, let us be together." But we younger people decided on a different path: "If the time has come to perish, let it be with a gun in our hands." At first, we made it on foot to the railroad station at Novograd-Volynsk, and from there we travelled by train to Kiev, and then from Kiev to the town of Aktyubinsk, in northern Kazakhstan. There, I was mobilized with the Army reserves, and later entered the actual Red Army, participating later in the liberation from the Fascists of the Soviet homeland, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. I served as an artillery soldier in an anti-tank brigade; for military sacrifices at the front I was awarded the Order of Slava [Honor] and various medals. . . . After the war, I was sent to Dnepropetrovsk for further duty. In 1949, I was demobilized and started work at a chemical factory as a vulcanizer. . . .

One could write a whole book about what took place during the war. A full thirty-five years have passed since the ending of that terrible war, yet I still remember the horrors of my war years.

In 1947, Mikhoel married another Jewish survivor—Lena Neishtat, of Dnepropetrovsk. A son—named Ale-

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ksandr, like Shlomo's son—was born to them in 1948. My father sent parcels of food and clothing to help them through the postwar reconstruction years, and Mikhoel answered with letters of thanks written in Yiddish. Shlomo was loath to write to Sam at all as American-Soviet relations worsened. One of Mikhoel's letters, dated November 8, 1948, reveals the simple gratitude of a survivor. It reads, in part:

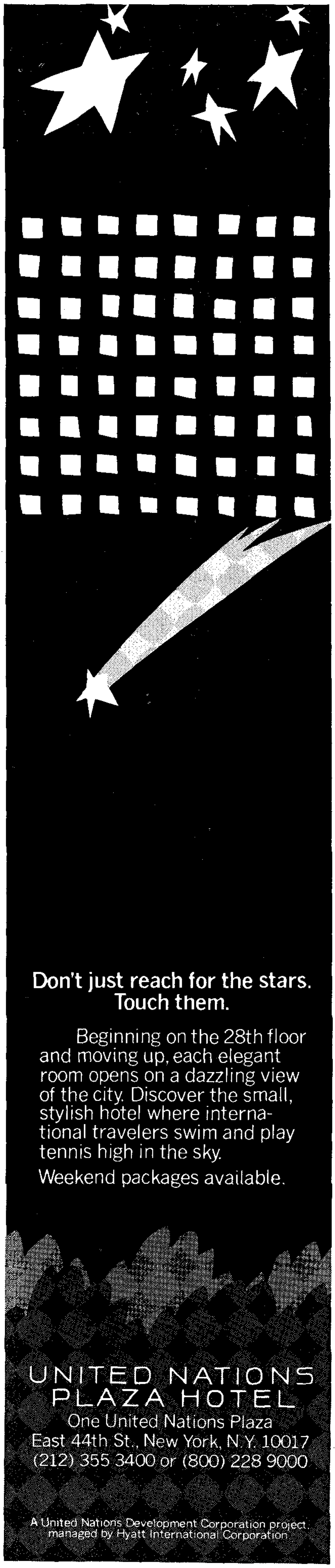
> Dear Uncle,
>
> You can't imagine how much joy you give me when I receive a letter from you. For aside from you and Uncle Shlomo none of my relatives have remained.
>
> Dear Uncle! Write me frequent letters. Write me about your children, about your wife, and about Grandmother.
>
> In connection with the fact that our little boy turned 6 months on 3.11.48, we photographed him and we're sending you his picture.
>
> I am very pleased to hear that your son is a famous conductor and I imagine that you have a great deal of pleasure from him.
>
> I receive frequent letters from Uncle Shlomo in which he sends you regards. And I send him your regards, too. Stay well and give my regards to Grandmother, your wife, children, and all relatives.
>
> Hearty regards from my wife and son.
>
> Your nephew Mikhoel
>
> Again I want to thank you very much for the parcel. All the clothes were very useful.

Our family mourned the deaths of Sura-Rivka and her family and the last semblances of *shtetl* culture. But no matter how many trenchant accounts of the Holocaust I saw or heard through the years the essential horror somehow never really struck me in a personal sense. Perhaps it was because there were no actual funerals or gravestones or death certificates for the murdered; they had been blithely, anonymously dispatched and then bulldozed under or burned to ashes, to be forgotten. If an individual Jew was not a breathing displaced person at the end of the war, it simply meant that he had ceased to exist at some point during the war. Seldom was a time or a place or a circumstance of death noted for the record. Such, I assumed, was the case with our Malamud relatives of Korets. Recently, however, while I was inquiring about Ukrainian *shtetl* life at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, in New York City, I came across a rare definitive accounting—a memorial called "The Korets Book." After the war, enough former citizens of Korets had discovered one another alive in Israel to be able to set down, with hard knowledge, a final tabulation of some of the deaths in their town. As I read the pages, which were translated for me from the Yiddish and the Hebrew, I noticed dozens of Bernsteins and Malamuds, but none of the given names were familiar. It wasn't until I read an entry entitled "Family of Khedva and Ahuva Malamud (Israel) and Abraham Malamud (America)" that it all came home to me. The "Abraham Malamud (America)" was, of course, my cousin Abe Miller, the meek, just man who had toiled for my father ever since the Frankel & Smith days. Under that heading was a death roster of people I never knew. After reading it, not only did I understand the Holocaust but I understood—for the first time, really—what my family was:

Yisroel	Brother	Killed in Korets
Yudis	His wife	” ” ”
Tsile	Their daughter	” ” ”
Moyshe	Their son	” ” ”
Freydl	Sister	Killed in Mezhiritsh
Moyshe (the blacksmith)	Uncle of Altshteyn	Killed in Korets
Khasye	His wife	” ” ”
Shlomo	Their son	” ” ”
Reyzl	Their daughter-in-law	” ” ”
Mindl	Their granddaughter	” ” ”
Shmuel	Their grandson	” ” ”
Osher-Leyb	Their son	” ” ”
Mindl	Their daughter-in-law	” ” ”
Pesye	Their granddaughter	” ” ”
Menukhe	Their granddaughter	” ” ”
Kobke	Their son	” ” ”
Tove	Their daughter-in-law	” ” ”
Yosef	Their grandson	” ” ”
Nisn	Their grandson	” ” ”
Shayke	Their grandson	” ” ”
Khaye-Feyge	Their daughter	” ” ”
Froyim	Her husband	” ” ”
and their three children		
Zlate	Their daughter	” ” ”
Dvosil	Their daughter	” ” ”

—Burton Bernstein

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)



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THE THEATRE

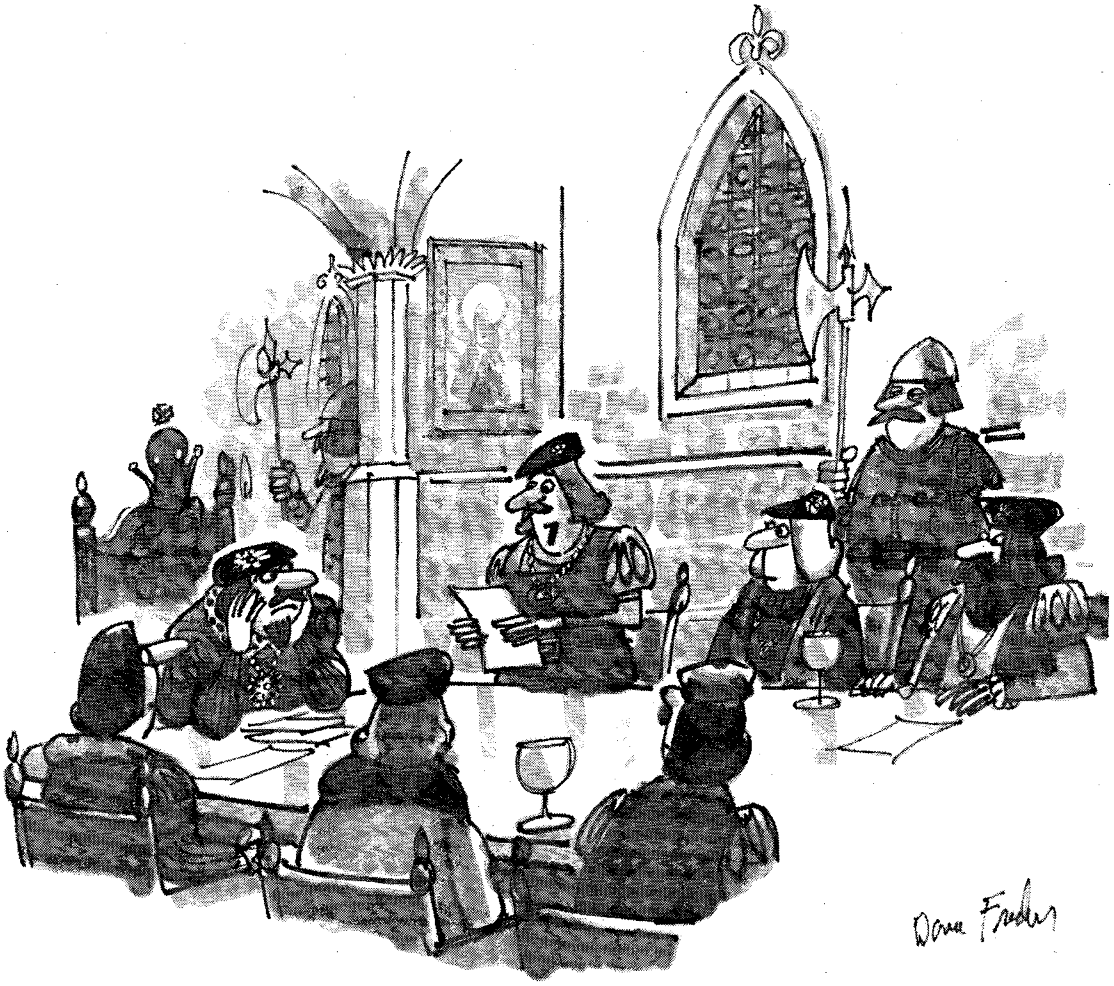
Off Broadway

"Weekends Like Other People," at the Phoenix through March 28th, is a collaborative effort, if ever there was one, by the dramatist, David Blomquist; the director, Ulu Grosbard; and Rose Gregorio and Kenneth McMillan, two actors who perform it as near to perfectly as makes no matter. "Weekends" is about a warehouse worker named Dan and his wife, Laurie, who works in a restaurant; they have been married long enough to have a son of eleven. The action is a matter of small, seemingly inconsequential domestic scenes separated by the sound of overheard television commercials, but underneath the scenes tension is building. Dan is restless: Nothing changes, everything Laurie does seems a little wrong, her timing is off. He can't take another marketing list, another trip to the store, another conversation about new curtains for the living room. They've stayed in that house too long; he doesn't want to talk any more about his son; they will never have enough money to do anything. And always there are references to his new boss at the warehouse, whom he hero-worships, and who notices him and talks to him, and even invites him to lunch. When Dan learns by phone that an expected promotion at work has fallen through, he explodes at his wife, and she, for once, explodes right back. By the time they are through, there has been quite a lot of general breakage, and the new living-room curtains have been torn down. In the final scene, their reconciliation—somewhat sheepish on both sides—is not as sentimental as you might expect, nor is there any bleak resignation in their acceptance of each other and their circumstances; there is plenty of affection left. At the end, they decide to drive off for a weekend, just like those "other people" who seem to haunt Dan.

That Mr. Blomquist has written a play about stagnation yet kept it always on the move is quite an accomplishment, and that he has managed to tell a story in a seemingly offhand way is no less of one. From time to time, the dialogue sounds forced, with more than a hint of condescension (this is a play about "them"), but mostly it is acceptable and funny, with a kind of rueful humor that the characters share with the audience. Mr. Blomquist is not only a promising dramatist but a damn lucky one to be associated with Mr. Grosbard, Miss Gregorio, and Mr. McMillan, who are way beyond promising. David Jenkins' setting of Dan and Laurie's drab apartment looks exactly right, and so do their clothes, by Jennifer von Mayrhauser.

A revival of Leonard Melfi's "Birdbath," last seen here in 1966, opened last week at the Harold Clurman. The play, which seems at first to be a comedy but is revealed at the end to be a horrifying melodrama, again stars Kevin O'Connor as a poet who works as a cashier in a cafeteria and who persuades an extremely jittery, sex-shy young waitress to come to his apartment after hours. Their encounter seems just as artificial to me now as it did when I first saw the play, but this time the fascinating performance of Barbara eda-Young—who has a touch of Judy Holliday about her—transforms it into more than just a setup. Mr. O'Connor is, of course, as good as anyone could be in the fake role of the poet.

In the curtain-raiser, "Crossing the Crab Nebula," by Lewis Black, Mr. O'Connor is a garrulous old fellow at the wheel of a car, swilling beer and driving West, who has picked up a close-mouthed young fellow wearing dark glasses and a golden hood. As they drive at top speed, they are periodically joined by a young woman who looks like a carhop. I have no idea what Mr. Black had in mind in this mystifying work, which has many sight



"Our commission has found, Sire, that the nail was not, in fact, lost. It appears it was never driven into the horseshoe, owing to a bureaucratic error."

and sound effects. All I can tell you is that it is described in a press release as an "outrageous satire on American commercialism." All righty. Both plays will be playing in repertory with "Chucky's Hunch" through March 21st.

Rob Penny's "Who Loves the Dancer," lately at the New Federal, was a comedy set in a black community in Pittsburgh in 1956. In a rather scattered way, it was about a young boy who wants to become a dancer and about his attempts to convince his family and his friends of his manliness. A pretty employee at a beauty shop offers tea and sympathy to young Woodley, so to speak—an episode that enrages his mother when she hears of it, but that delights his grateful grandmother. Not the most original story on earth, as you can see, but the engaging characters and their activities, under the direction of Shauneille Perry, kept the play on the boil. Giancarlo Esposito, the frightening street killer of last year's "Zooman and the Sign," was very good as the hero, and as his loving, head-of-house grandmother—a familiar role that could easily have become maudlin—Rosanna Carter (Ed Bullins' Fabulous Miss Marie) gave a fine edge to every line she spoke. —Edith Oliver

•

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[*Memo from the Summit County, Ohio, Juvenile Court*]

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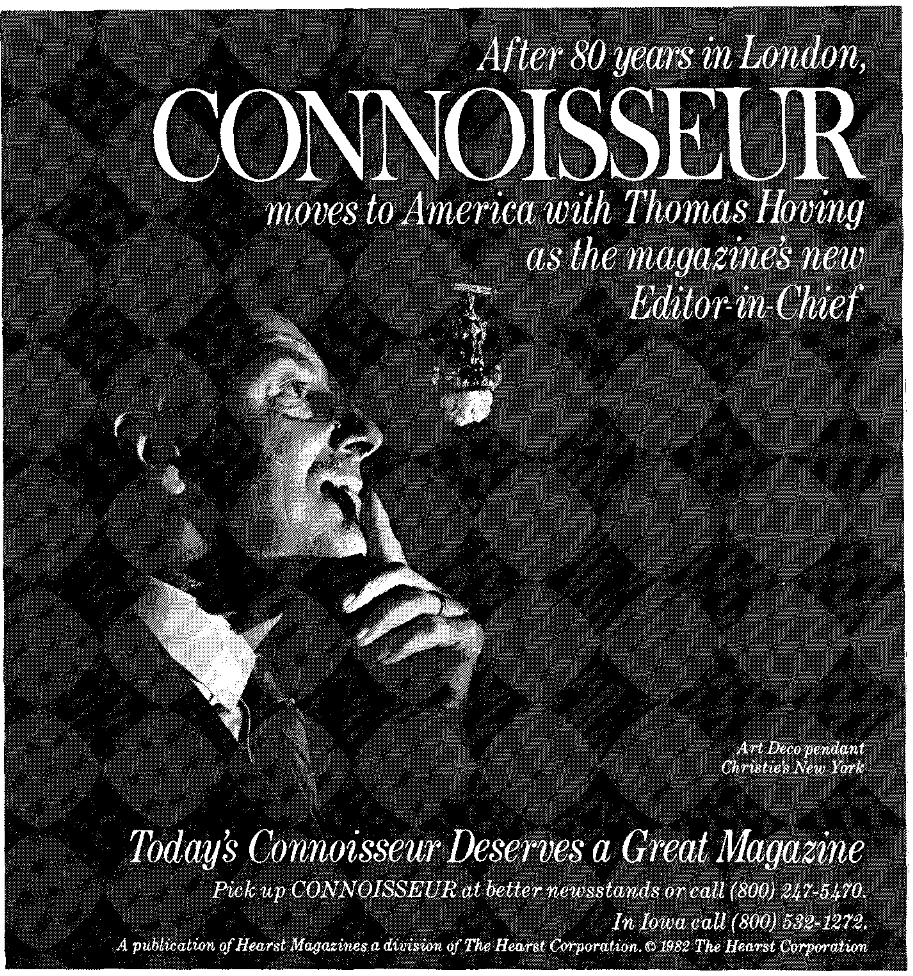
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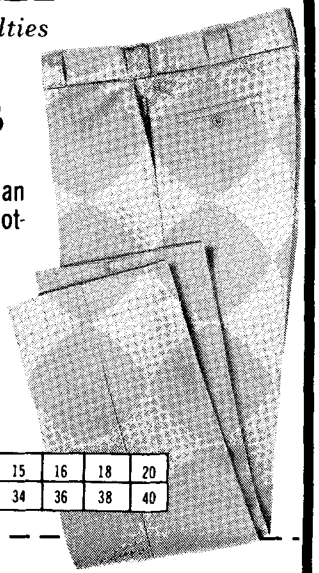
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DEMOCRATS

THE Democrats are being called upon to meet two challenges—to offer "an alternative" to the Reagan program, and to show that they have "new ideas"—neither of which has been presented to an opposition party at such a moment before, and both of which present great hazards, if not traps. To some extent, the Democrats have been set up by the Republicans—and by the press—and to some extent they have set themselves up. Both challenges are based on shaky premises, and both tend to ignore—in some cases purposely—the institutional and other obstacles to what the Democrats are being asked to do. To some extent, the challenges overlook what the Democrats have already been doing. But the Democrats have for the most part accepted them. Once again Ronald Reagan has set the terms of the argument. The result is a mixture of soul-searching, breast-beating, trend-chasing, serious thought, and political maneuvering. The gauntlet Reagan has thrown down before the Democrats will have in fact done them some good. There is a great deal of ferment within the Democratic Party; some Democrats are making an uneasy truce with the past, some are running away from the past as fast as they can, and some are figuring out how to incorporate the past into the future. Many are giving more thought to real questions than busy politicians are usually wont to do. And, with Reagan's unwitting help, the Democrats are now reaching a surprising amount of consensus. There are differences of style and emphasis, some of them consciously created. There are some differences of philosophy that are historical and unbridgeable. The Democrats' legislative problem is still a large one, and their political problem is tricky. But their rhetorical problem is getting easier, and an agenda is in sight.

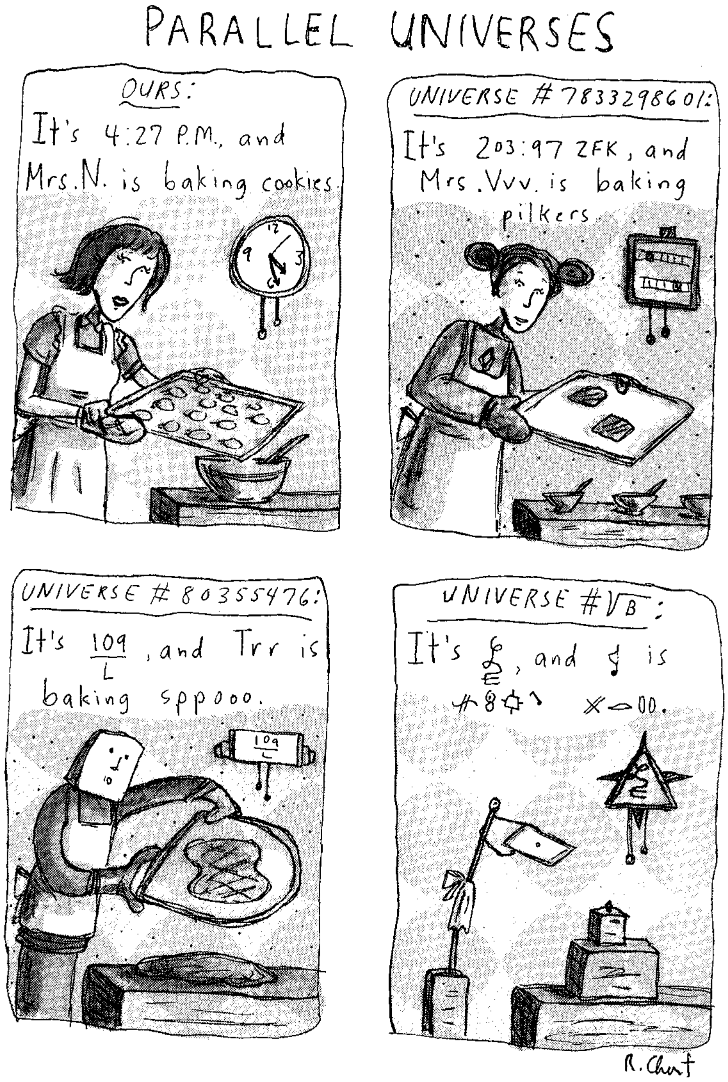
A fair amount of mythology—and obliviousness of history—surrounds the Democrats' dilemma. One myth is that the congressional opposition party can, or should, coalesce around a single spokesman. I have found it hard to discover anyone who could recall offhand who spoke for the Republicans in 1977 and 1978. Whoever it was, it wasn't Ronald Reagan. When, during the early sixties, Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen and House Minority Leader Charles Halleck gave their weekly "Ev and Charlie" show—a sort of combination press conference and teach-in—it was considered entertaining by the press and embarrassing by a number of Republicans. From time to time, the Republican minority came up with the unfortunately titled "constructive Republican alternative proposals," but no one took them very seriously—or expected the Republicans to offer an alternative program for government. A second bit of confusion involves the idea that Congress can provide an alternative to what a President proposes; it has happened from time to time, but rarely. Congress can chip at and reshape and amend and expand what is put before it, but initiating does not come easily to the institution. By its nature, Congress is not conducive to collective action on its own. It is an aggregation of egos and ambitions, self-starters, people who are in business for themselves and keeping a nervous eye on the folks back home. And this has been increasingly the case. The pollsters and the packagers and the political-action committees carry more weight than the party leaders. The Sam Rayburn–Lyndon Johnson style of congressional leadership would not be welcome, for it depended on a structure (dominated by the party seniors) and a sense of obedience that no longer exist. And the Democrats are a more diffuse party than the Republicans—are harder to corral on any given issue. The highly publicized defections in the House last year of the Southern Democratic "boll weevils" was nothing new; the difference was that the House leaders had a smaller margin to work with than they had had in recent years. It is a far greater distance from one end of the Democratic Party to the other than it is from one end of the Republican Party to the other. When I asked one House Democratic aide about the Democrats' strategy this year, he said, "To discuss 'Democrats' as if they can be characterized in a cohesive fashion is to ignore the problem."

Another myth is that Reagan's election represented the triumph of "the party of ideas." Aside from the numerous nonideological factors in the Reagan victory, the Republican "ideas" were essentially old complaints—which the Democrats had unwittingly helped to take hold: against big government, against spending, against too much regulation, against high taxes. The one genuine "idea" was the Kemp-Roth tax cut, which congressional Republicans had all but dropped after trying it out in the 1978 congressional elections and deciding that it was a loser. Only Reagan's being sold on it put it back on the agenda. That America seemed "too weak" was not an idea but a reaction to a series of events. The Democrats had helped the Republican Party nurture a reaction to their domestic policies through a failure to be discriminating. In the mid-sixties, a number of Democrats had begun to recognize that the government was taking upon itself the solving of too many problems, with too many programs, too much money, and too much regulating; some recognized then that they were inviting a middle-class rebellion. Programs that might have been begun on an experimental basis were, largely because of pressures from Congress, begun on a national scale, and were not based strictly on need. Democrats, like most parties in power, found that it was easier to give than to take away—to distribute than to manage. Jimmy Carter came to town talking about zero-based budgeting but ended up swallowed by the special-interest state, and unable to explain what it was he was doing. And the reaction to all this had an eloquent spokesman in the Republican Presidential candidate.

AFTER the 1980 elections, the Democrats went into an emotional collapse. They accepted the fashionable interpretation that 1980 had been an ideological election, that their past agenda had been repudiated, and that they had no agenda for the future—that they needed "new ideas." (The fact that a greater number of liberal and moderate Democratic senators had been reëlected than had been defeated, and that two were elected for the first time, was largely ignored, as was the fact that there were some nonideological factors in the defeat of some Democratic senators.) Many Democrats simply lost their bearings. Some had already begun sliding away from their party's past. The obvious—

that a party should think about what it is doing, and make mid-course corrections—became a novel, and even remarkable, concept. Some people who said as much became celebrities. Democrats engaged in earnest breakfasts, lunches, and dinners with each other and with outside "experts" and advisers to search for a new definition. New think tanks sprouted along the Potomac, to commission studies and propose ideas—and to get in position to populate future Democratic Administrations. It has been a good time for the idea brokers and the salesmen of word processors.

Meanwhile, in both the House and the Senate it took the Democrats some time to adjust to their new situation. In an atmosphere of dominant public sentiment that Reagan must be given his chance, they made their own calculations about how long it should be before they raised their voices against the Reagan program and how strenuously to oppose it—and came to varying conclusions. Some Democrats went along with the Administration (just as some moderate Republicans did) not because they agreed with it but because Reagan was popular in their districts or states. Senate Democrats were, of course, in the minority. In the House, where the Democrats had at least a technical majority, one camp wanted to let the Reagan program go through—that is, to offer an alternative and lose—thus fixing the responsibility, and another wanted to try to work out a compromise with the Administration. In both chambers, those voices that were raised against the Reagan program were lost in the din. The preoccupation was with the high-noon drama of the Reagan victories. Senate Democrats offered amendments to restore funds for education, school lunches, veterans' health care, the Social Security minimum benefit, vocational education, aid for the handicapped, childhood-disease immunization, and so on—which won the votes of about eighty-five per cent of their party colleagues. The deliberate strategy was to lay the groundwork for arguing over these cuts a year and a half later, during the 1982 congressional campaigns, when people might be more ready to listen. Some Democrats—such as Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts; Bill Bradley, of New Jersey; Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas; and Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri—fought, along with a few Republican allies, sometimes successfully, to save programs involving health, child care, and nutrition. Senate Democrats offered alternatives to the President's tax program—to hold the tax cut to one year, and to hold it to two years and make the third-year cut contingent upon economic conditions. In the House, the Democrats, with difficulty, came up with an alternative budget to Reagan's, and barely lost—by three votes—on the key roll call. Some House Democrats now say that the difference between their proposal and the Republican one wasn't great enough—that the Party didn't set itself sufficiently apart for the record. The Democrats' tax bill, following a bidding war with the White House, also ended up looking very Republican, and still lost. (Another tax alternative, offered by Representatives Morris Udall, of Arizona, and David Obey and Henry Reuss, both of Wisconsin—a more Democratic set of tax cuts—went down to greater defeat. Now many Democrats wish that more of them had stuck with it, for the record.) Most Democrats are relieved that neither their budget nor their tax alternatives passed. The program that is in place is Reagan's. As one House Democrat has put it, "Reagan's greatest political blunder was to get his program enacted."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In its eagerness to defeat the Democrats on the budget and tax bills, the Reagan Administration humiliated the House Democratic leadership and two important committee chairmen—James Jones, of Oklahoma, the chairman of the Budget Committee, and Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee—and left a bitter legacy for this year. These men had hoped to be able to work out compromises with the White House—Rostenkowski had entered into negotiations with it—only to have the White House people decide that they would prefer to whack them over the head. In considering what to do this year, the House Democrats have last year in mind. One House Democrat told me, "As we all know, in politics people are often fighting the last bill and overlearn from their past experience. Last year, the President was very popular—more effective than any other President in many years in appealing to the public. So, even though his program is in a shambles now, some of those Democrats who opposed him last year bear the scars and have overlearned the lesson of last year. They are still intimidated by Ronald Reagan—by his ability to condense his position on complicated matters into effective slogans, to simplify the debate in his favor." Another House Democrat told me, "Our efforts to arrive at a strategy are complicated by a gun-shyness on the part of some Democrats because of last year. Jones got clobbered; Rostenkowski got clobbered. They don't want to stick their necks out again. The Reagan program has collapsed, and therefore Democrats can make points without having to do very much. So there's a sense that we don't have to come up with anything, just stay in the trenches while the Republicans fight, and not get out there with anything Ronald Reagan can shoot at. That it's an election year—let the Republicans flounder." This sentiment is said to be shared by the House leadership. "Tip is scarred," this same man said, referring to House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill. "And he really resents being ridiculed by the White House and being the target of all the criticism."

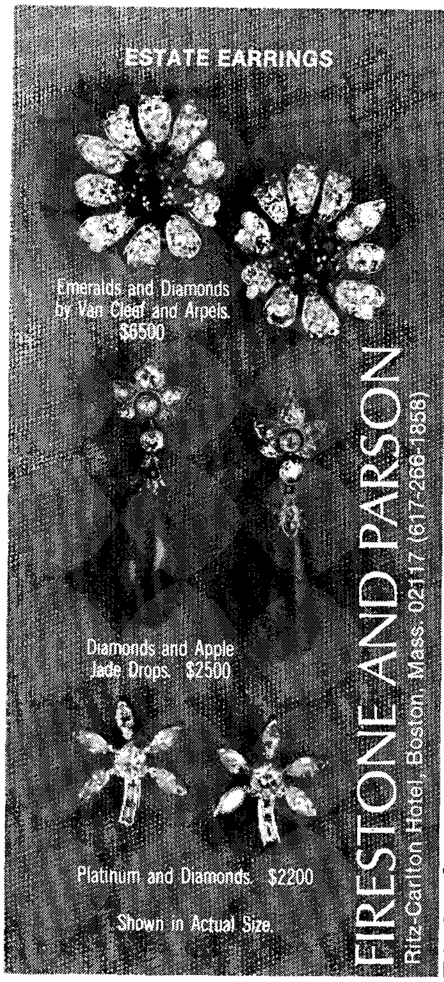
A number of House Democrats, however, feel they have no choice but to try to work for a compromise. "I think the Democrats will end up endorsing a compromise position instead of sticking with their ideology," said Richard Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, who is a young but important House strategist.

I asked him why.

He replied, "Because of a great fear of where we'll end up if we don't—that is, an economic collapse. There's also the politics: no one wants to have been in an adversarial, confrontational position if the collapse comes. You don't want to be there sticking to your bias if it leads to inaction and collapse."

But not everyone agrees. And so the House Democrats have been having all sorts of meetings to figure out their strategy. There are several calculations. Though they don't talk about it publicly, a substantial percentage of the House Democrats—at least half of them by some estimates, and even more by others—don't want to do anything that would blur the picture in November that it is Reagan's program that is in place. They want the November elections to be a clear plebiscite on Reagan's program—a plebiscite that they are confident will work to their advantage. There is also a substantial body of opinion to this effect in the Senate. For other members of both chambers, the problems with this strategy are that, for one thing, the country may get ruined and, for another, it wouldn't look good. Some are truly torn between their desire to let Reaganism run its full course and their fear that in the meantime the economy will go over the cliff. Some, looking ahead, feel that even if their chance to govern again came soon it wouldn't be worth much if the economy was a wreck. (It's not just the size of this year's deficit that worries them—and the Republicans—but also the fact that as things stand the deficit will grow, by substantial amounts, in the following years.) The Democrats, these members reason, must appear responsible. One Senate Democratic strategist has explained, "What the Democrats have to be seen to be doing is playing a constructive role. Lying in the bushes isn't a smart plan—it doesn't cast glory on the Democrats. And it's not a difficult maneuver to figure out—the press would see it. It would not be regarded as good government." So even those Democrats who aren't really inclined to help the Republicans work out an alternative to the Reagan program publicly profess to want to do so. Some Democrats suggest that the idea of letting Reagan have his program—of not helping the congressional Republicans in their efforts to fashion an alternative—is not as unpatriotic as it might appear. They want to get the argument over with. One Senate aide said, "They see it as the way of getting rid of the ideologues once and for all."

SINCE most Democrats feel they have no choice but to offer alternatives, the next questions for them are when they should do so, and on what terms they should work with the Republicans. If timing isn't everything in politics, it is a great deal. The Democrats have preferred to avoid getting in the way of the spectacle of Senate and House Republicans rejecting the Reagan budget. They are not particularly discomfited by Reagan's difficulties and don't want to do anything to draw public attention from them. And they have been in no hurry to set up targets for Reagan. Several Democrats were annoyed with Senator Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, for coming forth with his own budget alternative in early February, because it distracted attention from Reagan and the Republicans, because they do not agree with its substance, and, worse, because it got him so much press attention—even, for heaven's sake, some Presidential mentions. In both chambers, specific members—Bradley in the Sen-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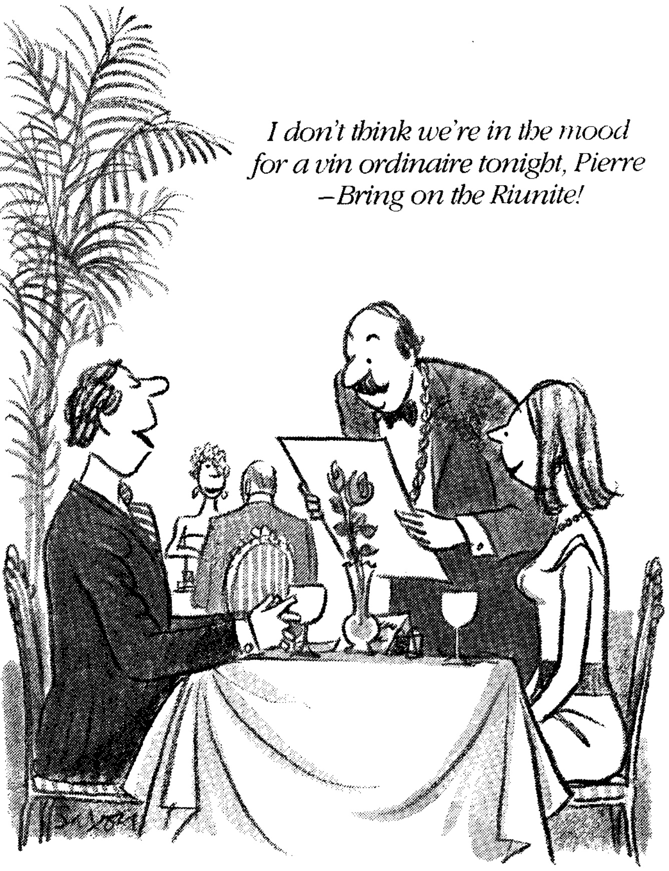
ate and Gephardt in the House—were appointed by the leadership to come up with alternative budget proposals, but this hasn't stopped others, and alternatives are being drawn up in several quarters. They have many common elements: on taxes, repeal the third year of the individual tax cut or make it contingent upon certain economic conditions or replace it with indexing, or repeal the indexing that was enacted last year, and cut back on some of the tax credits for business enacted last year; cut defense spending; on domestic spending, ease up on some of Reagan's proposed cuts—particularly in the areas of education, job training, and nutrition—and perhaps cut back on the cost-of-living increases in such entitlement programs as Social Security, civil-service retirement pay, and veterans' pensions. These cost-of-living increases have outrun inflation, and are more generous than those given government—or even many private—employees. In many respects, the Democrats' alternatives to the Reagan budget resemble the Republicans' alternatives. But a number of Democrats do not want to find themselves endorsing a bipartisan compromise without having proposed an alternative that sets them apart as Democrats. They want to be able to say that the compromise they endorsed was not their first choice but the best they could get. Some Democrats question whether they can reach a consensus on any list. Several Democrats, after all, freely and happily participated in giving some of the tax breaks to business last year.

The swirling about in the House of a number of people working on their own or in various groupings—devising their own budget and tax proposals, circulating them among their colleagues, holding meetings—is in part a reflection of the nature of the House, in part a deliberate strategy. Reaching any consensus would of course take time, and many Democrats have been in no rush. Some House Democrats are also waiting for a clear sign that Republicans in the Senate will in fact be able to pass some modification of last year's tax cuts or take the hard steps on entitlements. They are not interested in doing these things themselves if the effort is futile. Most of the activity in the House has been among the younger, brighter members. James Shannon, of Massachusetts, a twenty-nine-year-old liberal member of the Ways and Means Committee, has drawn up a tax proposal and is work-



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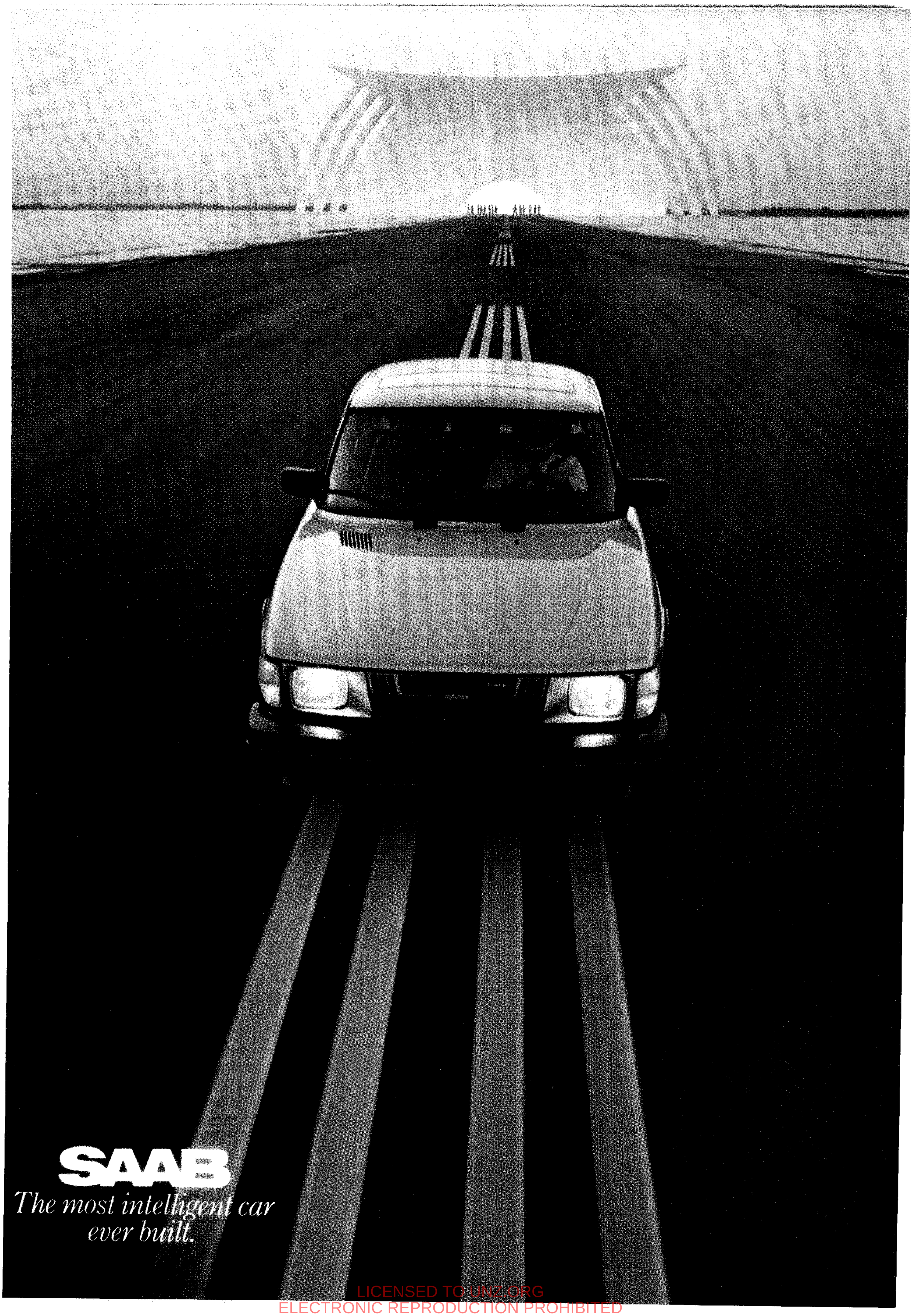
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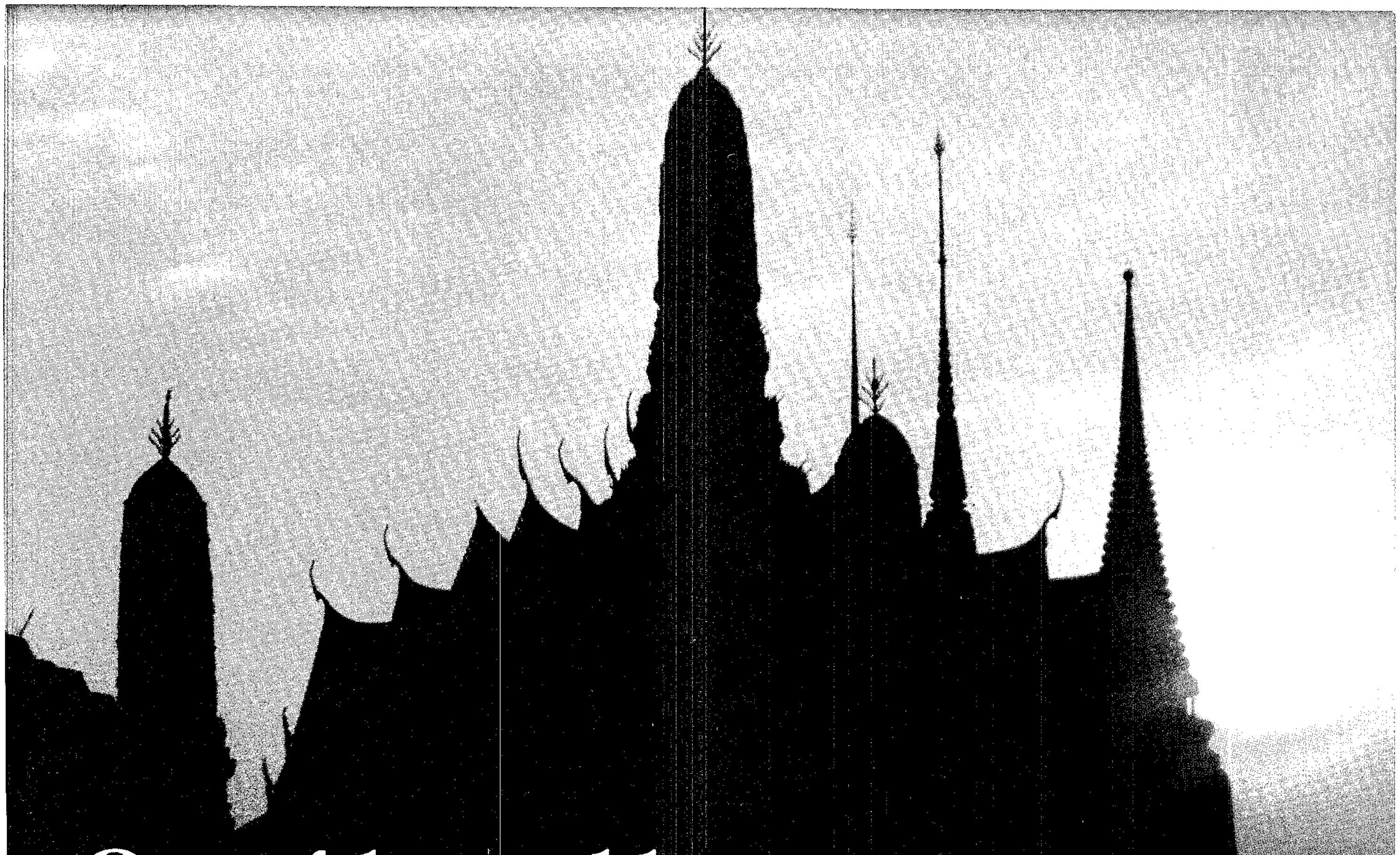

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April-May. Main Bicentennial celebrations including:

April 4-6. Traditional Royal ceremonies leading up to Chakri Day, April 6, when the unique Royal Barge Procession will take place on Bangkok's Chao Phaya River.

April 4-May 4. International Trade Fair, Hua Mark Stadium, Bangkok.

April 13-15. Songkran Festival. Traditional house cleaning ceremonies to mark Thai New Year. Many festivities, including boat racing and water throwing, when everyone is sure to get wet.

May 5. Coronation Day. Public holiday to commemorate the Coronation of H.M. King Bhumipol.

May 7. Wisakha Bucha. Most sacred Buddhist festival, at all temples, to mark the birth, death and enlightenment of the Lord Buddha.

May 7-8. Rocket Festival at Yasothon province.

July 5. Asanha Bucha. Buddhist Festival with candle-light processions around every temple.

July 6. Start of Buddhist Lent. Big festival in Ubon, NE Thailand.

August 12. H.M. Queen Sirikit's Birthday.

October 14-16. Traditional boat races at Paknam, near Bangkok.

October 23. Chulalongkorn Day. Commemorates death of much loved King Rama V, homage paid to his statue in Bangkok.

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ing on it with young Ways and Means colleagues such as Gephardt, who is forty-one, and Thomas Downey, of New York, who is thirty-three, and with Leon Panetta, of California, who is forty-three and serves on the Budget Committee. Panetta has been a ringleader among those who feel that, come what may, the Democrats have to have offered an alternative that is Democratic, and he has been working on a budget alternative with three other Budget Committee members: Norman Mineta, of California, who is fifty; Timothy Wirth, of Colorado, who is forty-two; and Gephardt. Panetta said to me recently, “If we don’t get some alternatives out there soon, all we will do is react to what comes along, and it would probably cut some things some of us would like to protect. I think we’ll drop the ball if we don’t act soon.” Panetta says that he is not concerned about the political risk of offering alternatives. “I think, if you’re facing the kind of economic situation we are, that if we deal with raising additional revenues in an honest way and Reagan accuses us of being ‘revenue raisers’ or ‘cutters of defense,’ that’s a battle we can take on. We can say he didn’t have the guts to take these things on and we did have the guts to take them on.” Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, who is forty-three and is an expert on defense and a very smart man, and is also a member of the Budget Committee, is working on his own budget alternative. And Wirth and Gephardt are drawing up the long-term economic proposals.

But the big problem the Democrats have is that many members are still afraid of Reagan. They study the polls night and day, and they see that his program is unpopular and that people feel it’s inequitable, but they fear his rhetoric if they vote to “cut defense,” “raise taxes,” or even do something he is privately said to favor—cut the cost-of-living increases. (While there is a lot of brave talk about reducing cost-of-living allowances, if Congress actually did so in an election year it would be something of a miracle.) So even if the Democrats could agree among themselves, many of them are not willing to negotiate simply with the Republican congressional leaders—they want the President “on board” this time. They remember last year, and they fear this fall. They respect Howard Baker, of Tennessee, the Senate Majority Leader, and Pete Domenici, of New Mexico, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, and Robert Michel, of Illinois, the House Minority Leader, but feel that these men cannot give them enough political protection. They also recall that last year these men had their own difficulties holding Reagan to what they thought was an agreed-upon course. One House Democrat said to me, “If I go to my district and I’m accused of cutting defense and raising taxes and cutting cost-of-living allowances, it won’t do me enough good to say that so did all those Republicans. If you ask someone in my district, ‘Who’s Pete Domenici?,’ they think he plays shortstop for the Yankees. The *President* is the Republican Party in my district. So the President has to agree to some changes.” Another House Democrat said, “No one wants to go over the top of the trenches alone.” A House Democratic aide said, “Members of Congress spook easily, so they’re looking for some shelter. These aren’t good campaign issues—to take away some of the individual tax cut, to say to some businesses, ‘We’re taking away some of your tax credits.’ It’s not easy to take things back. We have to create the mood that, as bad as some of the affirmative acts are, inaction is worse. We’re not there yet.”

A number of Democrats (as well as some important Republicans) have feared that Congress will not be able to reach a consensus on an alternative to the President’s program and that the whole budget process will collapse—for which, the Democrats figure, they will also be blamed. Any alternative will still contain a substantial deficit—especially if Congress adopts the economic assumptions of the Congressional Budget Office, which adds thirty billion to the President’s original projected ninety-billion-dollar deficit. (The Budget Office figure even assumes that all the President’s proposals are approved, which everyone knows won’t happen.) Many members of Congress would simply prefer not to vote for any budget resolution containing a sizable deficit. One House Democrat told me, “I’m not eager to give Reagan the opportunity to say, ‘He took away your tax cut, he voted to cut defense, and managed to *increase* the deficit.’ ” The Democrats’ interest in having the President sign on was what led Jones to say recently that the President had to join in the budget-amending process, and led House Majority Leader Jim Wright, Democrat of Texas, to float the idea of an economic summit conference.

O’Neill said to me recently, “The

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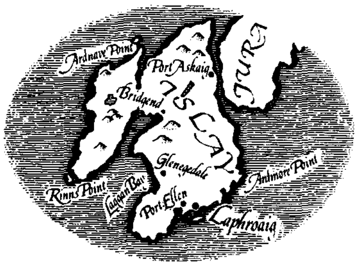

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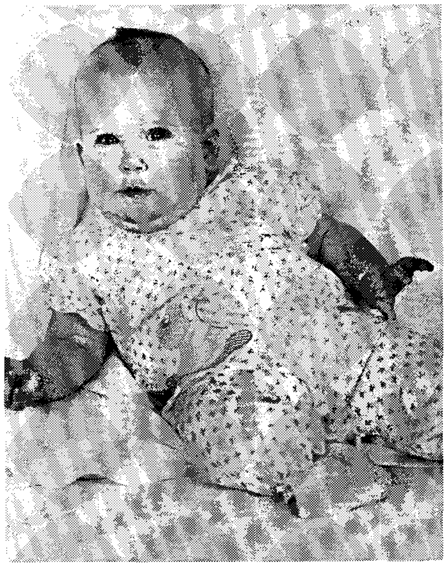

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position I'm in today is that if we come up with a program they'll say we're demagoguing—coming up with a program we know won't pass. Fifty per cent of my party says let them stew in their own juice. Another group says come up with alternatives. A third says let's go to the President and say the country's in a mess; never mind who got it there, let's go to Camp David and see how to get the country working." He continued, "We went over there to the White House last year to talk about the tax bill, and the President waved us away. There's no point in going over there if there's not a real dialogue. Last year, they weren't interested in compromising. They wanted their own victories. Every time I extended a hand to the President, the President was set in cement and wasn't willing to compromise. I'm willing to go the Camp David route, but he really believes in the Kemp-Roth approach. I'm not interested in the kind of dialogue we've had with him. I'm not interested in going over there and hearing the story about the fellow with a job who's getting Social Security, or the guy who's getting seven Social Security checks, or the welfare lady in Chicago. I don't want to hear those stories. If we can go over there and negotiate, that would be fine."

BOTH O'Neill and Robert Byrd, the Senate Minority Leader, sensitive to the charge that the Democrats don't have alternatives, have appointed task forces to deal with various subjects. Senate Democrats have task forces on the economy, on unemployment and job training, on housing, on defense, and on interest rates. House Democrats have task forces on the economy, crime, housing, women's issues, long-term economic policy, the environment, small business, and national security. They serve several purposes: they give the leadership something to point to when the press accuses them of having no alternatives; they may in fact provide some alternatives that can be taken to the floor (after being examined by the Party leaders for dangerous thoughts and approved by the Party caucuses); and they give O'Neill and Byrd a vehicle for letting the younger, restive members have a chance at the spotlight. Both leaders are unhappily aware that they are criticized within the Party as not being the most glamorous possible faces to present to the public. Byrd said to me recently, in

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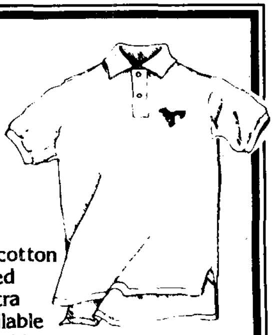

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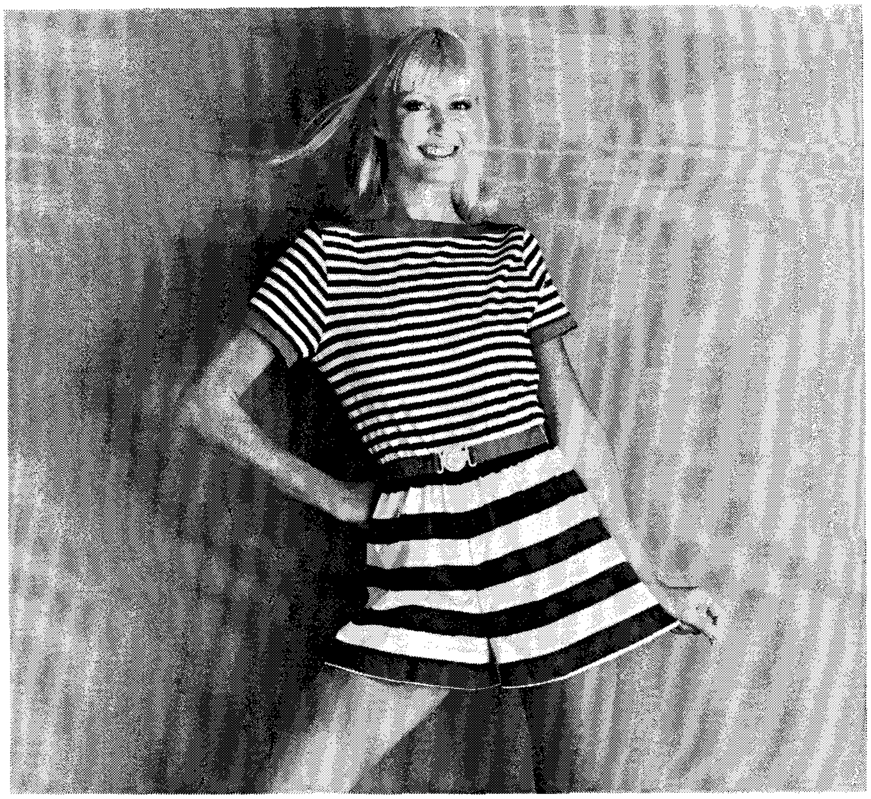
talking of his task forces, "The leader doesn't need to be a superstar. There are lots of stars in our party. The leader needs to be someone who can marshal the forces and get the proposals out there." He went on, somewhat agitatedly, "The press is always asking, 'What are the specifics?' The Administration has taken months to put together its specifics. We don't have months, or thousands of people with hundreds of computers." He concluded, "We expect to come in with a package that over all will reduce budget deficits, and proposals that from time to time will deal with specifics." O'Neill said to me, "Everybody's coming in here with ideas. Some of them are good, some are harebrained. We're trying to see if we can find some immediate and long-term themes."

The Senate Democrats have been caught up in an argument among themselves not only over whether they should put forth alternative proposals but also over how specific they should be—which, given reality, is actually an argument over how specific they can be. They are considering a rather general set of proposals (the more specific alternative proposals Bill Bradley drew up were rejected by a screening committee headed by Byrd) that would defer the third-year tax cut and defer indexing, and modify the business tax breaks; insist on a review of the defense budget, and say that any restoration of cuts in domestic programs proposed by the President should be offset by cuts in defense; and say something (they disagree on the terms) that calls on the Federal Reserve Board to reduce interest rates. Democrats whose political interests it suits want the alternatives to be more specific. Those whose interests it does not suit—mainly those who are up for reëlection this year—are less interested in specificity. The task forces face the same danger any collective congressional enterprise does: that they will have to have the approval of so many people that they will end up as mush, or indiscriminate laundry lists. But the exercise itself need not be meaningless. It is making people think, and ideas watered down along the way are not irretrievable.

THE task forces, the ad-hoc groups, the search for legislative alternatives to deal with the present, the search for "new ideas" to propose for the future, and Presidential politics are inseparable parts of the hyperactiv-



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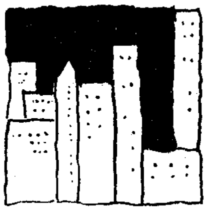
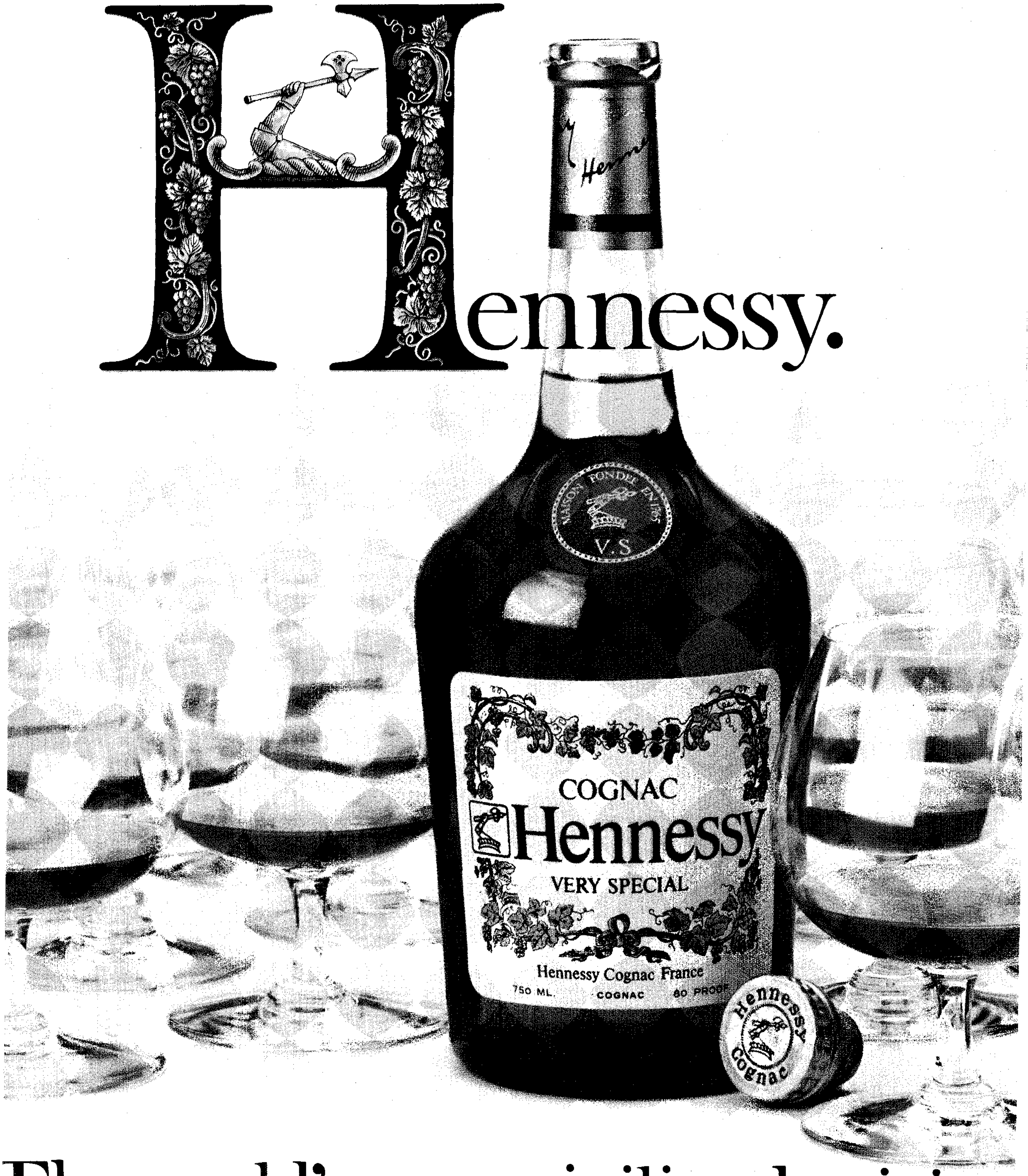
ity on the part of the Democrats. Some of them are getting into position to run in 1984, some in 1988, and some for as yet undefined future stardom in the Party. The interesting thing is that as one makes the rounds of the Democrats their agendas sound remarkably *alike*, though their emphases and styles differ. In part, this is because in their search for "ideas" they went out and talked to the same people. In part, it is because they recognize similar vulnerabilities of the Democratic Party. In part, it is because Reagan has helped the Democrats set their agenda—just as they had helped Reagan set his.



The details differ, and sometimes there isn't very much detail, but the numerous Democrats I have spoken with talk of an agenda that includes economic growth and equity (sometimes called "fairness" or "compassion"). They talk, with various degrees of specificity, of finding some formulation for containing wage-price spirals—tax-incentive plans, informal guidelines, new forms of labor-management relations, or what have you. They talk of the necessity for government investment in what they call "human capital"—through more support for education, training in certain skills. They talk of the need for support of "infrastructure"—rebuilding decayed transportation systems, and the like—and of more scientific research. They talk of revitalizing the industrial base and of ways to stimulate and protect new industries and promote exports. Most of them are interested in Felix Rohatyn's idea for a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, such as existed in the New Deal, to lend money to revitalize old industries and promote new ones. (The question of which industries should be supported is under debate.) And they are interested in the ideas of Lester Thurow, the M.I.T. economist, about revitalizing the economy by shifting from "sunset" to "sunrise" industries. They talk about the new high-technology industries as the sources of new jobs. They are all, of course, for job creation, but have varying degrees of vagueness about how it is to be accomplished; some see it happening through "macro" improvements in the economy—that is, through the jobs that will result from growth—and some have more specific proposals. All of them talk about creating jobs through private enterprise, not through government. Public-employment programs are out of style. The Democrats recognize that they have to demonstrate that their party can be fiscally responsible—and think that Reagan is being helpful in this regard. They recognize that it must show that it is not for being "weak" in international affairs—and think that Reagan's conduct of foreign policy, and the proportions of his military buildup, are helpful here, too. They talk of being for a strong defense but a "lean" one, and they *think* they can argue that the conduct of foreign policy need not be so confrontational, and that they have a good argument for arms control. They accept that there must be a weeding out of government programs, a combining of some, and a turning over of some to the states. They acknowledge that regulation got out of hand. They are prepared to talk about the "New Federalism," but not on Reagan's terms, which they see as simply a vehicle ("Trojan horse") for ending important federal responsibilities. Because of what they see as the "radical" nature of Reagan's program, they feel they must stress that there is an important role for the federal government—and must define that role.

To state these propositions, of course, is not to be prepared to implement them. There are many very hard questions involved. How to provide growth, how to administer a wage-price policy, whether there are some tradeoffs between growth and equity, how to deliver government services with less government are among the hardest questions there are. It is a lot easier for these people to define what is wrong with Reagan's economic policy than to set out what theirs would have been—in the main because "stagflation," a relatively new phenomenon, doesn't seem to lend itself to known formulas. There is no reason to expect the Democrats to be agreed on the details of what they would do until they get closer to the Presidential election and their "definers" emerge. That's how it works. In fact, there is a danger that the Democrats will strain too hard for the details now—they could find themselves splitting hairs and making laundry lists, at the expense of developing their themes and figuring out how to get them across. The New Deal was invented after 1932. This country doesn't have party government, after all, and it's hard enough to get a party platform



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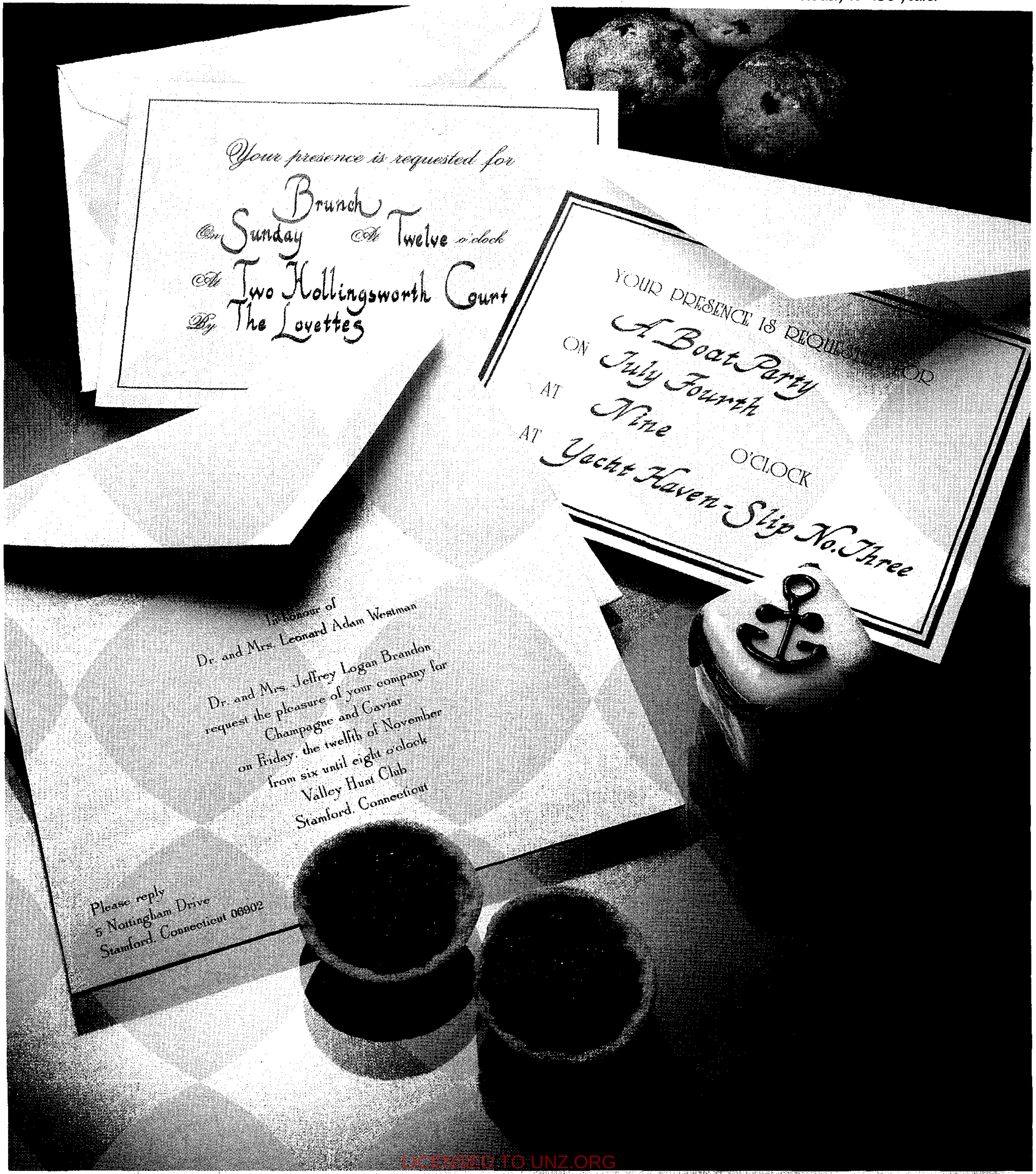

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THE probable Democratic Presidential aspirants are dealing with the Democrats' dilemma in different ways, as befits their instincts, their styles, and their situations. Kennedy is doing what he has done in the Senate over the years—slogging away on legislative issues. Among other things, he has persuaded Dan Quayle, a conservative Republican senator from Indiana, where unemployment is at devastating levels, to co-sponsor a job-training bill. He is still fighting in the Labor and Human Resources Committee to keep the structures of certain programs in place, awaiting better times. He has kept up fights on human rights, and has argued for arms control and sponsored a resolution urging a joint United States-Soviet freeze on nuclear weapons. "We need new answers for the eighties," he said, "but they have to be rooted in fundamental values—equity, fairness, nondiscrimination." After going through the list of issues he is involved in—and with Kennedy the list is always long—he said that the answers for the eighties are not the answers for the sixties but that the values must remain constant. As he has been doing for years, he has been holding meetings at his home in McLean, Virginia, every week or two with experts in one field or another, and in recent weeks he has held them on industrial policy, on human resources, on economics. He declares himself ready to close out some federal programs and put others in block grants, but he has disdain for Democrats he sees running away from their party's roots. Kennedy does not go on the assumption that if the economy comes unglued the country will turn to the Democrats. He says, "They have to be able to persuade the American people that they can govern, and govern effectively."

Walter Mondale, like Kennedy, stresses experience, and, like Kennedy, is more comfortable than some others with talking about old values. He is ready to allow that some things went too far under the Democrats. He has been speaking out against the Reagan economic policy, the budget cuts "that rob us of our future." He has been critical of the Reagan foreign policy, and all the rest. But he has found, he said, that when he is asked about his alternatives and he lists them, "I get a feeling that nobody's listening—that there's something unsatisfying about an eighteen-point program, and that the debate has to be at a different level." And so he has decided to take the attack to Reagan on another question. "I think we should begin by having a debate over what role the federal government ought to play," he said. "I find that the lack of discussion of that leaves people cold, and when you do talk about it, as I have recently, people get stirring. Once you get that going, you can do other things. We've left the fundamentals undebated." So he goes back to the fundamentals—saying that our Founders created a new nation not just for the common defense but for the general welfare—and attacks Reagan's "social Darwinism." He has his specifics on taxes and productivity and the Pentagon budget, energy, the environment, immigration, federalism, foreign policy, arms control, and he cites them, but he has concluded that, for all the press talk about "alternatives," this isn't what people want to hear about right now—or not before the broader case has been made.

Senator John Glenn, Democrat of Ohio, has his list of things that should be different, and he presents himself as a safe man of the middle. "But," he said, "when you're out speaking right now people are so fearful about the economy that you have to address that." On the Saturday before we talked, Glenn had spoken in Topeka and, he noticed, had got the largest hand when he said that the President could no longer dodge responsibility for what was happening to the economy.

Robert Strauss, who insists he is not interested in the Presidency, and is partly believed, said that the problem is that the Democrats haven't yet figured out how to make a good case. "It's not a question of new ideas," Strauss said. "It's a question of old goals and listing goals and bringing those goals closer to reality. Of course we regulated too much, and promised too much; we have to figure out how to get at it more effectively. The American people like Reagan's goals, but they don't like Reagan's programs. They don't like welfare cheaters and don't want the government on their backs. We have to talk about how we can fix these things without throwing out the whole programs. There were a lot of things wrong with the F.B.I., but we didn't throw out the F.B.I. I don't think that we ought to feed every sonofabitch, but we should have a food-

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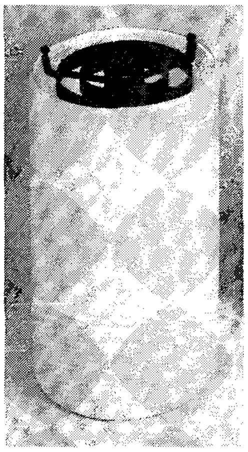

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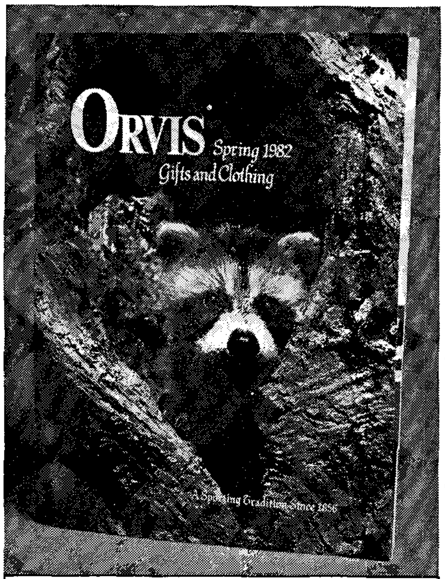

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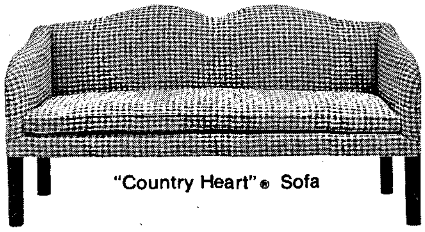

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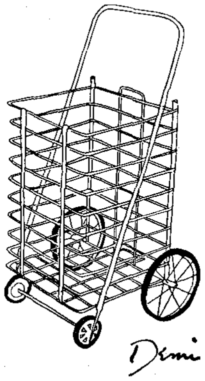
stamp program, and I'd rather feed too many than too few. That's what I've been telling business groups. That's the sort of thing we have to say."

Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, and the Senate Minority Whip, is toying with a Presidential campaign. Cranston has long worked hard on Party issues and strategies—and fund-raising—within the Senate, and wants to try out in public. His themes are much the same as the others', and he proposes that the independence of the Federal Reserve Board be removed.

Senator Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, being of a newer generation of politicians than most of the other possible candidates, said that the time has come for the newer generation to take power. Hart is willing to talk about what programs should be preserved, but, like others with whom he has joined up in a sort of floating seminar, he would clearly prefer to talk about new subjects. He and Bradley and Gephardt and Wirth are part of a group that meets frequently with outside experts. Hart said he is convinced that the Democrats, in their efforts to address social issues, lost the initiative in the areas of economic growth and national defense. He also believes that the way to the White House is to frame the national agenda. He said, "I think the next election will go to the person who has the best ideas, rooted in the traditions of the Party, and understands the complexities and nuances of the eighties and nineties, and discusses the intellectual strategies in some new ways." The term "neo-liberal" has been applied to Hart's group, but Hart rejects it, and so does Wirth, on the ground that it sounds opportunistic and apologetic. Gephardt is not comfortable with the term, either. Bradley says that he would prefer to be called "a Democratic pluralist." Hart has published "issue papers" on defense and on the economy, and is working on one on energy, and has hit on the strategy of offering "issues support" to congressional candidates. He gives them his papers and sends them weekly mailings on issues, as a way of helping them, building credit, establishing himself as a candidate of ideas, and getting his ideas cited.



Gephardt and Wirth, in their effort to come up with a task-force report on long-term strategy, have focussed on high technology, computers, "the information society," and so on. They and their like-minded colleagues are obviously talking about interesting things, and important things, but they run the risk of a seeming disjunction between what they find so interesting and what is troubling the public. They will sit still for questions about how to get from here to there but would much prefer to think and talk about there. This group is referred to by some members as "Atari Democrats." Many other Democrats, including some of the most conventional ones, are also concerned about how to protect the semiconductor industry from losing out to the Japanese, and talk of the need to train people to work in high-technology industries and with high-technology products. They have met with experts on Japanese industry, and several have gone to Japan. They have focussed on small business as the major source of innovation and creator of jobs—and they cite figures that are not as new, or undebatable, as they seem to think. Democrats' interest in high technology and small business in part comes from their sense of the need to get on with the new, and in part it is a reaction to pressures from the high-technology industry for tax credits and other incentives for research and development (which were awarded in last year's tax bill), and for protection.

And in part it stems from an eagerness to peel away from the Republicans the campaign contributions of some industries and to find new ways to appeal to the middle class. "Issues" and constituencies are closely related subjects. The paper that Wirth and Gephardt are working on has gone through several revisions, having at one point veered toward sounding as if it were suggesting that we could be a nation of Route 128s and Silicon Valleys, with two computers in every garage.

Other Democrats think that it is all right if the search for the new goes on, as long as the Party does not adopt what one terms "the cult of the new." They think that it is fine for the Party to freshen its face, and seem modern, but they are not convinced that some of the more exotic pursuits have much to do with reaching the people or governing the country. One Democratic leader, who declined to be named, said to me, "I think it is relevant that they are doing it; I'm not sure that what they are doing is relevant." The soul of the Democratic Party is not in microchips. The "information society" doesn't say much to an unemployed steelworker in Gary, Indiana. (I talked to one young, new Democrat for an hour and a half about the Democratic program, and he never mentioned the current unemployment or the fact that people are getting hurt.) The danger of Democrats' rushing excitedly from meeting to meeting with experts is that they will come up with their own Arthur Laffer. Some of the popularizers that they read make it all sound pretty easy. Dale Bumpers said, "We've got some good thinkers in the Democratic Party and some good thinkers that talk to the Democratic Party. But those outside people don't have a corner on the problem. One of the things that worry me is that some of these people want to do what the Reagan crowd has done, and that is throw the baby out with the bath. We don't want to walk away from the past, and can't avoid the hard work of sorting out the past."

If the Democrats can get beyond their fixations on old versus new and past versus future, they will be on to something. The instinct that tells Democrats that they must appear new and fresh is not unfounded, but it can lead them into trendiness and unrooted, untested thoughts. Some of the Party's best ideas are old ones, and need renewal. There is also the danger of walking right back into the special-interest state. There is plenty around to refurbish and renew and to offer the country. "I don't want new ideas," a nonpartisan friend of mine said recently. "I want sanity." What the people want, my nonpartisan friend said, is "a lean, humane government." He added, "Fairness is not a new idea. Steadiness in foreign policy is not a new idea. Arms control is not a new idea." The Democrats are going through a healthy process. And for so many politicians to find time to think beyond next week is unusual. There is a great deal of talent within the Party. Lack of ideas is not the problem. As the 1984 election gets nearer, the themes and the rhetoric will be better defined, and some people will be better at getting across than others. And, just as in 1980, how they fare will be determined as much by what the other fellow does and says as by what they do and say—and by things over which neither has any control.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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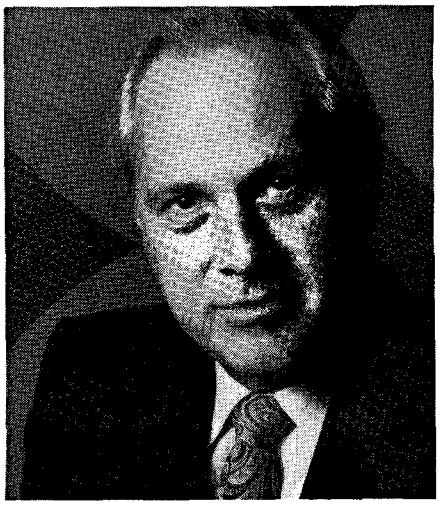

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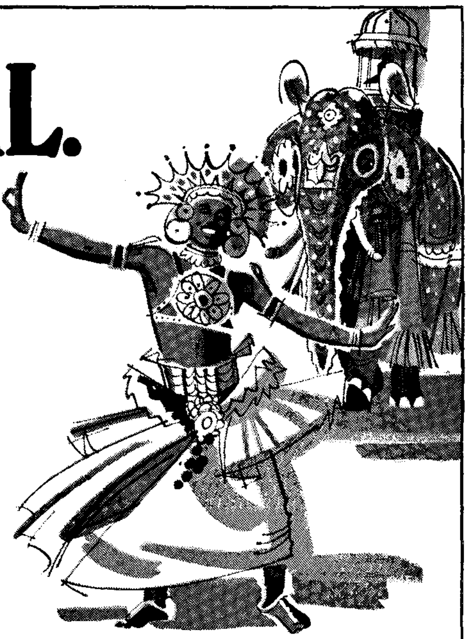

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MUSICAL EVENTS

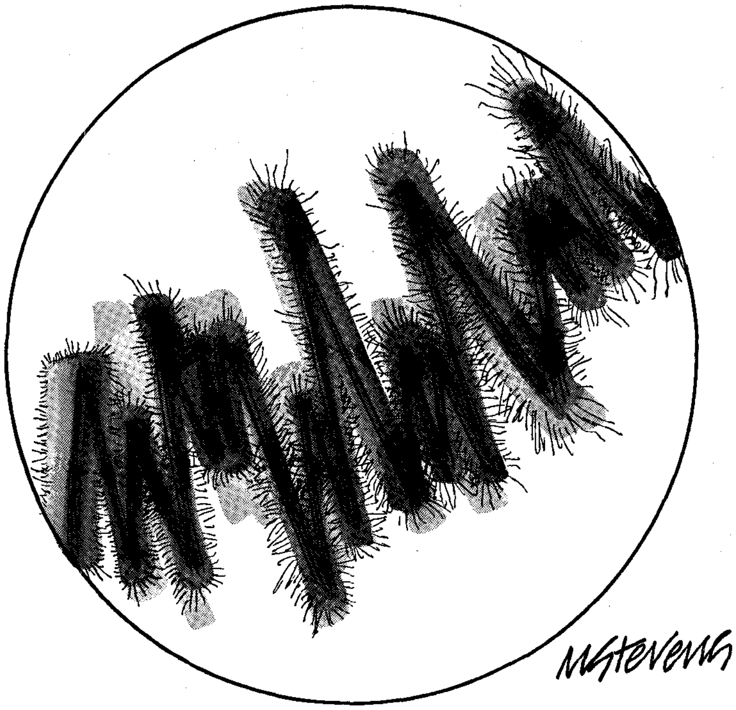
Youthful Splendor

LATER, better Wagner has long been the enemy of good early Wagner. "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi" are operas that have more good music in them, and more music-drama, than several pieces by lesser men which get trotted out on the stages of the world. Even too much music: all three are long, and by very heavy cutting they are spoiled. Each has had probably only one complete performance ever—prepared by the BBC and broadcast early in 1976. The BBC's uncut "Die Feen" contained three hours and twenty minutes of music, "Das Liebesverbot" three hours, and "Rienzi" four hours and forty-five minutes. The stage productions I have seen—three "Rienzi"s, two "Liebesverbot"s, and (in Bayreuth, but not in the Festspielhaus) a single "Feen"—have all been abridged, a Munich "Rienzi" almost to "highlights." But *some* careful cutting can be accepted. At least two of those shows—a "Liebesverbot" at Nottingham University and a "Rienzi" in San Antonio—were carefully and not too severely cut, and in each case the opera proved wonderfully exhilarating.

When Shaw heard the overture to "Die Feen," in 1889, he enjoyed it. Declaring that the twenty-year-old chorus master who had composed it was no crude amateur, even if he was "a crude Wagner," he wrote of "a charm in this Vorspiel that is wanting in the empty and violently splendid overture to Rienzi," and continued with sentences that foreshadow modern commentary on the whole opera: "It is more Wagnerian, for one thing. For another, it has youthful grace and fancy as well as earnestness." With "Die Feen" (1833), textbook opinion runs, Wagner started out on the right path, one that ran from "Der Freischütz," "Fidelio," and Heinrich Marschner's "Der Vampyr." (The list of influences is the composer's own.) Then he strayed for a while. He succumbed to the heady delights of Italian opera—particularly of Rossini's "Otello" and Bellini's "I Capuleti"—and composed the Italianate "Das Liebesverbot" (1835), declaring that "the keynote of my conception . . . boldly tended to exalt unrestrained sensuality." "Rienzi" (1838-40) was something else—an attempt at an extra-grand grand opera that would rescue its composer from the grind of provincial operatic life. With "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser," Wagner then found his path again. Meanwhile, "Rienzi" served its purpose. It appeared in Dresden in 1842, and all Europe flocked to see it. It made Wagner's name as surely as "Nabucco," another opera produced in 1842, made Verdi's.

The account is true as far as it goes, but it leaves out a lot: how far the three operas differ from their models; what they have in common; and, not least, how interesting and enjoyable they are. Each carries a strand of autobiography. That Arindal, the hero of "Die Feen," should achieve immortality through the power of music was Wagner's own addition to his source, Gozzi's "La Donna Serpente." When refashioning "Measure for Measure" into "Das Liebesverbot," Wagner changed Shakespeare's Angelo into Friedrich, an earnest German governor who in his soliloquy voices that recurrent Northern dilemma simultaneous intoxication with and reprobation of captivating Mediterranean frivolity. The manner of the music and the theme of the opera are one, and the soliloquy, shot through with reminiscence motifs, marked by "Tristan"-adumbrating harmonies, is a scena of self-realization unmatched until much later in the century. Every Anglo-Saxon whose surrender to Rossini's "Otello" is accompanied by a twinge of Protestant guilt, who delights in Donizetti but reflects that there are Bach cantatas he has not heard, understands and responds to it. "Rienzi" is an opera about a grandiose visionary whose lofty dreams outsoar the comprehension of the masses. It needs no hindsight from "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," "The Ring," and "Parsifal" to find in the young Wagner the genius who gave dramatic and musical form to important concerns: love, sex, religion, and politics. None of the three early operas is a mere mindless entertainment. They share copiousness of melodic invention. They have energy, vivacity, and brilliance.

"Die Feen" has a plot somewhere between "The Magic Flute" and "Die Frau ohne Schatten." Although the name Gozzi does not appear in the Strauss-Hofmannsthal correspondence, Strauss knew "Die Feen" well. He prepared its first performance, which was given in Munich in 1888. Plot synopses of "Die Feen" and "Die Frau" can start identically: "The hero, out hunting one day, pursued a white hind, which turned into a beautiful woman; and she became his wife. The time has now come when she must decide whether to



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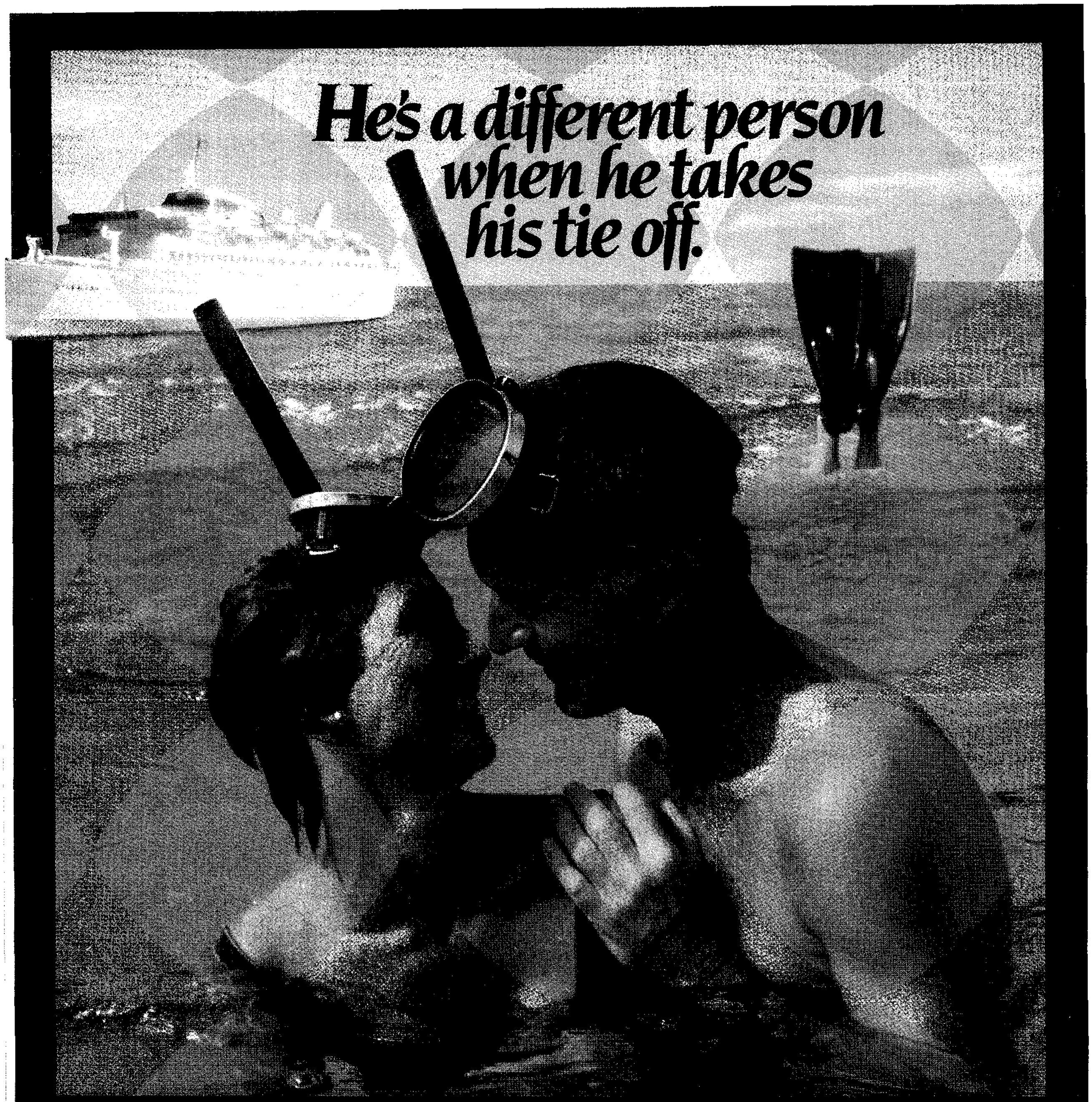
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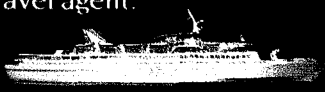

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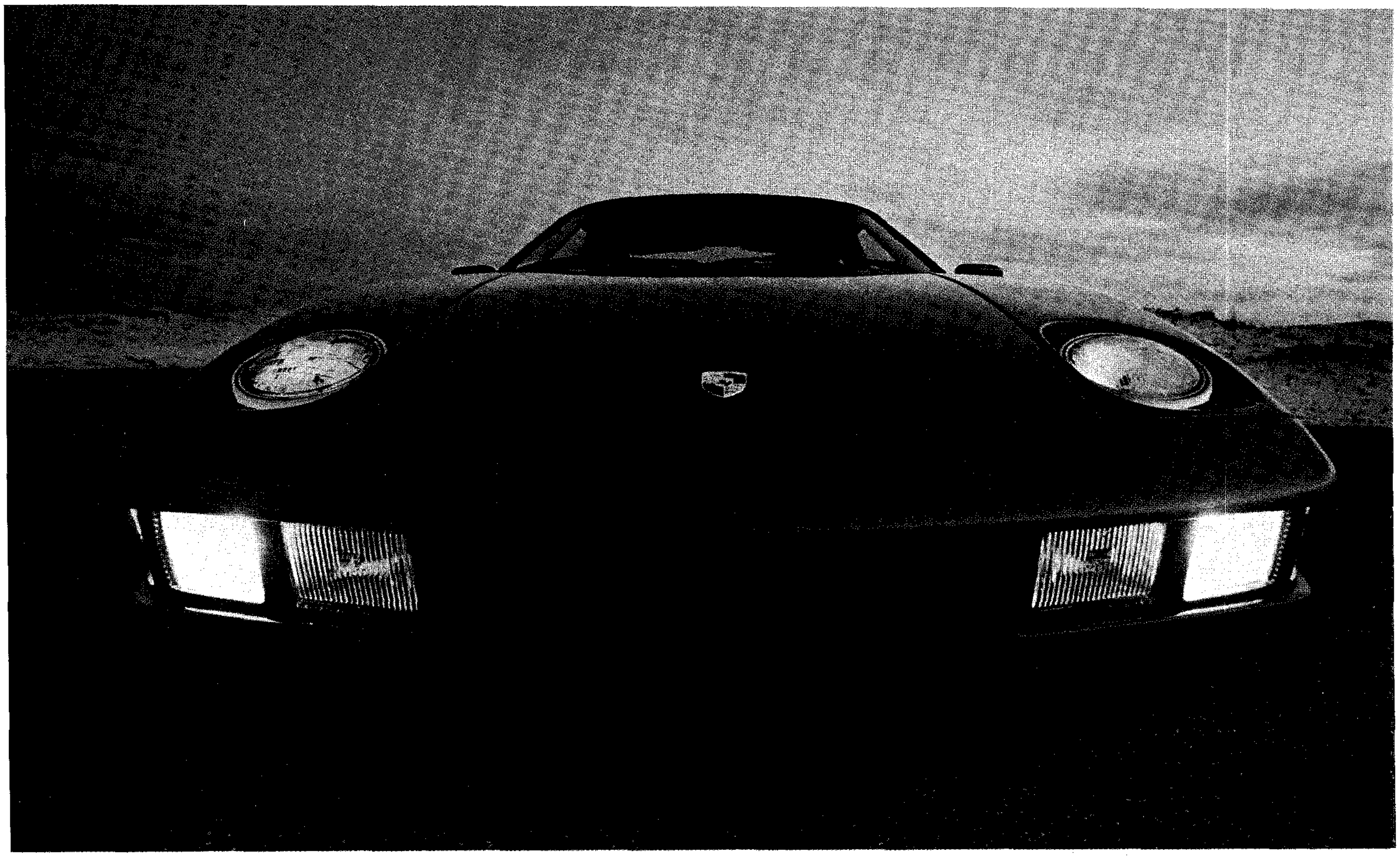

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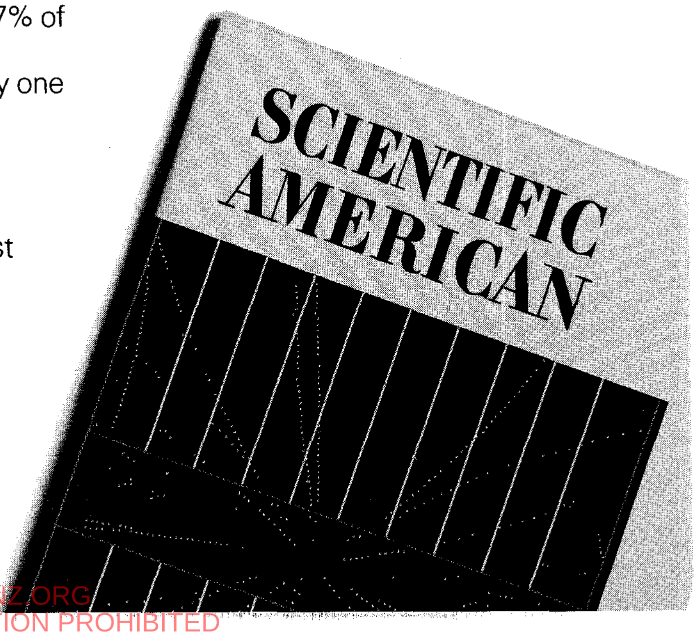

acquire mortality and stay with the husband she loves or return to her supernatural kingdom." Things diverge thereafter and then draw close again in the final scenes of test and trial; but in Wagner's opera it is the woman who is turned to stone and the man who must rescue her. Wagner's motif for "Verwandelung in Stein," starting on E, with G-sharp flattened to natural on the word "Stein," perhaps sounded on in Strauss's memory when he wrote his similar "Er wird zu Stein" motif for "Die Frau." "Die Feen" is an adventurous and imaginative piece. Its merits, however, were but faintly apparent in the feeble, unconvinced concert performance that began the City Opera season. After two acts, I could bear no more, and left to enjoy Act III in a recording of the BBC presentation.

The concert performance of "Rienzi" that Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York mounted in Avery Fisher Hall a week later was something quite different: splendid, spirited, filled with zest and excitement. There was a strong basic chorus, the Choral Guild of Atlanta. Rienzi's Messengers of Peace were the boys of the St. Thomas Choir, who entered in procession through the hall. Rienzi's army was the United States Coast Guard Academy Singing Idlers, who marched off to battle, down the aisles, with drawn swords. At the hall's corners, trumpets blew. No stage director was named, but the concert performance was put on with theatrical flair. Anyone not stirred by it would have had to be a cold fish indeed. Wagner handled crowd scenes more nobly than Meyerbeer; Acts III and IV of "Le Prophète" are cold, dry imitations of Acts III and IV of "Rienzi." "Rienzi," like "Le Prophète," calls for only three principals—tenor, mezzo, and soprano. William Johns, robust, ringing, sometimes a little rough, was the Rienzi. Julia Hamari, a cultivated singer but a shade underpowered for her role, was the Adriano. April Evans, deputizing for Elisabeth Payer, sang boldly as Irene. Just over three hours of music was included.

Next year, Miss Queler, please give us "Das Liebesverbot."

THE City Opera's first new production of the spring season was of Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" (1913), an opera that older critics who remember Mary Garden or Rosa Ponselle as its heroine and Ezio Pinza as the old, blind king, Archibald, who strangles her, recall with affection. Donald Grout, in his "Short History of Opera," calls it "one of the best Italian tragic operas since Verdi's 'Otello' " and writes of "enduring beauty," "refinement of style," and "memorable moments of classic breadth." The City Opera production, designed by Beni Montresor and directed by Frank Corsaro, looked quite handsome but was badly lit. The singing was decent (Samuel Ramey's, as Archibald, more than that), not voluptuous. Maternity had claimed the soprano originally billed, and illness the intended tenor. John Mauceri's conducting was ardent, but the orchestral tone was meagre. I thought it a boring, faded opera, less striking than Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" (1914), which Miss Queler revived in 1973. Both pieces are products of an Italian movement away from verismo toward high-minded D'Annunzian lyric drama; "Tristan," both directly and filtered through Puccini, and "Pelléas" bear upon the music. For "Francesca," Tito Ricordi drew from D'Annunzio's play a libretto that moves in varied metres. The libretto of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," drawn from Sem Benelli's play, is in unrhymed hendecasyllables throughout (except in a funeral chorus), and that may have something to do with the way the music seems to ramble on and on. One or two moments bring Prokofiev to mind. Perhaps Prokofiev heard Montemezzi's opera in Chicago in the 1921-22 season, when "The Love of the Three Oranges" and "The Love of the Three Kings" were both on the bill.

THE Met has put on a new production of Offenbach's opéra comique "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," which may be the most often performed of his works but is the least entertaining of the dozen or so of them I have heard. The most corrupt of the many "Hoffmann" editions available, the one furthest from its composer's intentions, was used (Covent Garden also chose it for its big production in 1980), but textual discussion can wait until the City Opera brings out its alternative version, next year. The Met show is a hit. Its chief stars are the set designer and the director, Günther Schneider-Siemssen and Otto Schenk. The house machinery—providing stages that rise, stages that sink, stages that roll forward from the distance—is used to spectacular effect. Gaby Frey's costumes and Gil Wechsler's lighting enhance the scene. The coloring is sombre—browns and grays predominate; Hoffmann's four loves are dressed in pure white—and the detail is lavish. It's all very good to look at. There has been no attempt to make a serious or consistent drama of the piece—the patchwork Choudens edition precludes that—but the tone is right, and so is the undertone: beneath the fun there is a hint of grotesquerie, even diablerie, which is aptly Hoffmannesque.

The Olympia act is the high point, and its Doll Song is a tour de force on the part of Mr. Schenk, of Ruth Welting—the springiest, wittiest, and most charming doll one could hope to see, and strong, sweet, and accurate in her singing—and of Michel Sénéchal, the Cochenille. The whole act is filled with elegant, stylish invention. The chorus's work is brilliant. Andrea Velis is a vivid Spalanzani, and Michael Devlin, who plays all four villains with polished bravura, is a virtuoso Coppélius. Placido Domingo is Hoffmann. He's had much experience in the role: he recorded it ten years ago with Joan Sutherland; he was the Hoffmann of the 1980 productions in Salzburg and Covent Garden. He plays and sings with confidence, generously, wholeheartedly, but the style is not quite right. The manner is too beefy for the music. He lacks grace, delicacy, Gallic lightness of touch. Perhaps M. Sénéchal, who has those qualities in abundance, should coach him in the part. (And why does this Hoffmann make his first entrance as an unshaven, lurching sot, not a romantic poet?) Giulietta, an unrewarding role in this edition, was Tatiana Troyanos. Antonia was Christiane Eda-Pierre, who did not suggest a fresh-voiced ingénue. Riccardo Chailly conducted a dapper, alert performance, not quite lilting enough in the barcarolle or the sextet.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Bells

MAURIZIO POLLINI, in a recital at Fisher Hall earlier this month, played music by Chopin, Bartók, and Schoenberg, and ended with Luigi Nono's ". . . sofferte onde serene . . ." for piano and tape. This evocative el-

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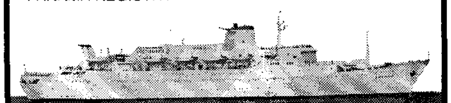

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egy, written to commemorate deaths in the families of Nono and Pollini, was inspired by the sounds of bells that the composer hears from his house on the Giudecca, in Venice. In a program note, he wrote, "They are the signs of life on the lagoon and on the sea, calls to work, to meditation, warnings; and life goes on, with the suffered and serene need for the 'equilibrium of the inner depths,' as Kafka says." The piece has been available on records for some time, and is included in Pollini's magnificent collection "Piano Music of the Twentieth Century" (Deutsche Grammophon). But the experience of it in the concert hall, where the listener can watch the activity of the pianist and can distinguish the taped contributions—made from recordings of Pollini's playing—is quite different. There is an extraordinary sense of spontaneity and impassioned feeling in the fluctuations between live and recorded sound. At times, the piano and the tape will seem to converge, chiming strenuously, antiphonally; then one will sink into the background, as in the magical passage where the tape subsides to a low, muffled, slow booming while the pianist strikes agitated, glinting dissonant chords at the top of the keyboard which seem to urge us not to relax the intensity of our grief.

During this gripping performance, the atmosphere was broken by a steady trickle toward the exits of patrons determined not to give contemporary music even fourteen minutes of their lives. The trickle became a rush during two superbly played encores: "Night Music," from Bartók's "Out of Doors" Suite, and Debussy's "Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest." Sad, because no one could hope to hear better piano playing than this. The entire second half of the recital was superlatively good: Bartók's Suite for Piano was incisive, but with just the right rich, brooding weight of tone, and the harmonies of Schoenberg's two tiny piano pieces Opus 33a and 33b were perfectly balanced and clarified. If there was a time when I was tempted to slip toward an exit, it was during the all-Chopin first half. In his exhaustive new book, "Chopin Playing" (Taplinger), James Methuen-Campbell writes that, in Chopin, Pollini "seems totally without personal mannerisms," which, he rightly notes, has its drawbacks. Other living pianists, notably Pollini's compatriot Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, also play Chopin with fierce, fiery precision; but Michelangeli always cultivates depth

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of tone and an inexorable sense of line (both sustained throughout his recording of the G-Minor Ballade, which ranks high among my favorite discs of all). Pollini here did not shape or penetrate the music: his playing was brittle and unfeeling. It is a strange—though a strangely admirable—pianist who makes Schoenberg sound more shapely, more beautiful than Chopin.

Alfred Brendel, who gave a recital a week earlier, at Carnegie Hall, is also a strange, unpredictable pianist. He compels attention even when he stimulates disagreement. On this occasion, he played Schumann's C-Major Fantasy with rigid control and sharp-edged textures that made one concentrate on the music, but it came out sounding desiccated, almost incoherent. Charles Rosen, the last pianist I had heard play this piece, remarks in "The Classical Style" how difficult it is to define the rhythm of the opening accompaniment with clarity, and suggests that Schumann did not expect it to be clear. Brendel achieved clarity throughout, but missed the music's lyrical impulse. So, too, in Liszt. Brendel's accounts of "Funérailles" and the two "Légendes" were miraculously poised and accurate, yet the playing seemed to have drained much of the expressive life from the music; the pieces sounded hollow. But in Berg's Sonata, Opus 1, and in Mozart's A-Minor Sonata, K. 310, Brendel's supremely intelligent musicianship worked to telling effect. The Berg was pointed, restrained, sure of its direction. The Mozart, which opened the recital, was played with bright, luminous tone and carefully balanced textures; it was insistent but never too weighty. As in his recent Haydn recording (Philips), Brendel found an apt scale for the performance: neither too small for the instrument nor too large for the music.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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An Entiat woman called the sheriff's office Tuesday complaining she and her two children were upset that deputies took no action against a man who took off all his clothes in an Entiat coin-operated laundry. The officer's report indicated that the man was from Quebec where people apparently sometimes take off their clothes at laundries if they need washing. The deputy decided that the man, who needed an interpreter because he spoke only French, had no intent to expose himself in a deviant way.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) World.*

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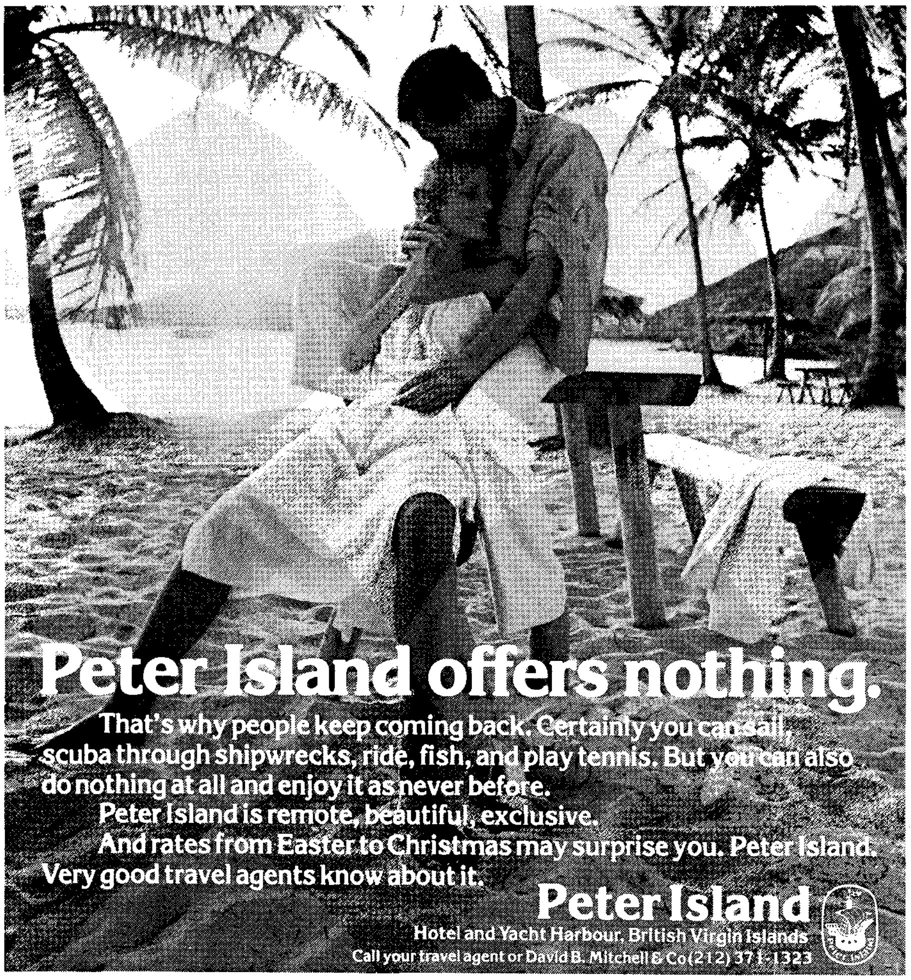

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AROUND CITY HALL

YONDER PEASANT, WHO IS HE?

DURING the New Year's Day ceremony in which he was sworn in for a second four-year term as Mayor, Edward Koch described New York as "a miracle" and as "more than the American dream . . . the city that dreamed America." This view does not, it seems, coincide with the views of a large number of Americans, for whom the suburbs represent the American dream. In the issue of *Playboy* that reached the newsstands here on February 24th, bearing the cover come-on "*Playboy* Interviews the Feisty Mayor of New York, Ed Koch," the Mayor disposed of suburban life: "It's sterile. It's nothing. It's wasting your life. And people do not wish to waste their lives once they've seen New York!" According to the 1980 census, the notable shift of Americans in the last decade was not toward cities such as New York, or even toward the suburbs, but toward rural sections of the country—areas whose ways of life the Mayor dealt with in *Playboy* even more harshly than he did with those of the suburbs. Despite Koch's expressed conviction that this city is where all roads should rightfully lead, it has seemed that every week or so recently a front-page headline has reported the decision of another leader of a prominent local institution to get out of town. Indeed, among those now planning to join in this exodus is the Mayor, who on February 22nd announced that if all went as he expected ("Will you win?" "Yes!") he would be moving to Albany, where he would be sworn in next January as Governor. This decision, as he will not be allowed to forget, was contrary to his frequent vow never to run for any office other than that of Mayor, and particularly not to run for Governor, because, as he told *Playboy*, "it requires living in Albany, which is small-town life at its worst."

The announced destinations of other local institutions involved in the current recessional movement out of New York City were sometimes the nearby suburbs and sometimes the Sun Belt—anywhere, it seemed, away from here. The reasons given varied. During the fall, the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which owns the local hockey team, the Rangers, and the local basketball team, the Knicks, complained of having to pay city property taxes while many of the teams' opponents were housed in tax-free publicly owned arenas. If City Hall didn't relieve the situation, the Garden corporation threatened, it would move the Rangers across the Hudson River to New Jersey's Meadowlands Sports Complex, where the New York football Giants, who used to play in Yankee Stadium, have been playing since 1976. If the Rangers should leave, the Knicks would move to the Nassau Coliseum, on Long Island, and so evoke for many sports fans the spectre of the terrible winter of 1957-58, when both of the city's National League baseball teams, the Dodgers and the Giants, shifted to the Sun Belt. In December, there was an announcement from the Young Women's Christian Association, which was established here as a national organization in 1906: The Y.W.C.A. had sold its national headquarters, at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-second Street, to a real-estate developer, and although it would maintain temporary offices in the city, there was a strong chance that the headquarters would eventually move elsewhere. In January, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was founded here in 1910, reported that it could not afford to renew its lease on its present Manhattan offices, which called for a sharp rent increase, and, after seventy-two years, would investigate other locations, possibly Atlanta, for its national headquarters. And, last month, the publishing house of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, which has two thousand New York employees, announced that it would be moving most of its operations to California and Florida, giving as one reason the city's lack of a reliable and safe transportation system. Its departure will reduce to eighty the number of Fortune 500 corporate headquarters in New York; in 1967 the total was a hundred and thirty-nine.

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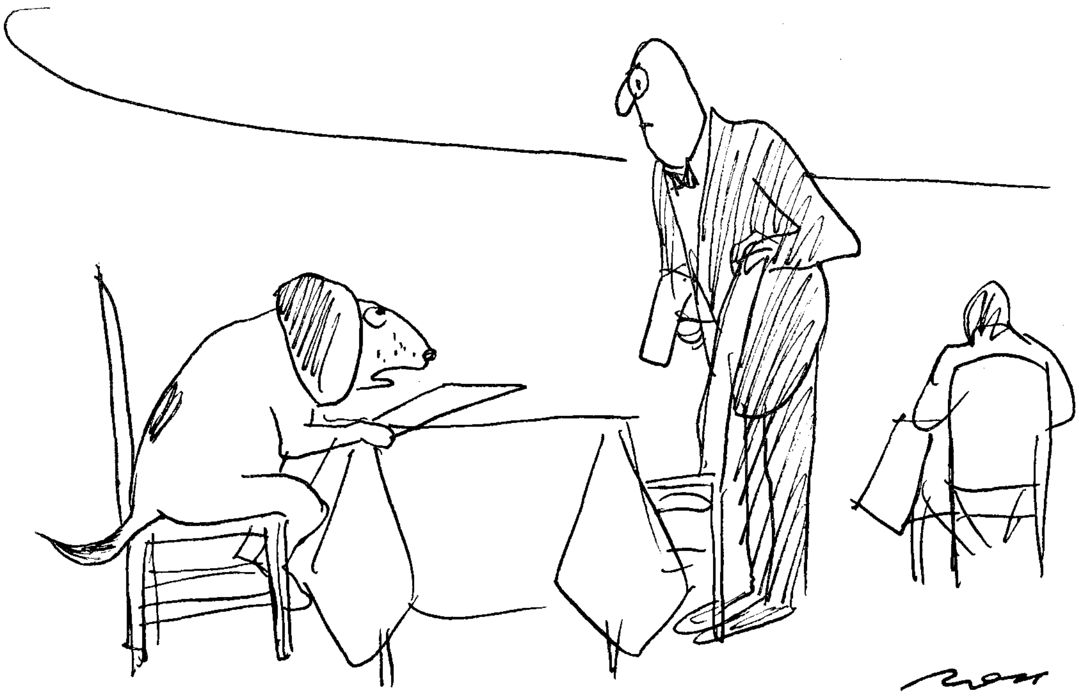
NONE of these departures, actual and proposed, was, of course, welcome to the Mayor, nor did he really recommend last month that the United Nations get out of town, although this was the impression that a too-fast reader might have received from a headline in the excitable New York *Post* on February 11th: "UN TELLS KOCH: 'WE'LL QUIT;' KOCH TO UN: 'SO GET OUT!' " The Mayor did call the international body "a cesspool," and said that he "would not be concerned if in fact it moved from the city." He added, "If the U.N. would leave New York, nobody would ever hear of it again." He suggested it might like to move to Austria, which he identified as "the birthplace of Hitler." An assistant to Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, the newly elected Secretary-General, responded, "If he wants us out, I think we will have to leave," but the Secretary-General quickly declared that this was not an official view. He did, however, cancel a scheduled appointment for a get-acquainted lunch with the Mayor. Gillian Sorensen, the head of the New York City Commission for the United Nations and for the Consular Corps, estimated that the presence of the United Nations was worth nearly seven hundred million dollars annually to the city. At the center of the dispute was the so-called Isaiah Wall, a city-owned retaining wall on First Avenue across from the United Nations General Assembly Building. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, in what were perhaps more hopeful times, the city had had carved on the wall the lines from the Prophet Isaiah "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation. Neither shall they learn war any more." On February 5th, the General Assembly passed a resolution to isolate Israel because of its annexation of the Golan Heights—a move that the majority of United Nations members interpreted as a threat to peace. Israel, in turn, interpreted the resolution itself as a threat to peace, and its Am-



"I'll have the dog's breakfast, please."

assador, Yehuda Z. Blum, uggested to Koch that the ity consider reproving the nited Nations by erasing he peace-affirming Isaiah uotation. Koch told him hat instead he would add o the inscription some Biblical lines that would reect his opinion of most embers of the United ations, whom he decribed as "gangsters, cuthroats, and piranhas." early every day through he middle part of Febuary, Koch discussed with eporters how close he was o choosing a suitable quoation. Along the way, och had the political ood fortune to be attacked y *Pravda* for his stand on he Isaiah Wall. Comenting on "those Red uts," the Mayor said hapily, "We're getting to hem! The Soviet Union as to take note of what I said!" The uburban newspaper *Newsday* ran a artoon speculating on what tricks avid Garth, the Mayor's media adiser, might have used to persuade *ravda* to attack his client.

Mid-February fell within a thirtyay period that the Mayor had anounced he would devote to conemplating the wisdom of running for overnor, and there were also daily riefings on his latest position on that ssue. It was possible to conclude that uring this time the Mayor's best atention was not on either the immediate or the long-range problems of governing the city. On February 19th, he announced that he had decided not o add anything to the present inscripion on the Isaiah Wall. Said the Mayor, "Silence is sometimes more effective than a shout." Some observers took his putting the Isaiah Wall controversy behind him as a signal that his attention was already shifting to Albany. In any case, not all his constituents here had found the controversy as fascinating as he had. In an editorial under the headline "HEY ED, PIPE DOWN," the *News* commented, "Surely the Mayor of the biggest, toughest city in America has better things to do . . . than rudely inviting the U.N. to get out of town." The Mayor "is riding so high these days that he has few, if any, political foes," said the *News*. "Sometimes we wonder if he's trying to make up for it by being his own worst enemy."

At the February 22nd press conference at which Koch announced that he would be a candidate for Governor, the WNBC-TV reporter Gabe Pressman rang in a quotation of his own from Isaiah. Speaking, he said, for all the New York voters who had thought they could count on the Mayor's continuing at City Hall, he suggested, "Thou hast forsaken thy people" (Isaiah 2:6). The Mayor responded, "You are not losing anyone—you are gaining a Governor." During the session, he also said he was confident that if he was elected and Carol Bellamy, the President of the City Council, became Mayor, as the city charter provides, New York City would be in capable hands. He and Miss Bellamy, he told the crowd, had "a close and cordial relationship." In reply to reporters' questions about whether other sections of the state could get a fair shake from a Governor who had been so ardently committed to the interests of the city, Koch assured his listeners, who included a number of reporters from upstate, that he would be "the Governor of all the people" of the state.

ON the twenty-second, George Clark, the Republican state chairman, declared that he hoped never again to be in the same room as Ed Koch, who had been his big chum during the summer and fall, when Clark was supporting Koch's successful bid to make local political history by running for Mayor on the Republican line as well as on that of his own Democratic Party. In the negotiations for this dispensation, Clark now insisted, Koch had made a solemn promise that he wouldn't run for any office other than Mayor, for he had known that Clark would never coöperate in boosting the stock of someone who might use the credential to run against the Republican chairman's own 1982 gubernatorial candidate. By his entry into the race, said Clark, the Mayor had proved that he was a liar, and, worst of all, he had chosen to prove it on the two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of the President who could not tell a lie. There is some suspicion, however, that circumstances had persuaded Koch to make his announcement a bit earlier than he had intended. From early February on, he had said that he would reveal his decision on February 24th, and had insisted that the announcement would not come any sooner. On Friday, February 19th, however, an advance copy of *Playboy* was seen on a desk at the Mayor's end of City Hall. It was no secret that a *Playboy* interview with Koch was going to appear, based on a series of talks with Peter Manso in early December. It was assumed that, after Jimmy Carter's experience with *Playboy* in 1976, any politician, and particularly one with Koch's celebrated acumen,

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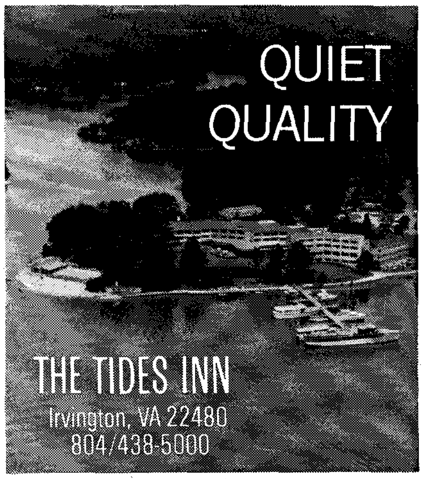
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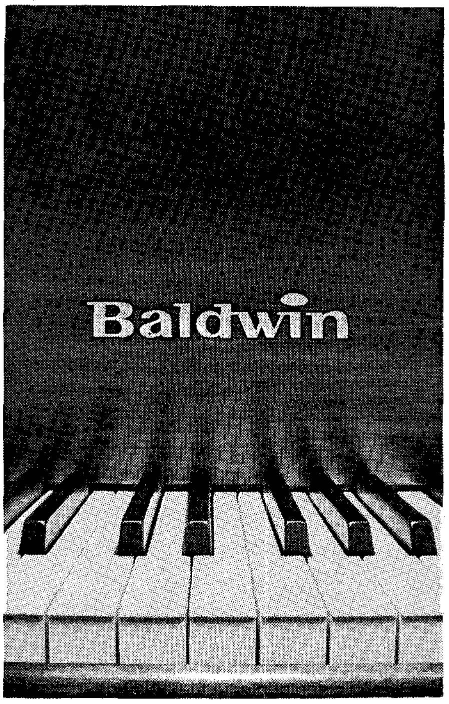
would be particularly careful not to do himself any political damage. And the interview, though it was a bit foul-mouthed and ill-natured in tone, did no damage to Koch the Mayor. Some remarks about Carol Bellamy—that she had done a poor job, had tried to escape responsibility, and was "a pain in the ass"—might have outraged her supporters, but the just re-elected Mayor would have had four years to calm them down. His carrying on about the deficiencies of suburban and rural life compared with life in the city would have been considered right on the money by a large share of his present constituents. The problem was that between the time of the interview and its publication he had decided to run for office in a state where two-thirds of the voters live outside the city. At three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, February 21st, a bulletin from the Koch press office informed reporters that he would announce the following morning that he was running for Governor. According to the scenario made available to the press, he had made his decision over a brunch of lox and bagels at a friend's house in Greenwich Village and had raced uptown to tell Garth. ("When I came into his apartment, I clapped my hands and said, 'David, I'm running.' Garth said it was 'pure Koch.' ") If the announcement ceremony had been held on February 24th, by which time *Playboy* was on the newsstands, it would have turned into a hostile, almost out-of-control spectacle. Questioners would have demanded to know, for example, why he proposed to go to Albany and leave the miracle city in the charge of Miss Bellamy, whom, according to the interview, he held in such low regard, and how he could promise evenhandedness as Governor when he had expressed such contempt for the values of all New Yorkers except those who lived in his native city, and Koch's descriptions of his achievements as Mayor might have been drowned out by shouts about wasted lives in the suburbs. As it was, the Koch campaign got off to a smooth start.

Some rough times lay just ahead, however. *Playboy* representatives provided the *Times* with a copy of the critical issue on the morning of February 23rd. By then, someone at the magazine had slipped a copy to the *News*. The *Post* managed to get hold of one that evening. About 4 P.M., the Mayor was seen moving quickly across the City Hall rotunda from his office,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n the West Wing, to the East Wing, where Carol Bellamy has her office. It ; not a route that he often takes. When George Arzt, the *Post* bureau hief, asked what was up, a Koch aide aid airily, "Oh, the Mayor's just bringing Carol a package." What he was bringing her was neither tied up n ribbons nor—as some thought appropriate—contained in a plain brown wrapper: it was the *Playboy* interview. The last time the Mayor had come to Miss Bellamy's office had been on December 8th after the *Post* had pubished statements he had made to the paper's editors and reporters in which he called Miss Bellamy "just tremendously vicious" and "a horror show" —terms he later said were intended o be "jocular." Accompanied by a caravan of reporters and television crews, he had then crossed the rotunda o apologize and give the President of he City Council a sudden on-camera kiss. The *Playboy* interview had taken place in the same week as the session at the *Post*. "The Mayor had a bad December," Miss Bellamy said after his most recent visit, which involved no press coverage and no kiss. Asked the next day whether he was sorry for his latest harsh remarks about his younger colleague, the Mayor said, "I'm sorry they were pubished."

Local press and television stories on the Koch view of life as it was reflected in *Playboy* were not helpful to the new gubernatorial candidate. The *Post*, which usually can be counted on to put the Mayor in the best possible light, ran on its front page a Paul Rigby cartoon that featured all the most politically damaging elements of what it called "Ed's Playboy Party Jokes"—which, it noted, were "Also Appearing in *Pravda*." The cartoon showed a naked Mayor reclining as the Playmate of the Month and asking "How'm I Doin'?" with an adverbial expletive deleted. A garbage can marked "The Suburbs" wore a sign that read " 'Smells'—Ed." Above the recumbent Mayor was a picture of "Rural America" showing a cow labelled "A Joke!" There was also a picture of Carol Bellamy decked out as a Playboy bunny with quotations about her from the Mayor: "Horror Show," "But We're Best of Buddies," and "A Pain in the . . ." with an arrow pointing in the suitable anatomical direction. David Garth later quoted the onetime Brooklyn pitcher Preacher Roe: "Some days you eat the bear. Some days the bear eats you." Said

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Garth, "Yesterday, the bear ate us."

The reaction that counted, however, was the one outside the city. Suburbanites would obviously not appreciate Koch's comments on their sterile lives, which Koch had again explained as being "jocular" and "trying to be amusing." "We're anything but sterile. After all, we're the bedroom of New York City," said William Gaylor, of the Long Island Association of Commerce & Industry. Said the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, "We wanted to believe you when you told us you'd be a governor for all the people. . . . Yes, we know: You've already said you were . . . 'trying to be amusing.' In that case, a word of advice: Try harder, Ed. Please. Try harder." Sure to be the most deeply offended of all were rural voters, whose lives, Koch had suggested in the interview, reflected their preference for "living with animals" rather than living with people. When the *Playboy* interviewer mentioned the deterioration of city services—especially poor subway service—Koch's response, as the magazine reported it, was "As opposed to wasting time in a car? Or, out in the country, wasting time in a pickup truck? (Laughs) When you have to drive twenty miles to buy a gingham dress or (laughs louder) a Sears Roebuck suit? (Cracks up). This rural-America thing—I'm telling you, it's a joke." By the next day, upstaters, recalling the yellow ribbons worn for the hostages in Iran, were passing out gingham ribbons, some of them marked "I Love *Upstate* New York." The Syracuse *Herald-Journal* ran a three-panel cartoon that showed Koch introducing himself to someone labelled "Typical Upstate Appleknocker," then pushing the appleknocker into the mud and, in the third panel, yelling, "And I'm runnin' for governor, ya hick!" "We never saw one of our 'animals' cut up a nun for amusement," said a *Catskill Daily Mail* editorial. And, in honor of the Mayor's remarks about life in the state capital, a front-page Albany *Times Union* headline read "ED KOCH TO ALBANY: DROP DEAD." Koch kept insisting that all New Yorkers surely wanted a Governor who had a sense of humor. On a trip early this month to Albany in search of help from the State Legislature with the city's estimated eight-hundred-and-fifty-four-million-dollar budget gap in the coming fiscal year—a pitch that was considered to be rather ill-timed—the Mayor asked some of the crowd who had booed him at a political reception, "Do you want someone who's plastic, who never makes a feisty statement, who gives you nothing but pap and eats cereal for breakfast?"

BY no means everyone agreed with the hopeful predictions of members of Koch's staff that the whole thing would quickly blow over. State Republican leaders' plans for the 1982 election are currently in considerable disarray, but the unexpected gift package of political ammunition was something for them to smile about. Also looking cheerful these days is Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, who it appears will be Koch's only rival for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Immediately after the Mayor announced his candidacy for Governor, Cuomo predicted that with just the two of them in the Democratic primary it would be "a clean, intelligent, issue-oriented campaign." Within a few days, however, he was happily discussing "slime." George Clark had told the Albany *Times Union* that in Koch's negotiations for the Republican mayoral nomination he had been asked to promise that he would not accept the mayoral nomination of the Liberal Party, and had dismissed that possibility, using the phrase "that slime." The Mayor, who is now interested in the Liberal endorsement for Governor, denied that he had used that term for the party as a whole. He agreed that he might have said "something comparable" about the Liberals' chairman, the Reverend Donald Harrington; he did not say what was comparable to "slime." Cuomo commented that he expected that the Mayor would soon be swimming in the slime in an effort to get the Liberals' backing.

A BIG point that Cuomo will be making among his fellow Italian-Americans around the state is that New York has never elected one of them Governor. For a time earlier this year, the Republicans had a promising Italian-American candidate for their nomination for the United States Senate in the race to unseat Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, but matters didn't work out well. Bruce Caputo, a former member of New York's delegation in the House of Representatives, had seemed to have an unbreakable hold on this year's Republican senatorial nomination, but in mid-February, at lunch with two Washington reporters, he volunteered the information that he had been an Army

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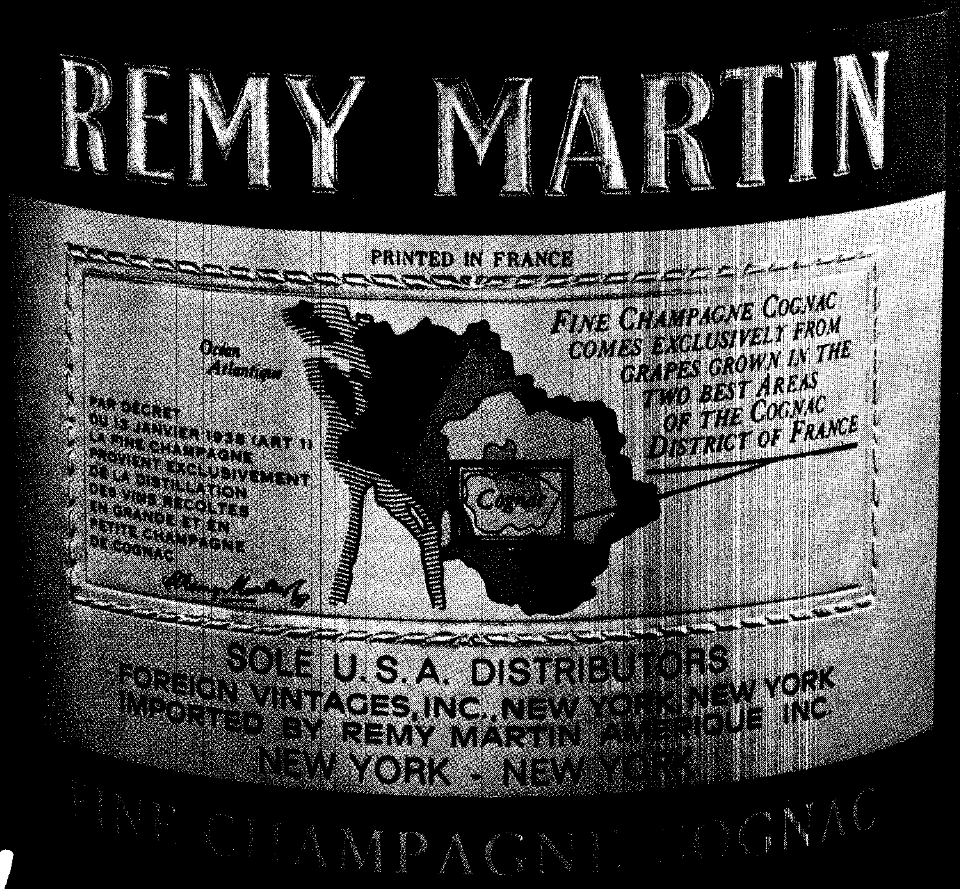
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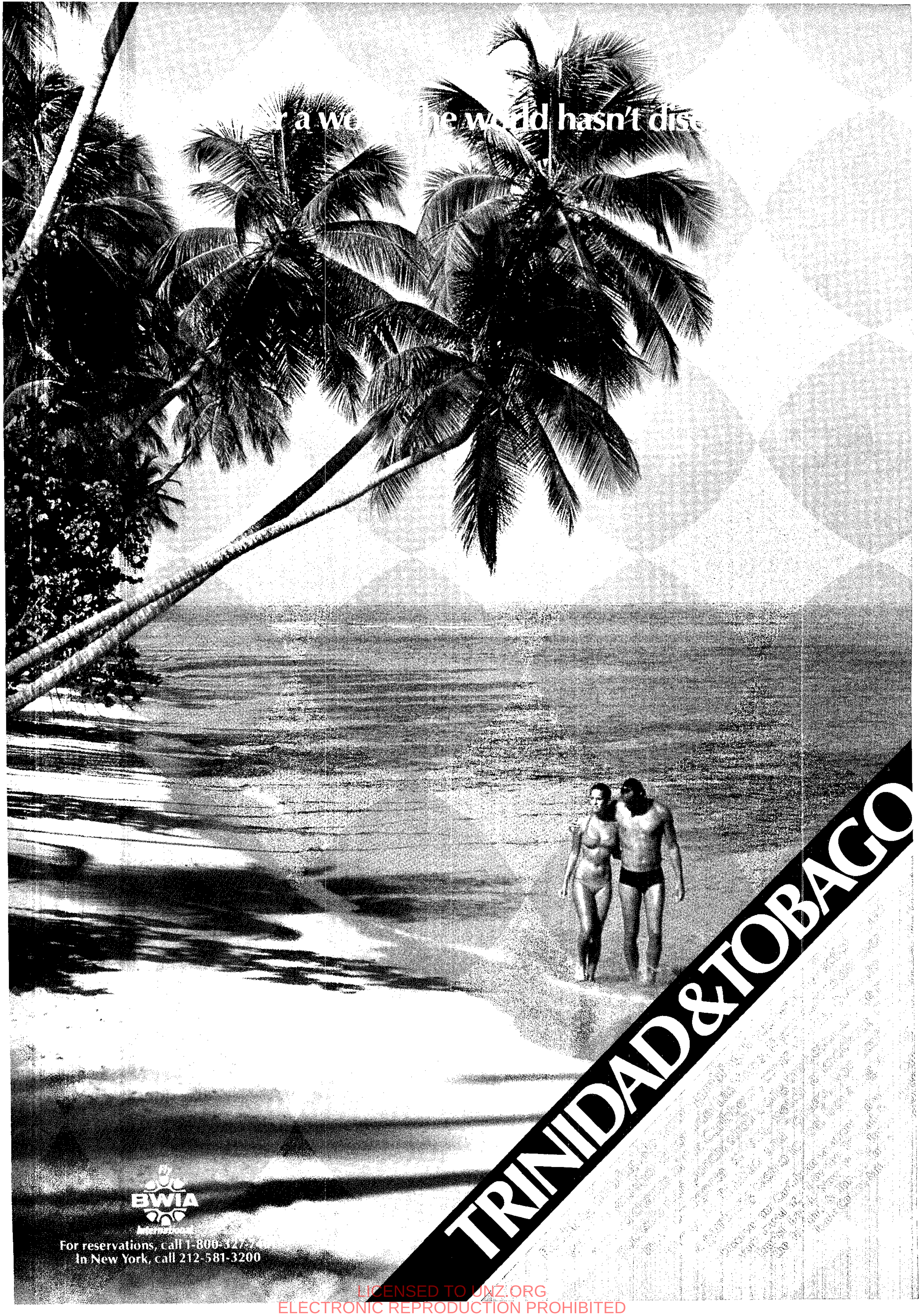r a wo he world hasn't disc
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"draftee" who served "a two-and-a-half-year hitch" as a lieutenant. The reporters then found that he had never been in the Army. As Caputo explained it, "I didn't get inducted in the military sense of the word." It was discovered that several times in the past his political résumés had provided contradictory information about his military record, his religion, and his education. Caputo blamed Moynihan for his predicament last month, saying, "I resent . . . Moynihan . . . the man who voted to give away the Panama Canal to a Marxist dictator . . . spreading stories challenging my patriotism." On the same day that Koch declared for Governor, Caputo suggested that, whatever the reporters remembered, he might never have said he had been in the Army. "You would think, particularly on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Caputo wouldn't tell another lie," said Tim Russert, Moynihan's administrative assistant. Early this month, with his party support vanishing, Lieutenant Caputo, as hecklers were calling him, withdrew.

The Mayor is frequently reminded these days that the problems of the city remain severe and that they will not go away while he is hustling votes in the southern tier. Unemployment here, for example, is 9.2 per cent, which will get worse if the corporate recessional from the city should continue. On a brighter note, City Hall representatives are now working on a tax break for the Madison Square Garden Corporation which could keep the Rangers and the Knicks in the city, and nothing more has been heard of the United Nations getting out of town.

If local politics in the first months of this year are remembered for anything besides unseemly noise and confusion and occasional shouts of "Liar!" and "Pickup truck!," they may go down in the trivia column of history as the season of the coupon. On January 25th, the *Post* began offering a coupon urging the Mayor to run for Governor, which was to be mailed to "Governor Koch" at a special post-office box. There was no space for a "No" vote. The Mayor said that he would give the poll due consideration in deciding whether to make the race. Fourteen thousand and forty-seven readers of the *Post*, whose circulation is just under a million, sent in coupons favoring a Koch race for Governor. The *Village Voice* had by that time published an "Impeach Governor Koch" coupon, the impeachment being in order, because in its view, the Mayor had lied about running for Governor. An alleged accounting of the coupon returns at the *Voice* (which had expressed some skepticism about the *Post's* totals) was printed under a picture of two somnolent-looking elephants, and said, "The *Village Voice* 'Impeach Governor Koch' coupon drive netted an astounding one million four hundred thousand responses, the largest returns in the history of coupon politics. The coupons were counted by two disinterested Bronx Republicans (above) and certified by Bruce Caputo." The week after the *Playboy* interview appeared, the Syracuse *Herald-Journal*, which is known on Sundays as the *Herald-American*, got into the act. Readers were encouraged to sign coupons that said "We don't want Ed Koch for Governor" and mail them to a "Stop Koch" box at the newspaper. As of last week, the Syracuse paper, whose daily circulation is a hundred and fifteen thousand, had received eight thousand four hundred and twenty-nine coupons. However, this included about three hundred that had reached it by way of the *News* here, which had published a picture of the coupon. All but three of the coupons from New York City didn't want Ed Koch for Governor, either. The upstate coupon included a space for comments, and many of the respondents not only filled it in but sent along angry letters, expounding on what they thought of New York's Mayor. "These are very wrought-up people," William D. Cotter, the editor of the Syracuse papers, said of the letter writers. "This Koch fellow tried to tell them there was no meaning and value to their whole way of life." The coupon was reprinted in papers in the Elmira and Glens Falls areas, from which returns are also coming in. No one was discounting the Mayor's superb talents as a campaigner, but the message from upstate was that knocking the appleknockers is no way for a man from the Big Apple to get to Albany. —ANDY LOGAN

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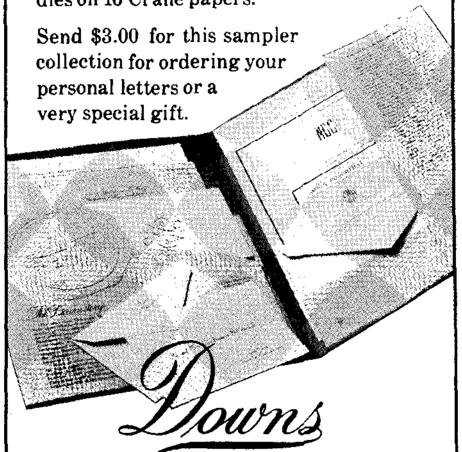

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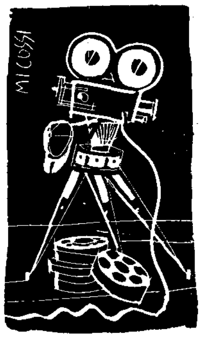
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Francesco Rosi

FRANCESCO ROSI is like a great painter who after many years of tangled experiments suddenly arrives at a clearing in the woods and begins to work simply, integrating everything he has learned. Rosi was always brilliant; there was Marxist flash and filigree in his movies and shock cuts and equivocal conspiracies—the kind that "everyone" in the society is in on. He didn't tell simple stories: his films were, as he said, "collections of fragments," and he didn't put them together for you—he selected the pieces, but you had to arrange them in your own mind. He left it to simpler political filmmakers to supply loaded answers; he raised loaded questions, and did it with a jagged buoyancy. In "The Mattei Affair" (1972), an inquiry into the life of Italy's government oil czar, Rosi went "Citizen Kane" one better: it starts with a plane crash, and Mattei's body itself is in bits and pieces, which are collected, like the scrambled parts of a jigsaw puzzle. In "Illustrious Corpses" (1975), his most elliptical and abstract film—a political spectacular on the theme of conspiracy—he opens with the decaying mummies of the powerful men of the past in the catacombs, and then goes aboveground, where he shows monumental institutional architecture dwarfing the people of the city. When characters disappear, they seem to have been swallowed in the conspiracy or lost in the geometrical compositions. Perhaps both: the architecture is an objective correlative of the conspiracy—Fascism in stone. Rosi shows such a majestic, ominous spatial sense in this movie that at times it seems to be an architectural fantasy about a country of the dead. It's a stunning, misshapen, unresolved movie; maybe he had pushed his obsession with power, corruption, and vendettas even further than he could handle. Those who asked questions were killed, until there were no questions left: there was nothing but paranoia. The film ended with a remark (made by a Communist)—"The truth isn't always revolutionary"—that didn't seem to go with what we'd been looking at but that perhaps summed up other things that Rosi was feeling. "Illustrious Corpses" was marvellous at first, while you were waiting for what you never got. By the end, it seemed like a magnificent, stately version of John Boorman's "Point Blank," and I wondered if there could be such a thing as an artist with no real mind—only this surface intellectuality. Or was Rosi simply a virtuoso filmmaker who lacked the depth of an artist?



The jumpiness of "The Mattei Affair" and the flamboyance of "Illustrious Corpses" disappeared when Rosi made his 1979 version of Carlo Levi's memoir "Christ Stopped at Eboli;" it was straightforward, limpid, exploratory. The crankiness, the rancor were gone, and the work seemed less ambiguous and "intellectual," and more intelligent. The overt concerns that formed the style of the earlier pictures were submerged in "Christ Stopped at Eboli," and Rosi was willing to let them emerge on their own. And so it had depth—much greater depth than we're used to at the movies. We could feel the pleasure that Rosi took in getting to know the Lucanian village and its people; it was like the best passages of Ann Cornelisen, when all her energy is concentrated on the Lucanian villagers she's writing about—on finding the words to make us see what she sees. And in Rosi's elegiac new film, "Three Brothers," once again there are no villains, seen or unseen. He respects the perplexities of the three sons of an aging farmer, and he's fair to their differing points of view. Earlier, full of theory, Rosi imposed his vision; now he searches it out—he goes deeper down into himself, and much further into his subject. His images no longer clamor for attention; a more selfless urgency has come into his work. When I saw "Christ Stopped at Eboli," I was completely absorbed by what I was seeing; despite the truncated rhythms that were the result of the film's having been cut from three and a half hours to two hours (it was financed by RAI, Italian television, as a four-part series), the picture was deeply satisfying. The audience seemed hushed, as if at a concert where the musicians were playing very softly. And it was the kind of music that people who were used to slam-bang movies might not be able to hear. I felt the same way at "Three Brothers," because, even though the structure is schematic, the film moves on waves of feeling. Maybe it's simply that Rosi, whose earlier work was about the enigmas of power and corruption, has, as he has aged (he was born in 1922), become more interested in the powerless. His investigations centering on famous dead men—"Salvatore Giuliano" (1961), "The Mattei Affair," "Lucky Luciano" (1973)—culminated in "Illustrious Corpses." The leap from "Illustrious Corpses" to "Christ Stopped at Eboli" is a leap into observation and simple emotion. (An American distributor has finally bought the rights to the full version of what was released here as "Eboli," and perhaps he'll also restore its proper title.)

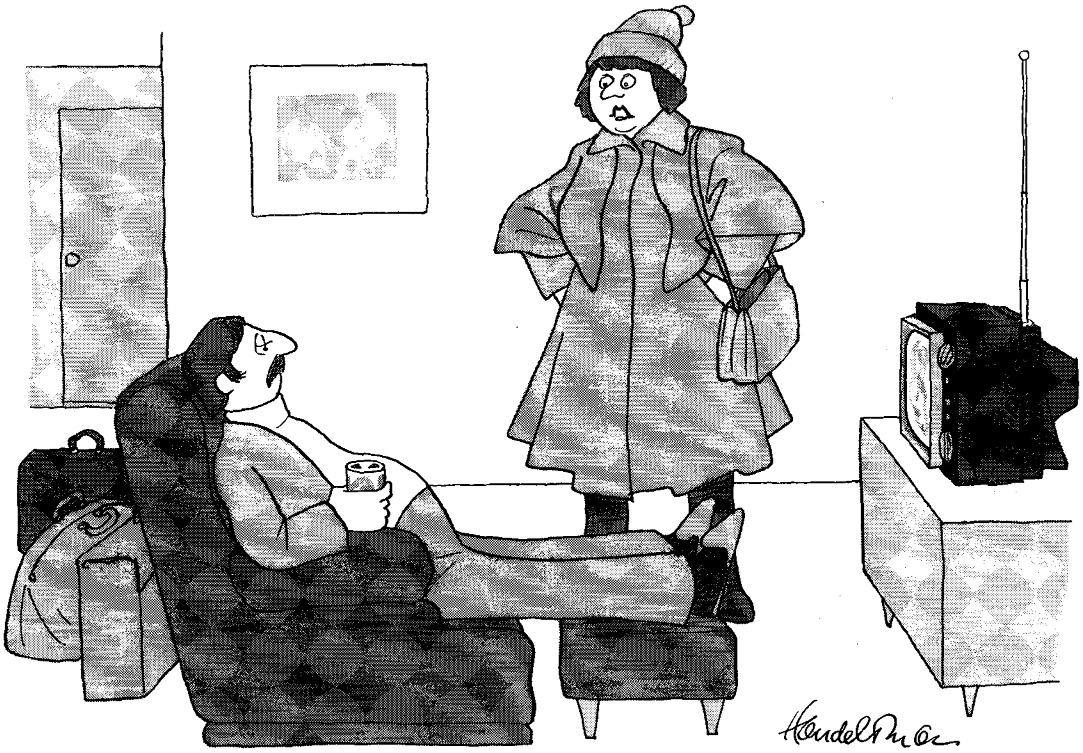
"Three Brothers" is not as fine a work as "Christ Stopped at Eboli." It doesn't have anything comparable to Gian Maria Volonte's performance as Carlo Levi, the writer and artist exiled by Mussolini's government to the remote hilltop village of Gagliano—a harsh place past Eboli, the last stop on the train, beyond which (the saying goes) even "Christ did not come." But "Three Brothers" is wonderful enough. It's set in the Apulia region of the South, from which the three brothers emigrated to the cities, and it has the structure of a modern folktale. The picture opens to the sound of heartbeats and with the credits appearing on the side of a building, a giant stone-gray abstraction with dark window hollows, like blind eyes. Stone—endurance—is the film's primary image. When the credits are over, the camera pulls back from the building and we see a garbage-strewn lot, full of rats, and one of them seems to run right up against the camera lens and snap at us, with a horrible ratty sound. From there we move into the huge Institute for the Correction of Minors in Naples, where the middle brother (Vittorio Mezzogiorno)—whose rodent nightmare we've been in—teaches young delinquents and tries to keep them off drugs and out of the hands of the police. This man of about forty is scholarly and devout, a loner, and right after we see him we observe that his profile matches that of his old, peasant-farmer father (Charles Vanel, at the age of eighty-nine). The quiet, slow-moving father sets out from his stone farmhouse, where the living quarters and the granary and the barn are all part of one massive, almost hite structure, to go to the nearby own. On his way, he sees his wife hasing a rabbit, which she says she lanned to cook for his dinner. She has flirty smile, and he catches the rabbit nd gives it to her, but she lets it o and then disappears. When he arives in the town, he sends three telerams: "Your mother is dead. Faher."

The gentle, hallucinating old man as eyes that seem to go back before istory. They're so old he seems to ook inward rather than outward, and, erene in his Southern Italian rural olation, he feels little need to speak to is three sons when they arrive. The ldest (Philippe Noiret) is about fifty; s the firstborn son, he was given the xpensive education, and he's a judge n Rome. He feels it his duty to accept case involving the terrorist assassinaon of one of his colleagues, even hough his life is being threatened. he youngest (Michele Placido), a othead, who's about thirty, is an anry, rebellious factory worker in Tuin. The judge hasn't brought his nerous wife or his languorous son, and he teacher from Naples is unmarried; ach of them arrives alone for the uneral. But the worker has had a rift ith his Northerner wife, and, not anting to leave his eight-year-old aughter with her, has brought the hild with him.

The film might be said to be an nquiry into the terrorist haos of modern Italy: hat's the underlayer, and t's always present, even hough it comes to the urface only in the judge's ightmares and in converations in the nearby town nd among the brothers. The movie doesn't dranatize what it's actually bout; instead, the charcters walk through a harged situation. These rothers—expatriates who ave left the soil that is till everything to their ather—represent modern taly, with its roots torn p. This is a sociological olktale with the judge rying to defend the basic egal structure of the soiety, the teacher hoping o prevent his delinquents rom turning into fullcale criminals, the young nilitant defending the ight of the workers to improve their condition by strikes and bloodshed. The film is about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old man's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It's as if the three brothers had returned to an earlier age, an ancient, pastoral Italy that had never heard of progress. In their old, shared bedroom, they spend a mostly sleepless night, before the day of the funeral, talking, arguing, falling into dreams and reveries. When the factory worker fantasizes reconciling with his wife in Turin, the city itself is so different from the farmhouse and its courtyard that it's like a moonscape; we *feel* the difference between North and South. The movie is about ideas, yet it's saturated with emotion.

What's distinctive about these last two Rosi films is that so much of the emotion comes from the rhythm of the scenes, from the unhurried ease of his pacing, from the fluid camerawork. I liked the crackle and volatility of Rosi's earlier films, but the smooth, unobtrusive, always moving camera that he uses now is peerless. He was impatient in "The Mattei Affair;" now he's not forcing anything. He takes the time to show you people and places for their own sake. (The judge pays a visit to his old wet nurse: he asks to go into the back to see the fig tree he used to climb, and is dismayed to find what a scrawny little thing it is, while the gnarled, toothless crone, jolly and benign, apologizes for not being able to bend down to pick the snails out of her yard anymore.) Rosi has been working with the same cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, since the early sixties, and maybe De Santis is now like a part of him—his right hand. For the little girl (Marta Zoffoli), everything about the farmhouse is a mystery to be explored. The camera, going with her on her tour, seems to do the most exquisite loop-the-loops, in a simple, matter-of-fact way. You don't sit there admiring the filmmaking technique; you don't even sense the planning that has gone into the long, graceful shots. What you see is the subject.

The image of the old father, just walking, has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. And when the father is stretched out on one side of his big double bed, wearing his trousers and shirt and vest, while his little granddaughter rests on the other side, the image seems to go back in time; it's like an old photograph. The father's memories of his wedding day in the rain, and of his honeymoon trip to the beach, where his bride lost her ring in the sand, and of how he sifted the sand until he found it (the same ring that the next morning, as the coffin is being carried away, he puts on



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his own finger)—all this is so rich that it soaks through the conversations the sons are having. The old man has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos. The sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties; the old man dreams of the good things in his life. The break between the father and the sons is complete. In the North or in the cities, you're running away from death; in the South, on the land, you get back in touch with it. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize that they've lost their place. They're neither here nor there, and they know it.

With so much greatness in it, why is it that "Three Brothers" doesn't quite take? The skeleton of the film may be a little too heavy; you may expect the symbolic characters to be more fully fleshed out than they are. And a film with so many big, serious themes may make you think that something pompous is going on; it's easy to imagine that it must be pedantic or doctrinaire. Actually, its attitudes are very open, and nobody in it speaks for the director or tells us the wise course. (It's only the outline that's rigid.) The chief weakness, I think, is that the picture doesn't have actors who can really embody the conflicts and tensions of the terrorist-ridden country. Vanel is superbly right as the father—his face in the sunlight is primeval, like a lizard or a turtle. And the little girl, with her angelic calm, is everything one could want her to be; when she burrows into the grain, lying in it and playing with it, as her grandmother had played with the sand on the beach, she's a perfect image of innocent sensuality. This little girl, who walks with the old man, holding his hand, is probably intended as a bridge between North and South, and perhaps as the herald of a return to pastoral values. And when she finds an egg and gives it to him she appears to represent the hope for the future. I wish the lovely child weren't loaded with this theoretical hocus-pocus, but it doesn't damage her performance, because she's innocent of the director's lapse of judgment.

It's the actors playing the three brothers who have no fire in them. Philippe Noiret is rueful and reflective as the judge; we can feel his grief about his obligations—it's there in his hangdog expression. Vittorio Mezzogiorno is quietly withdrawn—perhaps too withdrawn and too solemn—

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as the dedicated teacher leaning against the oak tree near the farmhouse; Mezzogiorno also plays the father as a young man, and he's a little less pallid in that role. As the restless agitator-worker, the handsome Michele Placido is too actorish; he has an amusing but unfortunate resemblance to Harry Hamlin (who's currently featured in "Making Love"), and he lights a few too many cigarettes as he walks around smoldering and being the South with all its frustrations. He's awfully manly, as if consciously shouldering his symbolic burden. We're drawn into the dreams of these characters; we feel an intimacy with them. Yet—and the fault may be partly in the writing and in the directing—it's as if they had nothing in them but the characteristics of an honorable judge, a conscientious teacher-reformer, an explosively angry worker.

When this worker visits an old girlfriend (Sara Tafuri), and when he has the reverie of reconciliation with his wife (Maddalena Crippa), these women are vivid. In using a folktale structure, Rosi and his co-scenarist, Tonino Guerra, may not have noticed that they were symbolizing the old rural Italy (the father) and the chaotic new Italy (the three brothers) in completely masculine terms. Or perhaps they did: some years ago Rosi was asked why women were such minor figures in his movies, and he said that he made films about "power and institutions" and that "women are rarely there." This may be desolating to the women of Italy, but it's a break for the actresses in "Three Brothers." They're free to create characters, and they're the ones who give the fiery performances. The old girlfriend in the South is passionate but not a fool; she's aware that her old boyfriend doesn't even know why he has come to see her. And the wife makes you feel how sexy her Northern, less expansive nature is to her hot young husband.

Rosi may have wanted the three men to be ordinary, so that they would seem more representative, but this notion never really works. If actors aren't exciting, we don't see ourselves in them—we're less involved, we tend to detach ourselves from them. In this film, we're not satisfied with the brothers, yet we can't quite detach ourselves, either. While you're watching this film, you're enveloped in it; grateful for its intelligence, you sink into it. As with some of the De Sica pictures, small gestures become miraculous, because it seems as if they

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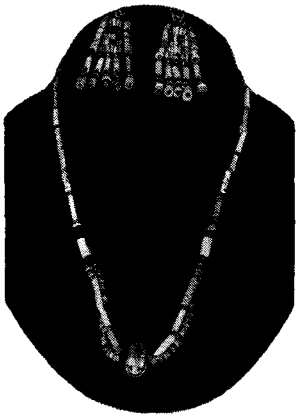

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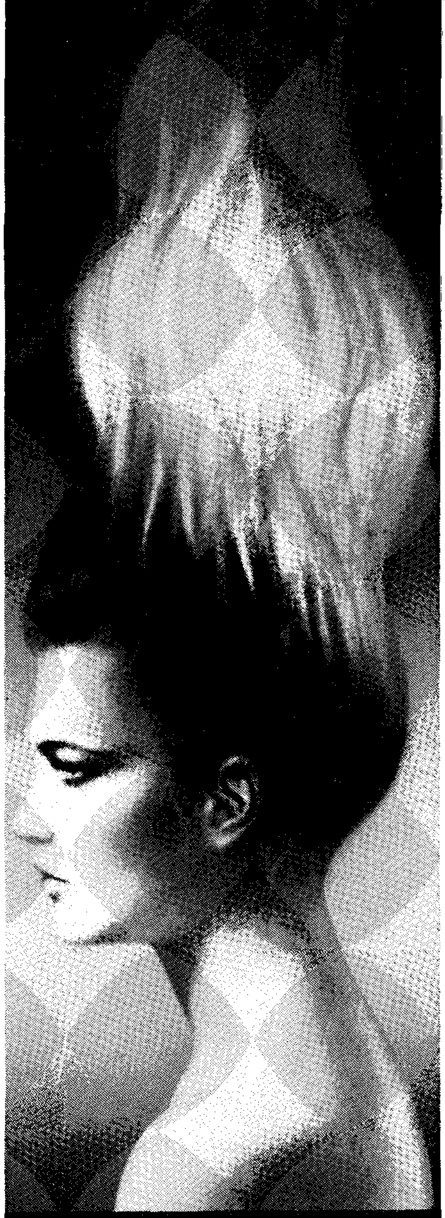

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hadn't been noticed before. And we feel connected to the world on the screen by responding to it. This is the kind of movie that a viewer can fall in love with, even though he's aware of its flaws. Rosi is trying to take a long view and to look at *everything;* that's the problem, and it's also what's wonderful. This is probably what it's like to live in Italy now; the film is a dirge for the whole blasted mess—people talk about what should be done, but nothing seems to mean anything. The talk is just part of the texture of their lives. At dawn on the day of the funeral, the teacher looks down into the courtyard and sees his brothers standing at a distance from each other, sobbing. And he joins in. But they're not necessarily sobbing about their dead mother. She's the excuse, the provocation. They're sobbing about their own confusion.

Rosi has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies; he's able to keep you in a state of emotional exaltation because there isn't a frame that fails to sustain the mood. He's conscious of the weight of a human death; the whole movie is set off by the mother's death. The air is full of life and death—the whirring and the creaking of the pigeons taking off and landing, the humming and clicking of insects. We're led by the camera, and we trust its movement. Something more is always going to be revealed. Rosi is discovering life.

—PAULINE KAEL

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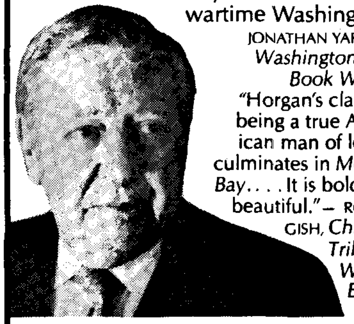

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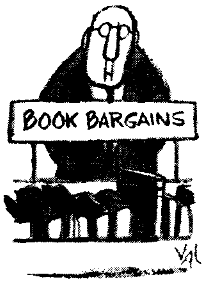
FICTION

NOBODY'S ANGEL, by Thomas McGuane (Random House; $14.50). Still another telegraphic novel in which no one is described, the settings are barely sketched in, and the dialogue sounds like a Japanese translation of Hemingway. In short, the novel as film script. The story deals with a testy, hard-drinking United States Army tank captain named Patrick Fitzpatrick who quits the service and returns to his family's Montana horse ranch, tenanted by his half-crazy sister and his crabby, confused grandfather. (His father, now dead, was a test pilot, and his mother is remarried and lives in California.) Fitzpatrick has a bitter, exhilarating behind-the-barn affair with an epileptic Oklahoma oil man's rich and beautiful wife (we know only that she has a "beveled face" with "gray-green eyes" and an "ineffable down-turned Southern mouth"), and ends up rejoining the tanks and leaving Montana forever. The book is crowded with suicides, physical outrage, threatening talk, and gloomy images ("that evil ferret sadness").



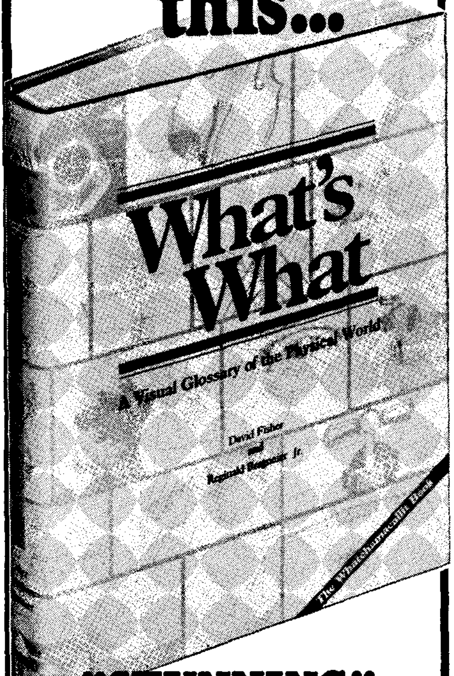
GENERAL

KARL MARX-FRIEDRICH ENGELS: SELECTED LETTERS, edited by Fritz J. Raddatz, translated from the German by Ewald Osers (Little, Brown; $13.95). This exchange spans the period 1844-77, from the beginning of Marx and Engels' friendship and collaboration to the time when bad health had pretty much put an end to Marx's working days. The letters deal more with personal matters than with politics or revolutionary philosophy. Marx, from his chronically impoverished household in London, constantly importunes his friend for money, complains about his afflictions (carbuncles, liver disease, bronchitis, and insomnia were a few), gossips wickedly about mutual revolutionary friends back in Germany, and laments his slow progress on his great work "Das Kapital." ("I do not believe," he once said, "that 'money' has ever been written about amidst such a shortage of money.") Engels, in Manchester, where he is manager of one of his father's textile concerns, dutifully sends money when he can (he is living in style—riding to hounds, entertaining in an elegant town house, and maintaining two young Irish sisters in a pied-à-terre in the suburbs), commiserates with his friend's woes, and urges him to finish his magnum opus so that he can take his place as one of the revolutionary titans of Europe. Marx comes across as a man of intellect, talent, and wit but also as malicious and unfair, suspicious of everyone around him, and although a Jew by birth, viciously anti-Semitic. Engels has a more tempered approach to life and better manners, but when he and the man whom he addresses as "the Moor" (because of Marx's swarthiness) get together on a job of character assassination there is little to choose between them.

WEBS OF POWER: INTERNATIONAL CARTELS AND THE WORLD ECONOMY, by Kurt Rudolf Mirow and Harry Maurer (Houghton Mifflin; $15.95). This persuasive and intelligent book does not pretend to tell, or to know, everything about its subject, but the authors have unearthed sufficient documentation to show that in several fields—including the electrical, chemical, oil, steel, textile, and uranium industries—international cartels are operating, to the damage of both people and peoples. The authors recall the origins of some of today's cartels; several antedate the First World War and were originally founded by national companies seeking to protect their home markets. Nowadays, cartels are usually agreements among transnational companies to pool patents and control raw materials as they allocate the world's markets among their members. Mr. Mirow and Mr. Maurer cite specific instances showing how cartels hinder the development of developing countries, injure the American economy, and cheat consumers everywhere.

THE IMAGE OF WAR, 1861-65—VOLUME II: THE GUNS OF '62, edited by William C. Davis (Doubleday;

There's a word for a book like this...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$35). The second year of the Civil War, 1862, was the year of the second Battle of Manassas (Bull Run), of Yorktown, of the Seven Days' Battles, of the Union Army's conquest of the Mississippi, of the fighting in the Shenandoah Valley, of the first appearance of the seagoing ironclads. This second volume of a projected six-volume pictorial history of the war covers that bloody year in more than six hundred and fifty photographs, a great many of them previously unpublished. Nine chapters of text and informative captions, by various specialists, explain the pictures—scenes of the aftermath of battle, panoramas showing encamped armies, pictures of warships and of the war on rails, many, many photographs of men in camp, and the inevitable carefully posed portraits of both Union and Confederate general officers. There is much impressive work here, including a good deal by the neglected photographers of the Confederacy.

GREED IS NOT ENOUGH: REAGANOMICS, by Robert Lekachman (*Pantheon; $13.50*). *A zesty polemic* against the economic policies of the present Administration. Mr. Lekachman, a well-known professor of economics, argues that the mixture of supply-side economics and monetarism will not cure our present woes, and that the effect of what has been done so far is unjust—hurting the poor and profiting the rich—as well as impractical. He notes that large enterprises have not responded to the new dispensation by increasing productivity, making new products, or seeking new markets; instead, they have been preoccupied with mergers, while the financial community has betrayed its expectations in the depressive state of the stock market. Mr. Lekachman's discussions of our economic ailments are useful, although some of his scenarios, such as the arrival of military Fascism, seem implausible.

NOTE: John Updike's first collection of poems, "The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures," which was originally published in 1958, has been reissued by Knopf ($11.50). Many of the poems first appeared in these pages.

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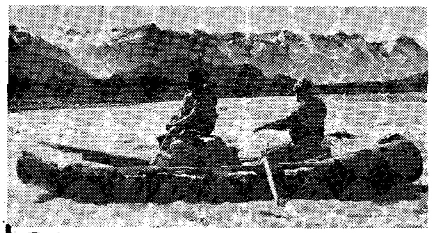

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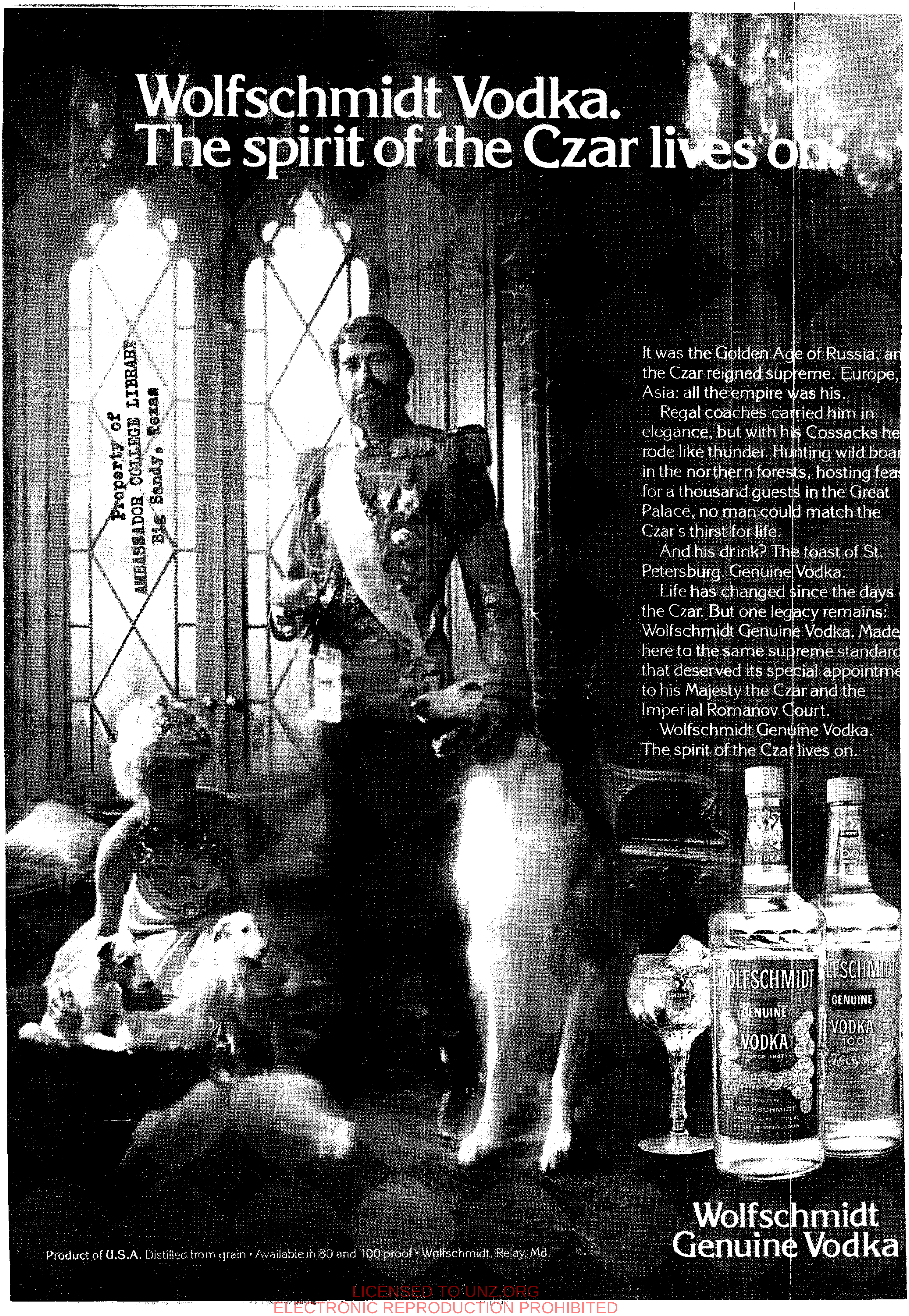

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